SCREENLAND from HOLLYWOOD

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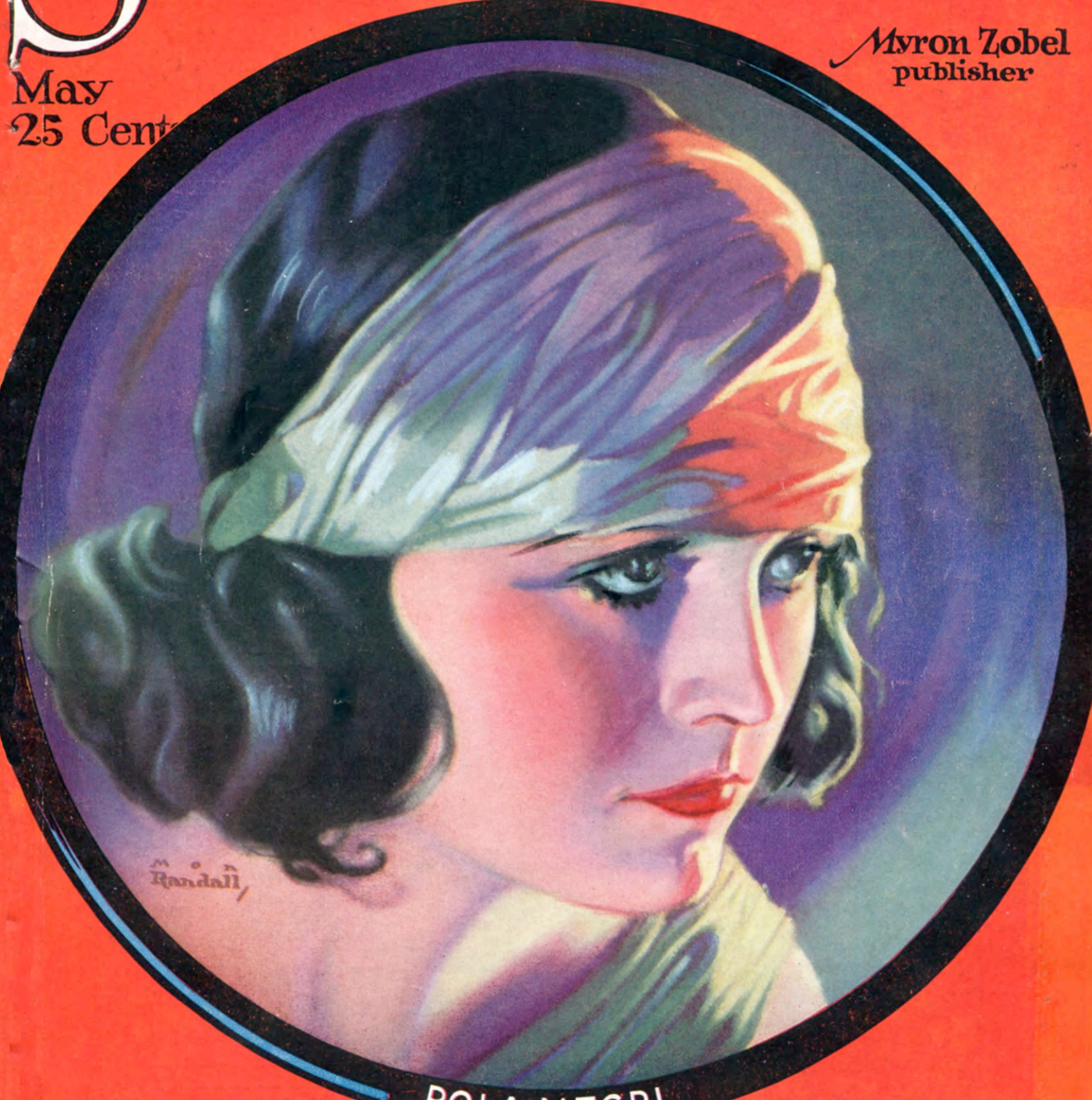

POLA NEGRI

DO JEWS CONTROL THE MOVIES ?

Is Pola Negri Charlie Chaplin's *Mental Wife* ?

Pola Negri, Charlie Chaplin's fiancee.

When Pola Negri announced her engagement to Charles Spencer Chaplin, at Del Monte, the confirmed romanticists of Hollywood, drew a deep breath of relief. Charlie was snared at last. He would again feel the yoke of matrimony. Hollywood, much married though she is, and for the most part loosely married, seems to have an awful urge to see all her sons and daughters in a state of matrimonial servitude. A bachelor is the one thing Hollywood cannot become resigned to.

But was that relief breath expelled too soon? Chaplin has been reputed engaged so many times that even Hollywood, ready to lap up news of his engagement and marriage, paused to wonder if the nuptials will actually be solemnized —if a wedding is ever really solemn in Hollywood.

And if Chaplin and Pola do marry, will Chaplin have found in this peerless beauty of Poland his ideal mate? Will tragedy mate with comedy, so that the mating will be permanent?

Chaplin Is Connoisseur

In Chaplin's choice of a second wife, Hollywood psycho-analysts have found much food for argument. It is recalled that Chaplin is a connoisseur of women. He seems to have some element of sex attraction that draws unto him all sorts of women and girls. Chaplin is unimpressive in appearance, far from the caveman type before which all women are supposed to fall and grovel for a kind word. It may be that he has caveman qualities, despite his almost puny physique.

The psychologists may say that it is Chaplin's "choosiness" which has made him a target for matrimonial stories, scheming mamas and actresses who would feather their nests, and at the same time, reap vast harvests of the best publicity in the world. One sure-fire way of getting one's name on the first page of every newspaper in the country—in the world, even—is to be reputed engaged to Charlie Chaplin. The very fact that Chaplin has been reputed engaged to so many of Hollywood's fairest stars has elevated him to the pinnacle of eligibility and desirability.

And since Chaplin is famous as a connoisseur of beauty, to be seen with him is almost as great an honor as it was in the pre-revolutionary times in France to be chosen as the mistress of the King. Jeanette DuBarry probably felt no more thrilled over the message that told her that Louis XVI had succumbed to her charms than May Collins, fresh from Broadway, experienced when she saw her name and picture linked with Chaplin's as the girl he would probably marry.

Charlie Is Good Press Agent

No one can say that Chaplin has not been a generous press agent for beauty. In fact, no little film actress out here has prayed that Heaven would protect the working

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Pola and Charlie have one passion at least in common, a love of golf.

girl against the amorous advances of Charles Chaplin. To be chosen, even for a short time, as Chaplin's companion at dances and dinners, has been a badge of beauty worn much more jauntily than a gold medal awarded the winner of a beauty contest. She upon whom Chaplin has smiled has been "made," for Chaplin is undoubtedly Hollywood's authority on feminine charms.

The list of Chaplin's conquests reads like a critic's choice of Hollywood's most beautiful women. Back in the good old days, when Chaplin made his first two-reel comedies, Edna Purviance seemed to suit Charlie perfectly. And his penchant for his blonde leading lady has continued, in various phases of fidelity and ardency ever since.

It might be said of Chaplin that he is more faithful to his first love than almost any man in pictures. He has consistently given Edna the "edge" on others with whom he has played. It will be remembered that in his biggest picture he made Edna Purviance the mother of *The Kid.* Now Chaplin is financing and directing this old flame of his in a series of society dramas, the first of which is *Destiny.*

Chaplin says it is such a good picture that he wishes he had appeared in it himself. Yet he seems to have enjoyed immensely his role of director. Probably these lavish gifts of Chaplin, and his consistent consideration of her, have done much to reconcile her to the fact that she cannot always be first in the heart of the beauty connoisseur.

Claire Windsor Next Candidate

OTHERS who have for a time led the little comedian a merry dance, or have been led a merry dance by the little comedian, just as you see fit to put it, include Claire Windsor, often called the most "womanly beauty" on the screen; May Collins, cute little seventeen-year-old, who hardly knew how to conduct herself while the calcium of fame as Charlie's reputed fiancee was turned upon her; Eleanor Boardman, a real beauty of the vivacious brunette type, now starred by Goldwyn; and Lila Lee, who bloomed under the Chaplin approval and later, after the sun of his affection had been turned elsewhere, became interested in James Kirkwood, and is now reported to be engaged to him.

One of Chaplin's most serious affairs was with Claire Windsor, who was all but married to Chaplin by the time Rumor had had her entire sweet way with the story. Perhaps Chaplin's intense concern when Claire was reported lost in the Hollywood hills lent extra credence to the report, Charlie's enemies and the more catty of the women stars now grin wisely and say that Claire's three-day disappearance was a well staged press-agent stunt, and that Chaplin's offer of a thousand dollar reward was the main coup of the story. It is said that Claire's real reason for disappearing was to bring her dilatory swain to the point of proposing. Charlie's reaction, however, was one of displeasure at being duped, it is intimated. His interest waned.

But Chaplin has flitted from flower to flower, sipping the honey from the sweetest in Hollywood. He has been abroad and there was the feted king of filmdom. Any lady of noble birth would have been pleased to have the King of Comedy smile upon her. Continental actresses were proud to be seen on the Parisian boulevards with the redoubtable little Lothario. Is it not possible that Chaplin, having the pick of the world's beauty to choose from, became weary of beauty, became so cynical that nothing pleased his highly sensitized palate?

He Has Seen Too Much

YOU can imagine Charlie as a more critical flaw-picker of beauty than even Penrhyn Stanlaws, whose startling critique of Hollywood beauty, published first in SCREENLAND, has been quoted in every country on the globe. You can imagine Chaplin with a row of photographs before him on his library table, casting a bored and critical look on each fair face and form.

You can almost hear him say, with Stanlaws, as he gazes into the sweet, womanly face of Claire Windsor: "Those eyes are too high. The hair has been bobbed and has been mistreated too often with the marcel iron. Next."

Then his gaze wanders to the rounded, childish figure of seventeen-year-old May Collins, and his jaded look disappears for a moment. "She was a dear child," he may be imagined as murmuring, "but a little—er, raw. No finesse. Charming but crude. An interesting woman ten years from now."

You can imagine his keen grey eyes resting with approval on the classic features of his child-wife, as she was always most pathetically referred to. For Mildred was undoubtedly beautiful, probably for

Charlie breaks the news of his engagement to Adolph Menjou.

pure beauty the peer of all the women upon whom Charlie's passing fancy has rested for a moment. But do we hear Chaplin gently murmur, "Beautiful but dumb!"? No one will ever know just what caused all the trouble between beautiful Mildred Harris and her famous husband. No one will ever know how many evenings of boredom he put in before he moved his toothbrush to the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

After all, it is asking a little too much, so Charlie's friends say, to expect a man of Chaplin's mentality to be bored indefinitely. However that may be, Mildred was certainly a child at marriage, and a not overly educated child at that. Chaplin is said to have been rushed into his first marriage, swept off his feet by circumstances.

PHOTO BY HOOVER

For pure beauty, Mildred Harris was probably the peer of all the women Charlie ever loved.

A Burnt Child

UNDOUBTEDLY Chaplin's first experience with the married state has made him wary of a second experience. It is said, up and down the Boulevard, when movie folks consort for the sake of talk—and food, that Chaplin has never wanted to marry again; that, in fact, he never wanted to marry in the first place. He has been called the one shining example of the burnt child who dreads the fire, and who had the courage and the diplomacy to live up to his prejudices.

How then did Pola lure this wily man, who has never been lured within the danger zone since his first experience? Chaplin, no matter how many times he was reported engaged, never confirmed the report before. He seemed perfectly willing for his dear little protegees to squeeze the last possible ounce of publicity out of their innocent little love affairs with him, but he absolutely drew the line at an announced engagement.

Heaven populated with beautiful lady-angels! What could be more perfect in Chaplin's opinion?

Is Chaplin at last in love enough to chance matrimony? Has Pola, whose fascinations have been compared with those of Madame Pompadour and Dubarry, made him forget the bars on the cage of married life? Has she entwined those bars with the scarlet silk of a passion that will be strong enough to hold him content within the bars? If Chaplin marries Pola, will he settle down to one, or will he, with Kipling, say:

> "The more you have
> learned of the others
> The less you will settle
> to one."

The theory has been advanced by an intimate friend of Charlie's that Chaplin has "rogued and ranged" so much in his time, that he himself does not know just the kind of woman that pleases him most. It has often been said of Chaplin that he will have nothing to say to a woman who is neither beautiful nor clever. He is said to treat all other women with the utmost indifference, even rudeness. And so strong are his predilections for beauty that he infinitely prefers a combination of both brains and beauty.

Has a Mental Wife

ANOTHER friend of Chaplin says that Charlie has always had a mental "wife," a beautiful ideal of womanhood, by which he has measured every candidate for his heart and hand—and fortune. Probably this mental mate, this ideal woman, is a charming composite of all the women that Chaplin has loved, or perhaps in each woman he has favored he has seen a fragment of his ideal.

Perhaps in Claire Windsor, Chaplin saw the dignified womanliness which his ideal mate must possess, as well as the tenderness. Perhaps in

May Collins' youthful charm proved very attractive to Charlie's seasoned taste at one time.

Edna Purviance he has seen and worshipped the ideal woman's fidelity and patience. Maybe in Lila Lee Chaplin found his mythical ideal's poise and restful calm. In May Collins he may have seen her charming youth—a sort of Peter Pan quality of eternal youth.

If, as his friends say, Charlie is at heart an idealist, a seeker after the perfect woman, has he found this mate in Pola Negri?

Pola Has Rare Beauty

Pola Negri is conceded to be one of the most beautiful women in the world. Her luminous grey eyes fascinate anyone who looks deep into them. They are said to have an almost *hypnotic* power. Have those magnificent eyes temporarily—or permanently—hypnotized our Charlie? Her magnolia petal skin is one of her greatest assets. It is always made up to look dead white, without a fleck of rouge. Her vermilion lips cut this whiteness with a splash of color that focuses the attention upon that mobile, passionate, expressive mouth, and upon the perfect teeth. Her black hair expresses all her moods. Unleased and curled, it frames her face in riotous glory; subdued, it intensifies the mystery of the woman who has risen from the ranks of unknown continental players to the leading tragedienne of the screen.

Reports as to the disposition and the mentality of Negri are so conflicting as to be almost worthless as a guide to the real woman. Many tales are told of temperament and temper on the Lasky sets. The famous cat story is now historical, but will bear repetition. When she first arrived at the Lasky studio, she saw a few of the numerous black and brindle grey cats which have become a sort of trademark at the Lasky studios. She exhibited great horror, so the story goes, and protested an unconquerable aversion toward felines of any description. She signed the death warrant of the cats then and there.

But Gloria Swanson, who has been a sort of fairy godmother to those same cats, is said to have risen up in her might as Lasky's pet woman star, and asserted herself. The battle between the new queen and the reigning queen was then joined. The cats are still alive.

Another story tells of how Pola must have her daily potions of liquor, regardless. She must have champagne on the set, or she can't act, the gossips say. And, regularly once an hour, says a Lasky electrician, the fair Pola yells loudly for "Lena," her maid, who immediately appears with a glass of brandy. Fanning the flames of passion to the acting point seems to be the chief duty of the ubiquitous Lena.

Plenty of Temperament

Pola is the first Lasky star to insist on complete privacy during the filming of a scene. She hardly allows her own director on the set. The publicity men do not dare intrude. The set is always boarded in during the shooting of a scene, no matter how trivial. Her temperament is such that she cannot work when observed by aliens. But electricians, property men and other necessary evils on the set, cut the word short and call it temper. Wild bursts of temperament keep the days from becoming monotonous. Pola's secretary is said to live a life that could hardly be called a bed of roses, for the beautiful Pola is as full of whims as a pampered infant. Acting as social secretary to Pola is not one of the jobs that even the angels in Heaven would scramble for, sweet-tempered as they are, for Pola, according to little stories that leak out, refuses to be bound by engagements which she herself makes or by engagements which the publicity people make for her.

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Hot from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 70*)

Extra girls whose pocket-books are not as robust as their appetites lunch chastely on ice-cream and devil's food cake with custard.

Gaston Glass was once asked by an interviewer what he liked best to eat. Considering it a rather footless question when he wanted to talk about his art, he said jokingly, "Oh, I'm a fool about Irish potatoes." And darned if the interviewer didn't make that statement the leading fact in her story, Gaston relates ruefully. For months clippings came in reminding the world that Gaston Glass was a fool about Irish potatoes.

Truly's *piece de resistance* is a chafing-dish concoction of chicken in a sour cream gravy, always prepared by Truly's own hands.

Wanda Hawley Leaves Us

WANDA HAWLEY petite blonde, who appeared in so many Paramount pictures, has finished her contract and has deserted America temporarily for Egypt. Wanda, with her manager, J. S. Wilkinson, is in Cairo, filming Conan Doyle's *Fires of Fate*. Wanda's husband, Burton Hawley, has threatened cross-suit for divorce in answer to Wanda's charges of cruelty and non-support.

Doesn't Need to Reduce

MOST of Hollywood's actresses live with one anxious eye on the scales, but Blanche Sweet is one player who isn't afraid of getting fat. She wants to. Blanche has just returned from a vacation on a dairy farm, where she gained fifteen pounds. Blanche will be sweeter than ever as *Tess* in husband Marshall Neilan's production, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*

Is Pola Negri Charlie Chaplin's Mental Wife?

(*Continued from page 21*)

A Mating of Artists

BUT humble beginnings or high origin mean less than nothing in Hollywood, where princes of royal blood work as extras for seven-fifty a day, and where barkeeps and chambermaids become stars. Beauty and brains and genius are the only aristocracy in Hollywood. And in the prospective mating of Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood sees only a mating of royalty. There is no question of which is the superior—comedy or tragedy. Each is a supreme artist in the chosen line; what more fitting than that they should marry?

No, Hollywood is not concerned over the fitness of the mating. It is only concerned first, over whether Charlie and Pola will really marry, and if so, whether two people of such opposite temperament can hope to live in harmony. The betting on both questions is about even. There are those who swear that Charlie will never marry again; that he will back out even at the altar, for he has a deeply ingrained prejudice against the married state of being. Others say that Pola is so clever that she will always get whatever she wants out of life, and that now she wants Chaplin. There is no question in anyone's mind as to whether Chaplin is in love. He is mad about Pola Negri. He admits it; he shows it in every way; he can't conceal it. On the other hand, it is generally believed that Pola wanted to announce the engagement long before Chaplin would permit her to. It is even said that Negri announced the engagement to newspaper reporters gathered round her and Chaplin at Del Monte, and then turned to Charlie for confirmation, before Chaplin had ever consented that the engagement be announced. That, however, is hardly likely. Chaplin is too strong-minded a man to be roped into a situation like that. From his manner reporters had been absolutely sure that the engagement would be announced almost any day. Oh, yes, Chaplin is wildly in love with Pola Negri, and Negri is said to be as much enamored of Chaplin as he is of her.

The only question is—Is Pola Negri Chaplin's ideal? Will an ideal marriage for each result? Can two such strong wills and decided temperaments work out an amicable and tolerant basis for daily living?

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Pola Negri

in

Her First American Production

"Bella Donna"

by Robert Hichens

Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson

AT LAST—what fans in every town in America have been longing for—Pola Negri as a *fashionable modern woman!*

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Note to Theatre Managers

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"Bella Donna"

Miss Negri has NEVER appeared in any other American-made picture. Her second American-made picture will be

"The Cheat"
By Hector Turnbull
A George Fitzmaurice Production

A Paramount Picture

It's a Paramount Picture

The Picture *of the* Month

This page is dedicated to the man and woman for whom the program picture has no appeal. In this space, the finest picture of the month is presented as proof that the cinema can, and occasionally does express real dramatic ideals.

BELLA DONNA

Paramount

LET US render up thanks that Pola Negri thought better of her determination to portray no more "naughty ladies." Had she persisted in this heresy, we would never have had *Bella Donna,* for Bella Donna is a very naughty lady indeed.

Not so naughty as she is in Robert Hichens' novel, however, for the story has been filmed with an anxious eye on the censors. Yet enough of the real life of the tale has been retained to make the drama-lover shudder at the thought of what the gentlemen of the ruthless shears are going to do to this splendid picture, in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

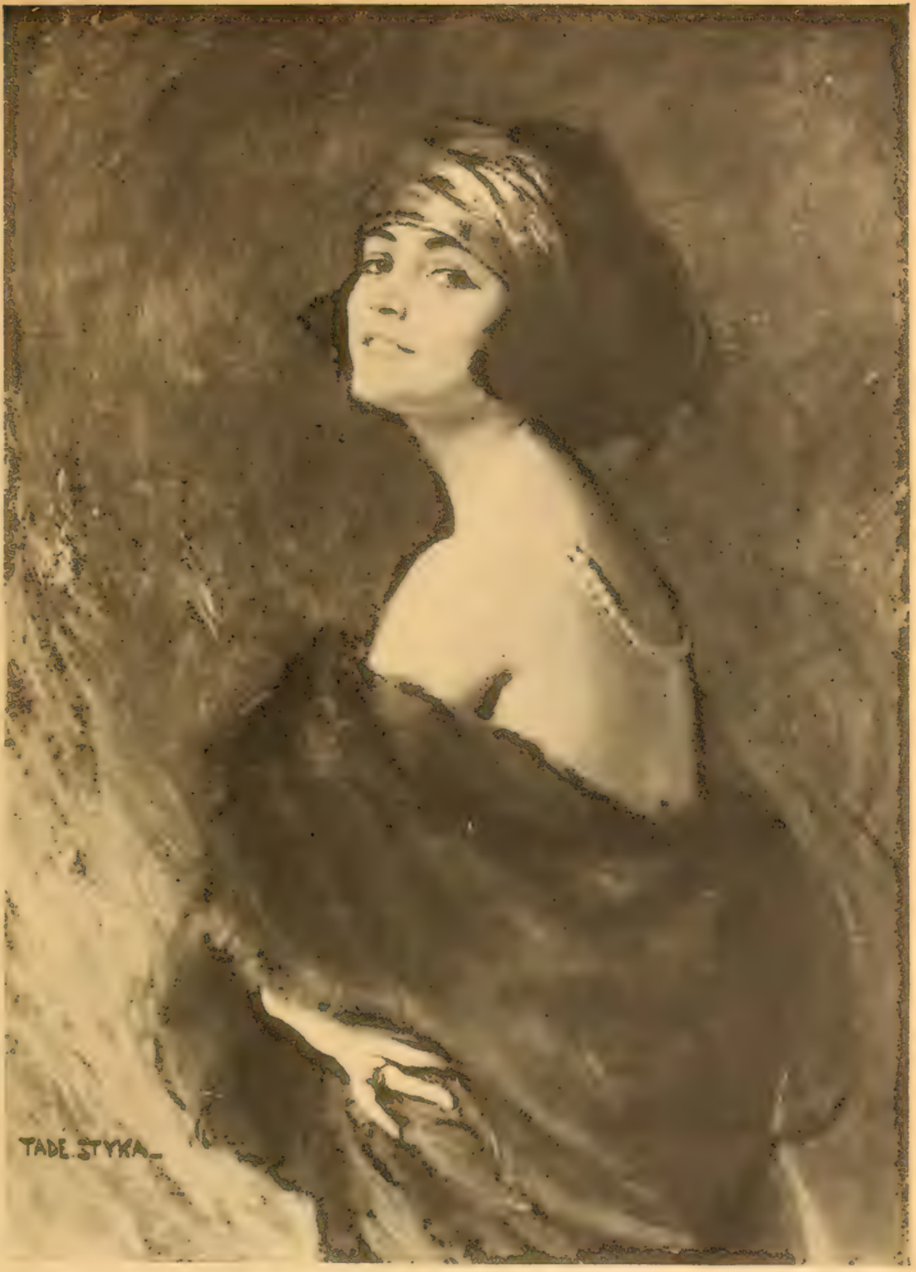
POLA NEGRI *is* Bella Donna, the *belle dame sans merci.* Her portrayal of the beautiful, cruel, passion-ridden, mercenary woman is superb! It is easily her finest work since *Passion.* American methods of make-up have vivified her beauty; she is always a study in black and white. Her face is a tragic mask; again it is beautiful as a lotus bud.

Bella Donna is the story of a woman whose love brings evil to those whom she entangles in her web of infatuation. The real action begins in London, where, penniless, wildly despairing because her beauty is leaving her, she attempts suicide. She is prevented by a young English engineer, splendidly portrayed by Conrad Nagel. Pitying her, he tries to buoy up her courage. In doing so, he loses his fiancee, Lois Wilson. Learning that the young engineer is heir to a fortune and a title, Bella Donna marries him. He takes her with him to the desert, where, tiring of his fineness, and discovering that a

(Continued on page 99)

Behind the Scenes With Pola

By
HARRY CARR



Her warmest admirer in Hollywood is Norma Talmadge. Norma opines that the greatest piece of acting ever seen on the screen was Pola Negri in "Gypsy Love." The reproduction of the above portrait by Tade Styka is now hung in the Knoedler Galleries on Fifth Avenue where it attracts considerable attention

IF Pola Negri is half as interesting on the screen as she is in the studio, then the American movie public is about to experience a thrill.

At close range the lovely Pola is discovered to be the original of a certain deathless character of classic fiction; to wit: the little girl who had a little curl that hung down in the middle of her forehead: when she was good, she was very very good, but when she was bad . . . Gallantry forbids us to continue.

The truth is, this little Negri girl is so utterly different from anything we have ever known on the stage or screen that she takes everyone's breath away.

There was Nazimova of course: she was different too: but she was a different different.

Nazimova was—and is—the ultimate of the conscious artist. Everything about her is studied and intentional. Every emotion is coldly measured in terms of poses and line and color. This has always been true of her since those very first days when the New York critics discovered her—the leading lady of a little Jewish company in the Ghetto theaters of the East Side. She has always seemed from her earliest triumphant days to be experienced, disillusioned, a little worn, a little hard, but brilliantly intellectual.

You couldn't imagine Nazimova starting a storm without first picking the fruit off the trees. She always gives the impression of standing at one side in some sort of separate self, critically arranging her own lithe, beautiful body and her marvelously sensitive face in the most effective way possible.

But this other Polish woman—Negri.

She is a wild wind from the Russian steppes. She doesn't calculate her effects any more than a bucking broncho. Negri probably couldn't tell you how she does it. She just does it.

If it is true that we come back to this earth again and again through countless lives, then in one of her lives, Pola was a she-tiger — and some of it stuck to her.

She has the same soft and beautiful ferocity. She has the same sleepy air of seeing everything out of watchful half-closed eyes that are looking at nothing. She has the same silken relaxation that springs into claws and teeth without warning.

And she has the tiger's magnificent disdain. You cant help loving her for her disdain.

She walked into Hollywood with the hauteur of an empress.

The day she arrived Jesse Lasky gave a typical glad-

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The Negri is a wild wind from the Russian steppes. She doesn't calculate her effects any more than a bucking broncho. If it is true that we come back to this earth again and again thru countless lives, then in one of her lives, Pola was a she-tiger. . . . There is a new expression in the portrait above. At the left she is seen on a vacation trip with Charley Chaplin. And below is a scene from "Bella Donna," her first American-made photoplay

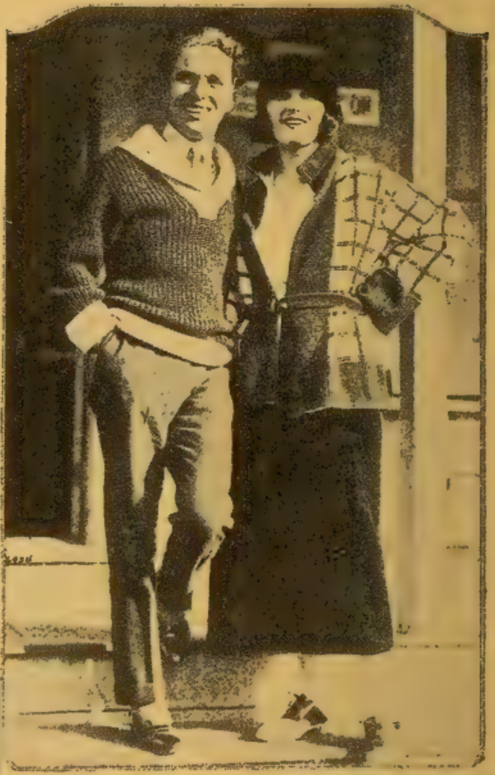
hand luncheon for the press in her honor. It was a frost. Mr. Lasky was so nervously eager to tell the press how much Pola loved them. And Pola was so utterly indifferent as to whether they believed it or not.

To be frank, the other actresses of Hollywood gave her the warm and glowing welcome generally accorded the gentleman who comes around to inform you that you owe the government something on your 1918 income tax.

In return Pola treated them as tho they were something that the janitor had forgotten to sweep out.

All the arrangements that had been made for her she swept aside with a contemptuous gesture. She ordered the studio scenario department thrown out of their office to provide her with a new kind of dressing-room. She laid down the law to the studio magnates like an invading French general to a German factory manager in the Ruhr district.

She rented a bungalow in Hollywood and, with her own servants established a little Poland.



Photograph by International Newsreel, N. Y.

When she first arrived, Hollywood looked very severe and said they didn't know whether they would consent to take her up or not. They soon found out they would have no choice in the matter. Mme. Negri made it plain that the society of her director, George Fitzmaurice and his wife (Ouida Bergere) and Charley Chaplin were all that were of any interest to her. The rest of Hollywood could go hang for all she cared.

There was something gorgeous about her affair with Charley Chaplin. She gave her time exclusively to him. She had no

(*Continued on page* 86)

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Behind the Scenes With Pola

(Continued from page 34)

explanations to make. For a long time the public was at liberty to draw any conclusions they saw fit. She insulted the reporters who came to inquire if wedding bells were in contemplation: and went on with the romance.

Like most foreign artists who come here, the American reporters filled her with a bristling and fiery indignation. She gave orders to the press department at Lasky's as she did to her butler. Therefore much grief on both sides.

On the sets she gave the studio help some hair raising experiences.

After leaving the studio she and the Fitzmaurices were affectionate pals. As soon they came within range of the cameras, it was acid and cold steel.

On the sets, Negri was utterly ruthless and imperious. She flew into a rage if crossed in any way.

Like most of her kind, she is intensely superstitious. One day she saw an ornament on one of the sets that looked to her like a peacock—the jinx of all jinx signs known to the theater world. She ordered it down. When the prop man refused to obey in the absence of the director she flew into a wild rage. She tore the set half apart to get at the offending gewgaw. She threw it on the floor so hard that it broke in two, despite the fact it was made of cast iron.

Another time she made a terrible fuss over the rotten wheezy music supplied for her emotional scenes and they had to come tearing in from all sides with grand pianos and scrambled portions of symphony orchestras.

At other times the little girl with the little curl could be very sweet and generous and charming.

They found out that she was sweetest when surrounded by people accustomed to European customs and social atmospheres. Pola doesn't warm up to our "Hey, you" informalities. She demands manners and a lot of them, gallantry and hand kissing.

In her relations with the other artists, Pola was socially charming but professionally insistent.

It is difficult to explain the situation to one who is not an actor. But every actor will understand when I say that Pola demands to be "fed."

The process is too subtle to be put into words. But it is the same thing that you see in vaudeville sketches. One actor always asks the boob questions and gives the other favored one a chance to make all the smart answers. Raised to the pure ether or real art and real acting, the same thing holds true. One actor always has to yield the palm in every situation to the other. Pola yields no palms. In some subtle, intangible way she claims the right to dominate the scene. She reserves the right to pick out the soundless syllable to be accented as it were.

And so much for the smallness of greatness.

And Pola is great.

When she begins to act you forget all her little eccentricities of temperament.

She has what few of our own actresses have—power.

For the most part our native screen stars are sweet and winsome but rather namby pamby. They tinkle; they never crash.

Pola is a hurricane in a mountain canyon. She has color and depth and a sweep of emotion that is simply terrific.

Her warmest admirer in Hollywood is Norma Talmadge. Norma opines that the greatest piece of acting ever seen on the screen was Pola Negri in "Gypsy Love."

Naturally it was a box office failure. "Gypsy Love" was a screen version of Carmen.

The movie fans were expecting to see Carmen as we know her in the opera—a giddy young lady in a red silk skirt who is sometimes a little inclined to be flirtatious and, in her most violent moments, not always quite a lady.

Negri's Carmen was the Carmen of Prosper Merimee—a dirty, slovenly, tempestuous, ruthless, vicious, torrential, vivid, primitive little animal. A dinner hooked up with her fingers from the steaming pot (stolen food for preference), a ragged dress with her legs showing thru—a wild dance—a murder with a knife stuck between the ribs of yesterday's lover: that was her Carmen.

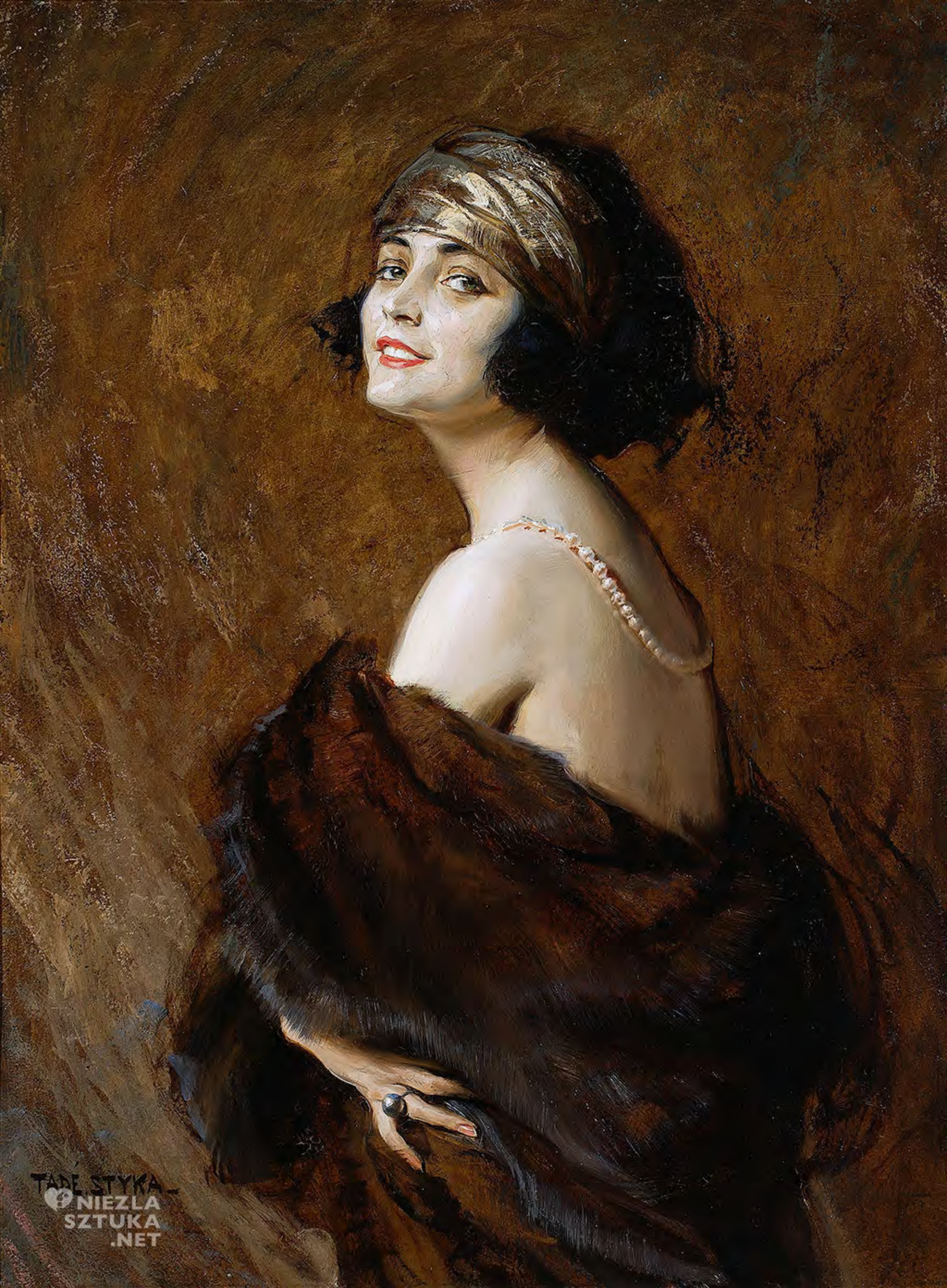
Negri may be more biteable than kissable as some one has suggested; but it looks as tho she were due to be one of the great actresses of all time.

The studio people who have helped with her productions feel that some such reward is due them from Providence—a compassionate Providence.

England's Filmland Beauty Challenge

(Continued from page 54)

"type for type we beat them all hollow." The others either limit their claims of superiority to such details as complexion, as in the case of Miss Violet Hopson, or frankly acknowledge that the American film queen has no peer anywhere, as in the case of Miss Joan Morgan. On this page are reproduced the photographs of some of England's most famous screen idols. The gallantry of the American fan will not permit him to deny their undoubted beauty, but loyalty to his own chosen film goddess will inspire the response that he can match any of these with a native choice, to the advantage of his favorite.



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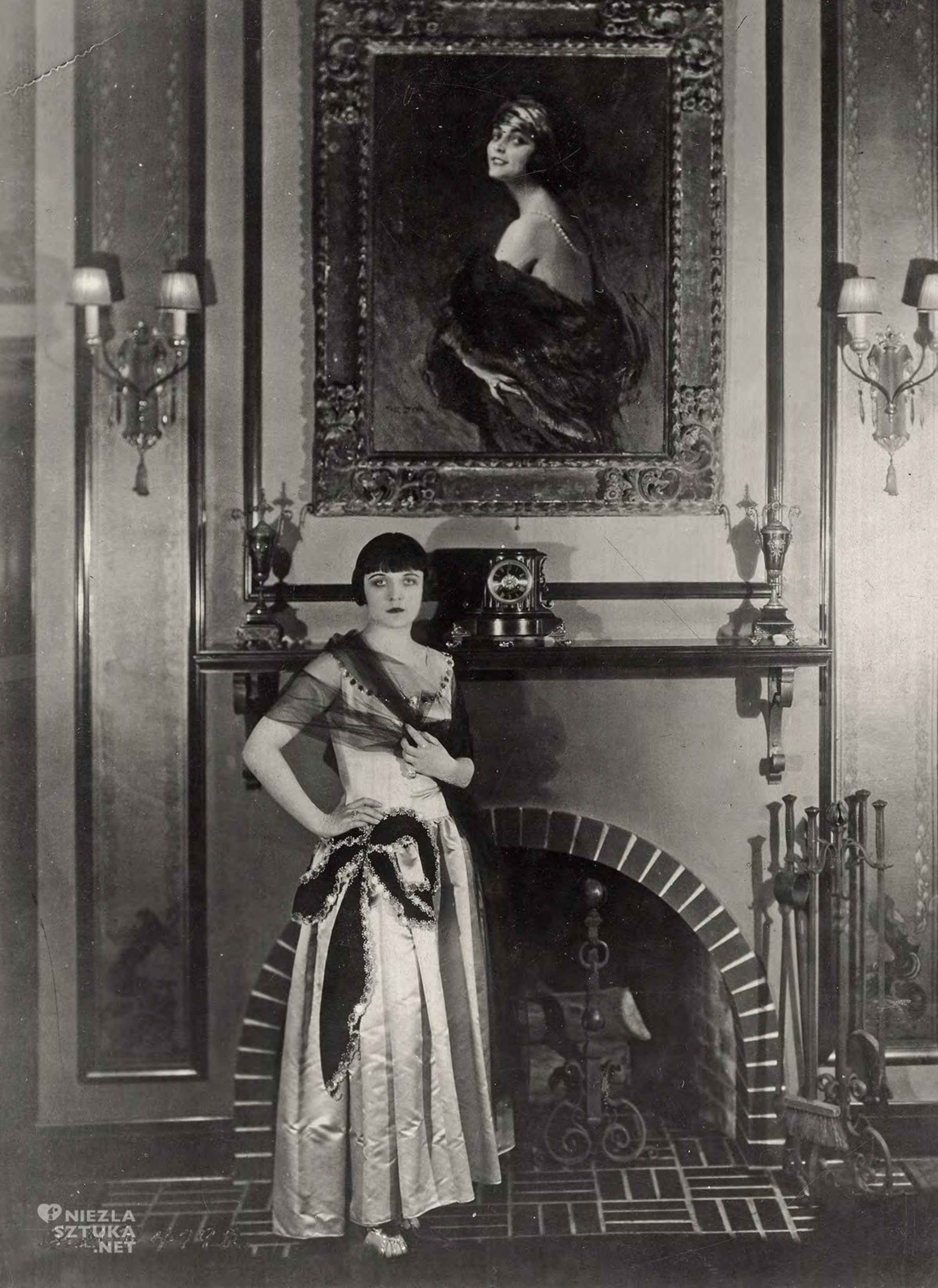

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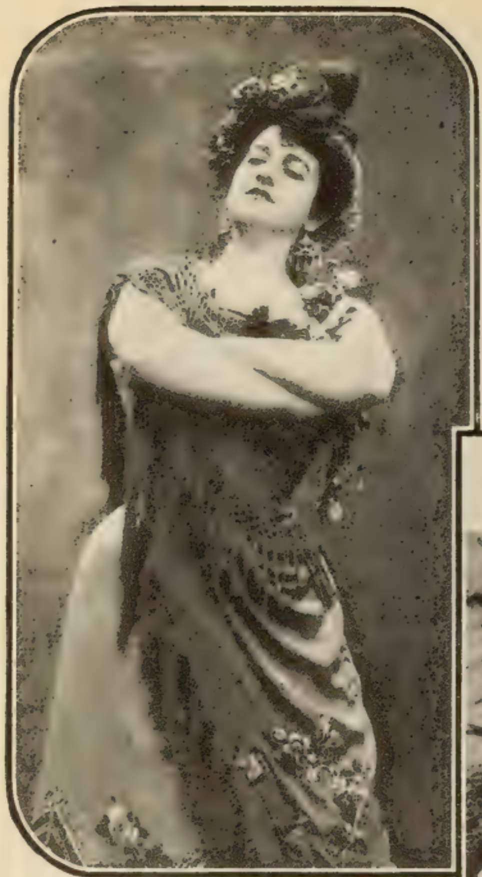

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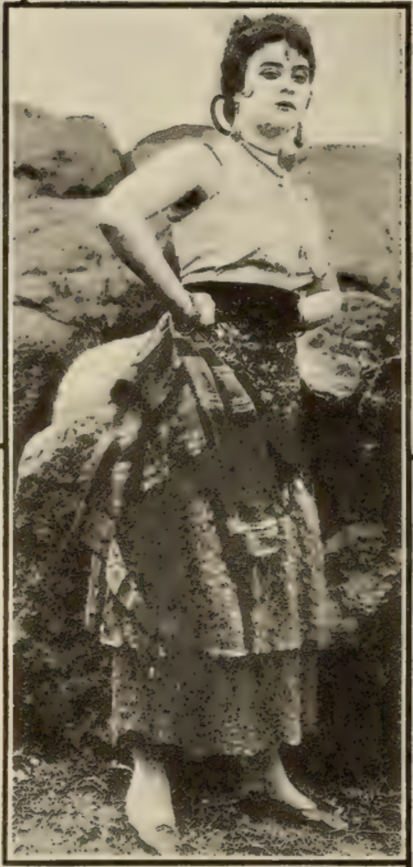
CALVÉ

ALTHOUGH Galli Marie created the role of Carmen in 1874, it was not until twenty years later, when the "adorable Calvé" sang the part, that Bizet's masterpiece became an operatic fixture. Calvé, indeed, is the most famous of the vast army of Carmens. The huge red rose she wore in her raven hair, and the gorgeous red silk petticoat with which she flirted so coyly and alas! so elegantly, are now as much a part of theatrical lore as Marguerite's xanthous curls and Caruso's embonpoint. Calvé overdressed the part of the gypsy tobacconist in all her scenes; but then, she tread the musical boards in a florid era, when the opera was far more artificial than it is to-day, and when there was a grand manner to be upheld at whatever cost. But even so, it was hardly necessary for her to bedeck herself with long gowns *a la mode*, of the kind worn by eminently respectable *senoritas*, on Sunday mornings. Calvé was not exactly a hot-blooded, sensual gypsy girl, with spontaneous, untamed instincts. She was capricious and flirtatious, emotional rather than passionate, gesticulatory rather than undulating. But despite her generously proportioned form, with its voluminous curves and hyperboles, she fused the role with abundant energy and personal charm. And this fact, coupled with her marvelous voice, made her memorable for all time.

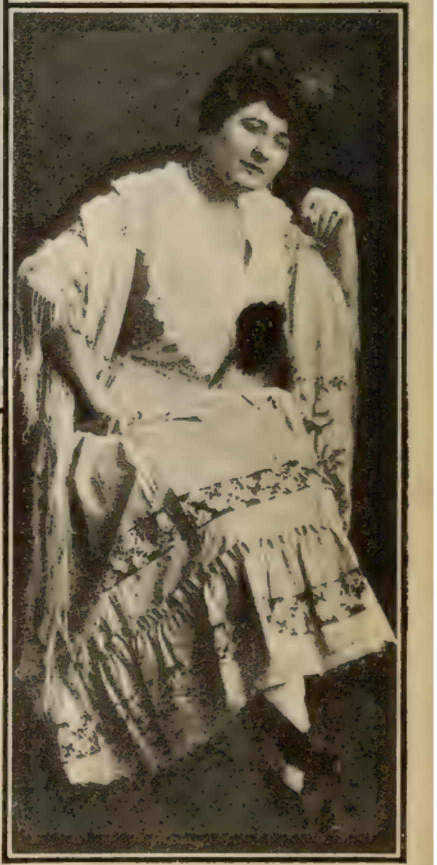
BARA

TO Galli Marie, Pauline Lucca, Minnie Hauk, Selina Dolaro, Zelie de Lussan, Calvé, Mary Garden, Marie Roze, Bressler-Granoli, Marie Fay, Alice Gentle, Marguerite Sylva and Geraldine Farrar add—Theda Bara! . . . Well, why not? Was not Carmen a vampire? And is there the slightest doubt about Theda being a vampire? *Voilà l'affaire!* Madame Bara—as was her prerogative—had her own ideas about Carmen—ideas which, to say the least, gave piquancy to the role. Hers was the most modern Carmen we have had. No tradition for La Bara! No paltry conventions of the operatic stage to cramp *her* style! She even smoked modern, machine-made Turkish cigarettes, large and oval-shaped, such as Merimée's Carmen never saw. And her amatory technique was of the latest histrionic fashion, with rolling eyes, languishing inhalations, and tense, undulating movements. Theda's Carmen was indeed a vampire, sensuous, passionate, and fairly groggy with emotion. But, scoff as you may, she looked alluring and acted seductively.



GARDEN

THERE has never been a Carmen like Mary Garden's. In her case a clever artistry entirely dominated her feelings. Her impersonation was necessarily a *tour de force*, for Garden couldn't possibly be a gypsy, and not even her marvellous acting and her personal lure were sufficient to create the necessary illusion. But, after all, do such things really matter where "the divine Mary" is concerned? She dresses attractively and conventionally—but oh, how modestly!—realizing, no doubt, that voluptuous and vampiric clothes would only accentuate the blondness of her soul and her lack of gypsy blood. At times she managed to be hoydenish, but scarcely seductive; and one felt that her aim was to portray a somewhat primitive type, rather than a specific personality. Consequently her Carmen was more temperamental than emotional, with little in common with Merimée's seductive hussy; and her performance was always repressed in both atmosphere and execution. However, Garden gave this girl of Seville a self-willed nature, although the sensuous, instinctive passion of Carmen, as interpreted by her, never went beyond a subtly calculating coquettishness.



CARMENS

SYLVA

A STRANGE and unfamiliar Carmen, somewhat colorless and inconsistent, but with a luscious ocular appeal; was Marguerite Sylva. To say that this voluptuous lady was dull would be unfair; for beauty is never dull; and he who tells you that Sylva lacks pulchritude is old and unresponsive and soured on the world. Marguerite, too, knew that she was alluring to the senses, and busied herself throughout the film putting that beauty over. The result: her Carmen was a trifle vain and self-conscious—a trifle conventional, and fashioned on the lines of popular tradition. And oh, how beautifully this gypsy girl bedecked herself! What opulent wages the factory girls must have received in those early days! No wonder they never went on strike! Withal, Sylva was very emotional, though always in the most approved manner. In fact, she was too dramatic to be wholly convincing. Hers was a Carmen of the stage, rather than a Carmen of a cut-throat gypsy camp. But where there is beauty, all is forgiven. If you dispute this, ask the Roman senators who tried Phryne!

FARRAR

GERALDINE FARRAR braved the terrors of the Calvé tradition, and followed Marie Fay, the "Carmen of the kitchen." On the operatic stage she was too mild, though always incisive, and one critic remarked that her idea of a gypsy was a sort of transplanted Hottentot. Her performance, however, was not devoid of traditional influences. She was coquettish, hot-blooded and perverse; and, as usual, she dressed far beyond the financial means of a factory girl of old Seville. But on the screen Farrar "turned loose." Only in the closing scenes did she attire herself lavishly; in the earlier parts of the picture she dressed simply, though attractively, in what has been described as "a chemise bodice of an Andalusian female of the people," with her arms entirely bare. And she made of Senorita Carmen a feline—one might almost say, tigerish—creature of violent, boisterous manners, and brutal, elemental nature. There was physical passion in her acting, and at all times one felt that an almost ferocious joy of life was animating her. But, despite her primitive power, she was always graceful and inherently human.

Ira L. Hill

NEGRI

AND then came Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood"; and for the first time since Galli Marie donned the Carmen mantilla nearly half a century ago, the wayward heroine of Merimée's novelette actually appeared before us—a woman of flesh and blood, of verity and conviction, captivating and unforgettable—a gypsy through and through, passionate, instinctive, hoydenish, perverse—a dirty, fickle, seductive, cruel, wild-blooded creature of uncontrolled desire and primitive ferocity, careless of her personal appearance, shameless and self-sufficient, brazenly independent. Her face and hands and arms were soiled and grimy; her clothes were ragged and unsightly. And yet she was seductive, for her seductiveness went deeper than mere appearances: it sprang from an inner, hidden flame of powerful desire and wantonness. And Pola Negri made this power felt, despite the dirt and the tattered aspect of her garments. Of all the Carmens we have had, hers was the truest, the least artificial, and the nearest to the actuality of Merimée's conception. It took courage and a high capacity to portray so real and unadorned a Carmen; but Negri's art was equal to the task; and her role will live when the others are forgotten, because she subordinated herself—and her beauty even—to the demands of an unlovely but compelling truth.

How Polish Is Pola?

BEING A FEW REMARKS ABOUT AN ERSTWHILE SHOP-GIRL NAMED PAULA NEGRI

By Glendon Allvine

Pola Negri and Ernest Lubitsch, her director, on location at San Moritz, Switzerland

I KNOW quite a few sophisticated people, and some who are ultra-sophisticated. It was one of these ult-sophs who heard me say something about Pola Negri being Polish, and a scornful laugh laughed he.

"Polish as sauerkraut," he scoffed.

I didn't give him much of an argument, since even I have learned to take with a grain of salt what some of these press agents dish up. But I wish I had known then what I do now, because nothing delights me more than to deflate some of these lads with an excess of synthetic sophistication.

The films starring Pola Negri, vaguely and indefinitely characterized as "continental," were obviously, to the discriminating, "made in Germany." Her director was a German. She worked in a studio near Berlin. Wasn't it natural to assume that she was also German, inspired information to the contrary notwithstanding. Her name, of course, was not Germanic, but what do names indicate among players? When Gladys Smith dissolves into the celluloid of Mary Pickford, and Olga Kronck emerges as Claire Windsor, and Elsie Ferguson is really Mrs. Thomas Clark, Jr., what's in a name? Pola Negri suggests Poland, but that is all the more reason for peering through the professional name at the unvarnished name she had at birth.

"Polish as sauerkraut," he laughed, and more than half convinced me with his derision. Truth is sometimes much too true to be believed.

In my attempts to find out the real nationality of Pola Negri I went around to the offices of the United Polish Societies and the Polish Chamber of Commerce and then I stopped in to see the Polish consul in New York.

"Pola Negri? Ah, she is the heroine of the Polish people," responded the head of the United Polish Societies. "Of course she is Polish. Born and reared in Poland, she is loyal to her native land even though many of her pictures have been filmed in Germany. Among the Polish people in America she is the most popular of all film players."

If she comes to America delegations from the Polish societies will go down the bay to welcome her, and the Polish Chamber of Commerce is planning to honor her with a dinner and dance. At the Polish consul's office they had a surprise for me. "Of course she's Polish," they said, "and I'll tell you just how Polish she is. While, for business reasons, she has had to work in Germany, there being no film production in Poland, she has sent back to Poland each month a part of her salary to be devoted to the cause of Polish freedom. That's how she loves Poland."

When her director, Ernest Lubitsch, arrived from Germany, I asked him about Pola Negri. Somehow I didn't seem to get very far in our conversation through the interpreter, for my English meant nothing to him, and his German meant little to me. Mention of Pola Negri made his face light up, but what the interpreter said he said about Pola Negri did not mean much.

Now Lubitsch has gone back to Germany and is directing Pola Negri in a new picture, which will keep her busy in Europe for many months. After that she may pay a visit to America, and then again she may not.

The Hamilton Theatrical Corporation, to whom Miss Negri is under contract to make Paramount pictures, plans to keep her pretty busy for a while, according to Ralph A. Kohn, treasurer of the Hamilton Corporation, who saw Miss Negri in Paris last month.

(Continued on page 53)

INTRODUCING THE NORRISES

(Continued from page 35)

In one of them she had pictured a quiet, respectable church fair. But the prospect of anything as unexciting as a religious bazaar made no appeal to the movie powers that be. So, to Mrs. Norris's horror, she beheld instead a mad county fair, rural and blatant, with pigs dashing in and out, upsetting pop stands, against a background of hot-dog emporiums and hayseeds innocently buying gilded bricks.

In another scene two brothers had quarreled, and the younger, wishing to do his self-conscious best to smooth things out, reached out a timorous hand, picking at the sleeve of the annoyed brother. That had no effect. And so, in a bolder attempt, he gradually ran his fingers up the brother's sleeve, hoping against hope that that little act of timid friendliness would attract the other's attention.

That is a little thing, to be sure. Unimportant, to a mind without imagining. But, properly done, it might be both moving and effective. But it was all too subtle for the scenario editor, who incidentally used to teach the gentle art of dramatic construction to students at Columbia. It occurred to him that the brother's attention might be much better attracted by having a girl near by playing with a frog, which, with a little urging, might be induced to jump kerplunk onto brother's neck.

Small wonder that there are gray hairs in Mrs. Norris's head.

However, they both think and hope that things are on the mend, so far as faithfulness to an author's intentions are concerned. They believe that a great step in that direction will be made when the author is allowed to work in close association with the producer, taking part in the consultations over the adaptation, and working in harmony with the director while the picture is being produced.

Mrs. Norris did just that during several months last winter, and she plans to follow the same course when she returns to Hollywood again in the near future.

So far as *Brass* is concerned, Mr. Norris seemed hopeful. He feels that the material for a picture is there, although the customary amount of incident and action may be lacking. But he had just come from a talk with the man who will produce it and he was heartened at the intelligence and the insight which the producer had shown. That gentleman seemed to realize that a picture might be based on characterization and, with luck, a definite spiritual quality, rather than on incessantly jumpy physical action.

In an ability to do that very thing, Mr. Norris sees hope for pictures in the future. Since we believe the same thing, we cheered loudly.

HOW POLISH IS POLA?

(Continued from page 24)

In fact, she was his guide through Paris. And Pola knows her Paris, forward and backward. She knows all the haunts of the French aristocracy, for she is herself a countess, although she has discarded the husband who made her the Countess Dimorski. She knows the humbler haunts of the French capital, and she understands the emotions of *hoi polloi*, for she was herself a shopgirl not so many years ago.

In Wertheim's department store, on the Leipziger Platz in Berlin, back in the days when there was still a German Empire, there used to be a little black-haired girl at the ribbon counter named Paula Negri. Every week she collected her wages of fifteen marks. That used to amount to about four dollars in regular money. Now fifteen marks would not buy this magazine on the newsstands.

Paula had come to the big city from her home in Posen, in Poland. As a youngster she had learned to dance and to play the violin, but her accomplishments were so slight that selling ribbons seemed to be a more secure method of making a livelihood. She used to wish that she could get into the movies, and where is the girl who does not?

When the armistice plunged the Germans back into the peaceful pursuits of making entertaining films, a Berlin shopgirl, Paula Negri, was one of the first to apply at the Lubitsch studio for a job. Paula became Pola on the screen. Her meteoric plunge across the cinema heavens carried both her and Lutitsch to world fame. She isn't exactly beautiful, but her acting electrified us all in *Passion*. It brought her wealth and a titled husband, and the longest and heaviest rope of real pearls Ralph Kohn has ever seen.

"She's more like an American than any European I met abroad," said Mr. Kohn. "She resembles American women in that she knows how to dress. She's learning to speak English, and will be able to carry on a conversation before long as well as she does in French or German. But, of course, it seems most natural to her to speak in Polish, her native language.

"Her eyes are pitch black, and her hair is black with a greenish sheen. Her hats are always white, and usually have feathers on them, so that she is a study in black and white.

"She is unassuming, unspoiled, and makes excellent company. Of course, she likes attention, and she doesn't care how many men there are around, since they always admire her and make a fuss over her. Let her appear publicly in Paris, Berlin or New York and everybody will realize that a personage is among those present."

FROM STUDIO TO DEAD STORAGE VAULT

(Continued from page 19)

into circulation again at good rentals. Probably the most frequent reason for digging up a picture long dead and buried is commercial greed, in an attempt to benefit by another's advertising or reputation. A notable example of this was the revival of *The Three Musketeers* made years ago when the publicity campaign for the Fairbanks picture was launched. The same thing occurred when D. W. Griffith presented *Way Down East*, and when a repetition of it threatened *The Two Orphans* he changed the title to *Orphans of the Storm*. The one-reel stories which Mr. Griffith made for Biograph were put out again and his name exploited when subsequent effort had established him as the master director.

Shortly after the movies were born, William S. Hart made a lot of poor-grade Western stuff when he was a much less finished actor, when his salary was paltry and his name unknown. Today, when he is at the pinnacle of his fame, his latest production may be running on Broadway, while a cheap downtown theatre is showing three ancient films recut and titled to make one story of feature length. His name here figures as prominently as elsewhere, with nothing to indicate that the picture wasn't photographed after the one on Broadway. Legislation should right these wrongs.

Four thousand features apart from scenics, educational, and the like, have been produced in the last five years. How many can stand the test of time? With the advancement of the mechanics and the art of the cinema, let us hope that some day the screen will have its classics and film libraries will be instituted so that what we strive to make perfection today will be enjoyed by others a hundred years hence.

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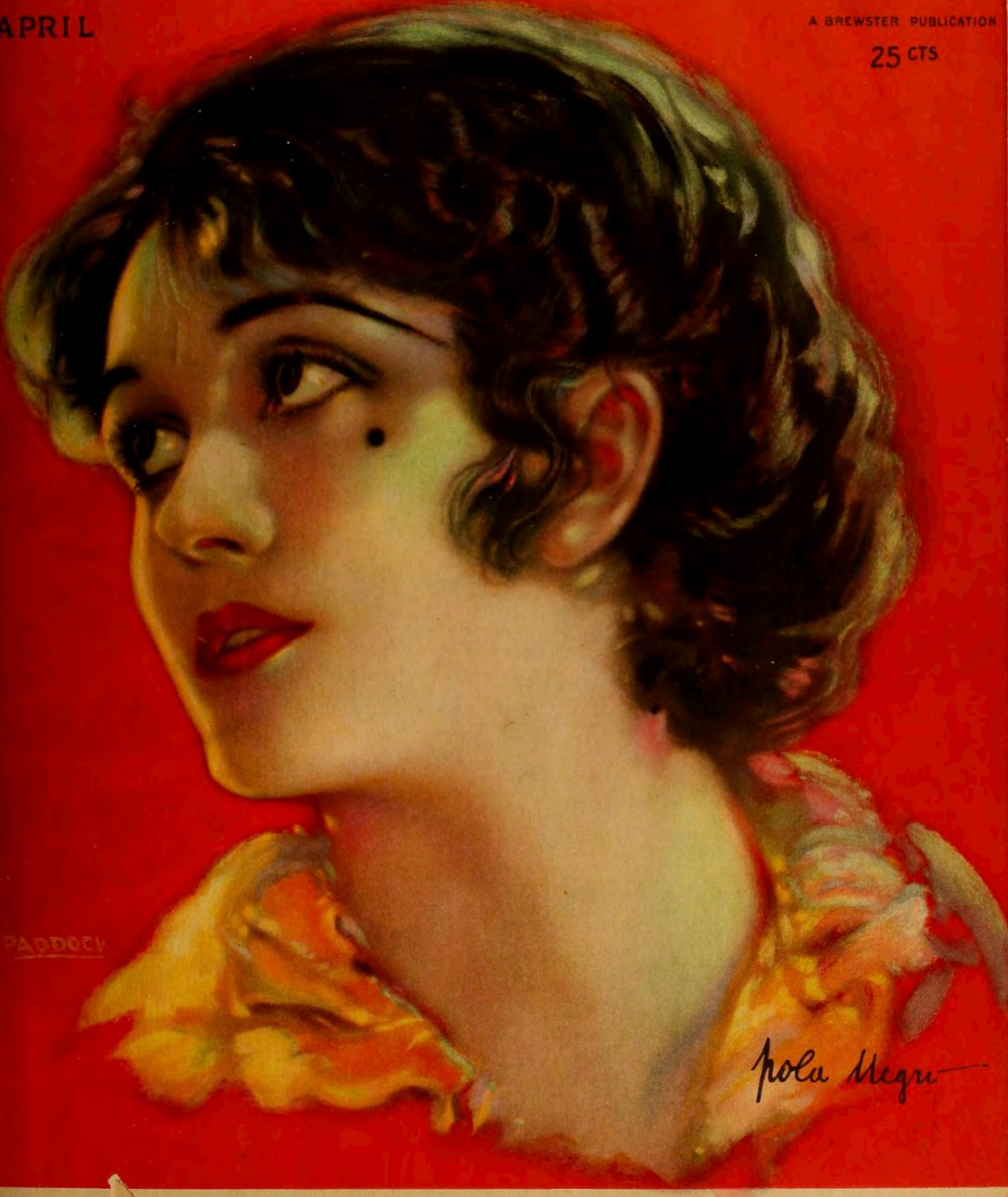
PADDOCK
pola Negri

THE MYSTERY OF POLA NEGRI — Page 35

The *Mystery* of *Pola Negri*

Harry Carr says Pola is mysterious because she dares to change her emotional clothes in public; consequently she is

Overbearing
Humble
Disagreeable
Reasonable
Forbidding
Charming
Ruthless
Sympathetic

THE mystery of Pola Negri isn't really so mysterious, after all.

The truth is, Pola is a child of impulse. She is quite capable of kissing a cook or kicking a king—if the spirit so moves her.

Untamed Gypsy blood runs in her veins. She doesn't know the meaning of restraint.

It is Pola's nature to do exactly whatever she feels like doing. Sometimes she has a tenderness and a sweetness that is almost overwhelming. But if she feels ugly—well then, she's ugly.

When Pola has been crossed in love—which quite frequently happens—she doesn't tell the world that she is suffering from a headache due to eye-strain. She announces that she has been crossed in love and retires to mourn.

I have known Pola to snub a very distinguished celebrity of a foreign diplomatic corps before whom all Hollywood had prostrated itself in awe and humility. That in the morning; and in the afternoon to waste an hour on a scared young girl, who strayed in from an Iowa town and said she yearned to be a movie actress.

Pola is cruel, condescending, overbearing, humble, contrite, generous, sweetly reasonable, gracious with a charm that would disarm an ogre, disagreeable, ungracious, winning, forbidding. In other words, Pola is every kind of woman—according to the mood of the moment.

The lovable and wonderful thing about Pola is that she sees thru herself.

"I'm jus' a bloof," she says in her charming voice. "Jus' a bloof! That's the way of all actresses; always acting."

All of which explains the mystery of Pola. Why, in Europe, she was one of the greatest actresses in the world; came over here and—until *Forbidden Paradise*—wasn't the greatest actress in the world.

So long as Pola is herself; so long as she remains a creature of whims and moods and does what she feels like doing, she is marvelous. When she tries to stop and figure out what to do—the fire goes out.

When she first came over to America, somebody filled her up with a lot of nervous apprehension about American audiences. As tho we were a different kind of being altogether!

The result was, her first American pictures did not show the real Pola at all. They showed a stuffed doll that Pola nervously conjured up for the occasion.

They told her, if she would stand so and look so and turn her head this way and that, she would look very beautiful. Also, she must be a maiden of lily-white purity; so Pola attempted to be so refined that it was fairly suffocating.

The fruits of this harvest—as might have been expected—were a couple of very bad pictures. No one so cheerfully admits this as Pola herself.

It was very curious—the way Pola worked at that time. One of her first American directors told me that Pola, suddenly called before the camera, would always go thru the scene once and do it with fire and genius. Then she'd always say: "Now I would like to do that again. I have figured out a way to do it better."

And that second time, it was invariably bad.

This is nearly always true of genius. When they "just do it," they are convincing and wonderful; when they stop

(*Continued on page* 108)

"Damn sympathy," screams Pola; "I dont want to be sympathetic —or beautiful—or loved. I want to be a great actress—to do parts that are human beings, not saints"

Richee

When Pola first came to America she was told that she must be a picture-maiden of lily-white purity; so Pola attempted to be so refined that it was fairly suffocating. Consequently, her early pictures showed her as a stuffed doll

"They make a mistake in trying to make Pola play characters who are all white," says Ernst Lubitsch; "she does better when they are a leetle spotted." Pola is a cultured barbarian; untamed Gypsy blood runs in her veins

Above, she's the Czarina of "Forbidden Paradise," but she looks like this when she publicly snubs important people. Below is Pola as she looks when she remembers the tragedies that have filled her life

When Pola has been crossed in love she doesn't tell the world she has a headache; she announces that she's been crossed in love, and retires to mourn

Richee

As Pola talks over a scene to be made, her eyes will suddenly light up, and that is the divine instant for the director to send her out in front of the camera

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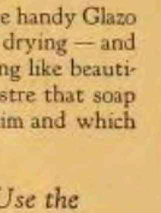

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The Mystery of Pola Negri

(*Continued from page 35*)

to pick themselves to pieces and find out what makes their genius tick, it is always bla—bla! Pola Negri doesn't know what she does when she acts, any more than Walter Johnson knows what he does when he pitches a baseball; or Man O' War when he runs a race.

Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Russian director, knew better what to do with her. He told me that when he had a big scene to do with Pola, he always sat around and talked to her. They just talked and talked, and he watched her like a cat. Finally, her eyes would light up in a way that showed her interest had been won. In other words, Pola's genius was throwing out sparks. If possible, he sent her out in front of the camera at that instant; for that instant was the divine moment.

Handled in that way, there is no finer actress than Pola Negri—living or dead.

But it is a strenuous job for a director. Very few who have tried it ever care for the job a second time. Handling dynamite is something that few men care to undertake as a steady job.

When Lubitsch came to the Lasky studio to direct her in *Forbidden Paradise*, they, metaphorically speaking, fell into each other's arms.

Pola was wonderful with him. There are—or were—two reasons why. She has complete and absolute confidence in him; and he adapts his picture to fit her temperament.

"They make a mistake in trying to make Pola play characters who are all white," Lubitsch explained to me one day. "Pola does better when they are a leetle spotted."

What he meant was that Pola is too sophisticated, too wordly wise, too experienced, to have any patience with the kind of heroines popular with American movie audiences; snow maidens, so pure and chaste that they think that babies are brought by rabbits and left under the bushes in the garden. Pola has lived. She told me, once, that her life had been so filled with sorrow and tragedy that she never could have endured it but for the consolation of her own private religious belief. She knows that life is a carpet with a lot of seams on the other side.

Lubitsch, a shrewd and instinctive analyst, knows Pola. He has always cast her for such parts as Du Barry and Carmen, while they were making pictures in Europe; and as Catharine the Great, in his American venture with her. All women—these characters—who had suffered, but who scorned to sniffle and whine.

And the measure of their triumph—his and hers—was that the audiences have always loved these characters as Pola drew them; even in their spots.

To Pola, going back to Lubitsch's direction was like taking off a pair of tight shoes. He didn't ask her to be beautiful, or to be "sympathetic."

"Damn sympathy!" screamed Pola one day when I was visiting her on the set. "I dont want to be sympathetic. I dont want to be beautiful. I dont want to be loved. I want a chance to be a great actress. I want to do parts that are human beings—not stuffed saints!"

Pola is absolutely naive over her own career as an actress.

In the projecting room she will often clap her hands and cry out: "Oh, how vun'erful!" at some of her own scenes. But, on the other hand, she is a harsh and ruthless critic of her own faults.

It all comes to this: Pola is a beautiful,

"And now she's so slender!"

"Did you ever see such a change in any one? Grace used to be positively stout. Now she's one of the smartest dressed women I know. She must have done something to regain her youthful figure."

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FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

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exotic flower; the flower of an old race. A race so old, so stripped of its illusions, that it does not mind changing its emotional clothes in public, so to speak.

Pola is likely to go on the stage some day. There she would be able to cast off some of the restraints of motion-picture convention.

Pola is likely to become the greatest actress the world has ever known; but she is just as likely to elope with a hermit and spend the rest of her life hunting wolves or diving for pearls.

Whatever she does, whichever way she takes, hers will never be a tamed heart.

Pola will be a beautiful, highly educated, cultured barbarian to the last day of her life.

Cheers and Hisses

(Continued from page 107)

several years Mr. Graves has shown one of the finest, truest, most sincere talents on the screen. More than that, he has stood for fine things, for the idealism of youth and clean-cut spirituality. In a world where these things are so much needed, why use him to throw custard pies?

I. DE LA M.,
Hartford, Conn.

Why, Oh Why?

DEAR EDITOR: Why does De Mille have houses that look like the Grand Central station? And why do his débutantes look like Follies girls?

Why does a simple, little country girl, living miles from a town, have a perfect, two-dollar marcel in her hair? And why —oh! why, did the temperamental Charlie marry again?

M. G. M.,
Port Jervis, N. Y.

Meanin' Meighan

DEAR EDITOR: Fie on you, Tommy Meighan, for such a picture as *The Alaskan!* Saccharine, heavy and uninspired—and this from you! Why waste your charming personality and fine technique on such slivers of asininity as this *Alaskan* thing? I wish Tom Meighan would hear the clarion, albeit silent, call of the fans—"Meighan! Meighan! We want Meighan!" Wake up, Tommy. Dont live in the midst of what the subtitles call "flaming memories." Use those splendid past achievements of yours as a foundation for the greater artistic heights to which, I feel sure, you will yet attain.

E. M. H.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

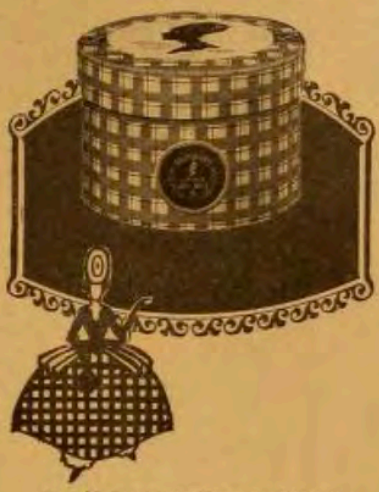
Kittenish Kids

DEAR EDITOR: This thing is getting on my nerves—namely, that in every scene in which children are introduced in the movies they come skipping in and hurl themselves headlong into the arms of mother, father or any adult who happens to be present. Of course, everyone loves children and thinks them "just too sweet," but these violent demonstrations of affection are too saccharine to be natural.

The average, normal child dislikes being mauled and pawed by adults and, after the first kiss will squirm and wriggle to get away from an ardent embrace. But not so in the movies! Here they seem to be brought into the picture simply to register effusive love.

Yours for improvement,
S. M. H.,
Toledo, O.

You can't *imagine* how wonderful this face powder is . . . . try it . . . .



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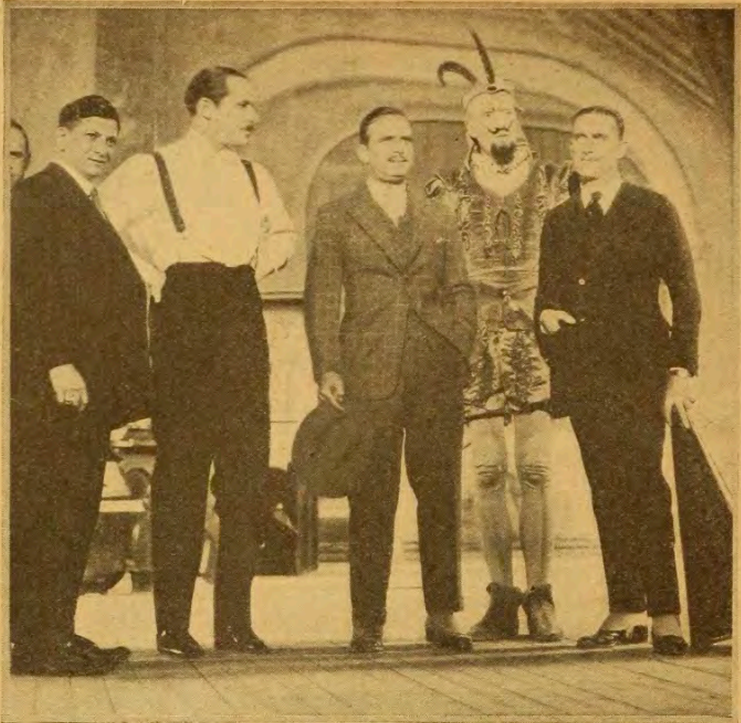


Meet his Royal Lowness, the Devil. He's a good friend of Norman Kerry, Douglas Fairbanks and Rupert Julian, as you can see. His earthly name is Alexander Bevani, and his screen début is in "The Phantom of the Opera"

Speaking of His Satanic Majesty, here are two of the actors in his picture "The Devil's Cargo:" Raymond Hatton and "Buster" Collier

of the set broke and fell in a shower when the firemen turned the hose on it. She was cut about the arms.

The Lloyd family are wondering right now, what on earth to do with Miss Gloria Lloyd's Christmas toys. No baby ever had such a Christmas. There was one of each kind of toy ever heard of or invented. The youthful Miss Lloyd stared at her tree with the sagacity befitting a lady of seven months: made a blubbing sound and crawled away in the other direction. Mrs. Lloyd has packed the things away for another Christmas when she is older and not so blasé.

Lloyd is making his last picture under the old Pathé contract. It is a story about a poor boob college boy who was the eleventh substitute on a football team. His next picture will be made for Paramount. He will, however, work at his own studio and will have final authority in every way as to his own comedies.

CHARLEY RAY, with the death of Thomas H. Ince, is going to set up as an independent producer of his own pictures again. His experiment in going back to the Ince banner was not entirely a success. After his financial wreck with *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, Mr. Ray tried to sell his studio on Fleming Street; but never could find a buyer. A fact which he now considers to have been quite providential. He has formed a new alliance with his old partners who were with him in the days of his greatest successes—Joseph De Grasse, his production manager, and Jerome Storm, his director. I saw him the other night at the Writers' Club; he seemed to have recovered all his good spirits and self-confidence.

Charley's financial recovery will wreck one man's hopes. Ernst Lubitsch has always been anxious to get Ray for a picture. He considers him to be the finest actor he has ever seen in America, and makes no bones about saying so.

Mr. Ray and Lubitsch and Pola Negri are all neighbors out in Beverly Hills.

POLA, by the way, found one thing about her new Beverly estate that did not satisfy the yearnings of her soul. On her estate in Silesia, she had some murmuring pines which soothe her to rest with the poetry of their soughing. Pola found she just couldn't struggle along without some murmuring pines; so she sent to Oregon and

Here's Betty Compson, learning how to mix paint. Now that she's Mrs. James Cruze is she going to turn domestic, and paint the house, perhaps?

had fifteen pines brought down here at a cost of one thousand dollars apiece. But what's fifteen thousand dollars compared with the soothing of one's soul?

Pola was the guest of honor at the largest women's club in California one day last week. She made a brilliant and charming address. Pola really has brains.

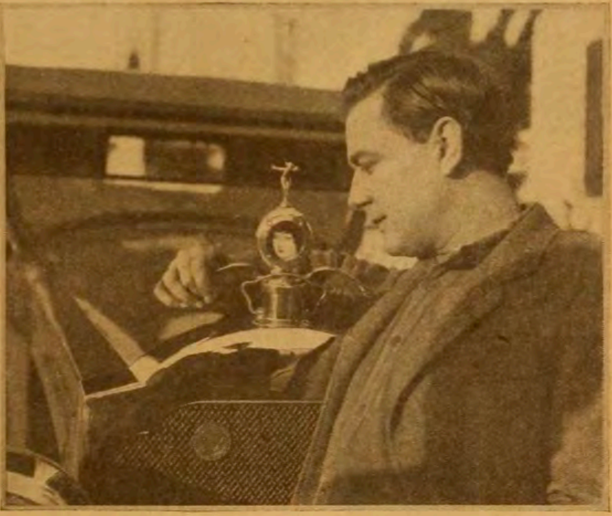
Having tried several leading men in her various American pictures, Pola has handed the medal to Robert Frazier. He is the only one she has asked to appear with her in a second picture. The name of it is *The Charmer*. Wallace McDonald will also be in the cast.

CECIL DE MILLE took Hollywood's breath away by the announcement in New York that he and Famous Players-Lasky have parted company. The general understanding out here is that the difference was over the cost of Mr. De Mille's pictures. Once before there was a disagreement: that time it was over the excessive cost of *The Ten Commandments*. That breach was bridged over: Mr. De Mille was installed as the supervising director of all the Famous Players-Lasky productions. Mr. De Mille will now begin making his own pictures—probably for the United Artists. He is negotiating with Mrs. Ince to buy the Ince studio at Culver City.

Altho in a quiet, modest—almost a timid way—Mrs. Ince is, at present, holding down the biggest job any woman ever had in Hollywood. She has fitted up a tiny office in one of the anterooms of her late husband's suite of executive offices and is managing the studio and all the production work. For many years she was her husband's closest adviser: so the work is not unfamiliar to her. She has no ambition, however, to go on with the work. When the pictures contracted for by the old Ince organization are finished, she will shut up the shop.

When baseball fan meets motion-picture fan, the hand-clasp is bound to be a hearty one. Babe Ruth is as great an admirer of Pola Negri's work on the screen as she is of his work on the diamond

Kenneth Harlan will now be able to sing for you that little song entitled: "In the meter on my motor, I can meet her as I motor." (Let us inform the uninitiated that the "Her" he can meet is Marie Prevost Harlan)



Warner Baxter and Lillian Rich, two stars of "The Golden Bed," all dressed up to watch the première of the picture in Los Angeles

CABLE messages from Rome announce that the *Ben Hur* company is coming home. Mr. Louis B. Mayer confirms this. The recent political troubles in Italy, added to the other complications, were just that much too much. Ramon Novarro is due to arrive in Hollywood around the first of February and most of the rest of the picture will be taken here. It will be necessary to return to Rome for the chariot race scenes and to the North of Africa for one sequence. Before this picture is thru it will be by far the most expensive one ever made. The cost is estimated at seven million dollars.

(*Continued on page* 101)

Mickey Daniels is one of the juvenile stars appearing in "Our Gang Comedies" produced by Hal E. Roach and distributed by Pathe.

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Stillman's Freckle Cream has a double action. Freckles are gently dissolved away and the skin whitened at the same time. Guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. At druggists and department stores, 50c and $1.

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Free booklet tells what your particular type needs to look best. Introduces other Stillman toilet articles. If you buy $3 worth (other than freckle cream) we give you $1.50 bottle perfume free. The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Double Action

REMOVES FRECKLES
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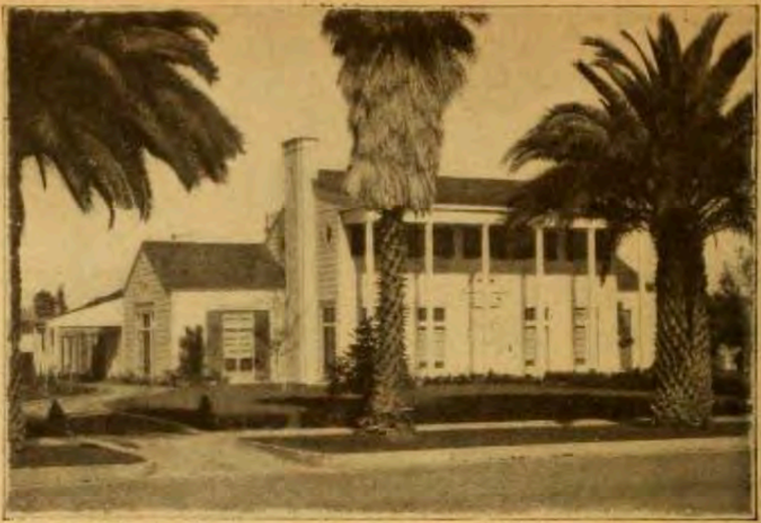


Here is Pola Negri's home in Beverly Hills, California. It was originally owned by Priscilla Dean. At the rear are tennis-courts and a wonderful swimming-pool

Joseph Schenck has announced that Bill Hart is to be a United Artist star. Bill will finance his own pictures; but Mr Schenck will pass verdicts on the stories. Mr. Schenck has also announced that he and Sid Grauman will build a chain of movie houses thruout the country. He also announces a probable alliance between the United Artists and the German U. F. A. company for distribution purposes. The first of the movie houses to be built will be in New York—on Broadway below the Strand Theater on property owned by Columbia University.

Greta Nissen, the Norwegian star, will make her first American appearance in *In the Name of Love*, a story by Sada Cowan. Ricardo Cortez will play opposite Miss Nissen.

John Barrymore is coming back to Hollywood this summer to work at the Warner Brothers Studio.

John Griffith Wray, formerly production manager for Thomas H. Ince, signed a three-year contract with Carl Laemmle to be the big boss at Universal City. After a few days on the job, Mr. Wray was ordered by his physicians to retire for a long rest. So he resigned.

Douglas Fairbanks has sent to Mexico for three wild bulls to use in his picture *Don Q—Son of Zorro*. Douglas has been taking lessons from a professional bull-fighter.

Since the visit to the Fairbanks-Pickford house of the Duke of Alba with his suite of noblemen, Fairbanks seems to have gotten the habit. There are two of the nobility in this picture. The Duchess de Lantry, who has been working in Hollywood as a film extra for several years, has her first real part as the queen in *Don Q*. Mario Carillo, who is an Italian nobleman and diplomat, is the supervisor of the Spanish court scenes.

May Allison has been divorced from Robert Ellis, an actor.

Patsy Ruth Miller has signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. Her first picture will be *Rose of the World*—the Kathleen Norris novel.

Chatsie Noonan, the little Irish girl discovered by Marshall Neilan, has been re-named for screen purposes. She is to be Sally O'Neill. Roy Giusti, who plays in *The Merry Widow*, is to be henceforth Roy D'Arcy.

Marion Davies is to make her future pictures at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio. She is struggling along on a salary of $10,000 a week and a percentage of the profits. Among the pictures she is planning are *Merry Wives of Gotham*, from the stage play; and *The Temptress*, from a novel by Ibañez.

ARE SEX PICTURES ON THE WANE?

THIS is the question Harry Carr asked big movie men who have their fingers on the pulse of public opinion.

They expressed themselves quite candidly on this provocative subject with many interesting comments.

And from their opinions a satisfying conclusion is reached in an entertaining story.

Dont miss the answer to this question as it appears in this magazine next month.

The Never-Very-Happy Pola

Talks of Many Things . . . Of Life Which Has Disappointed Her . . . Of Her Friends . . . Her Work . . . and of Charlie Chaplin.

By Helen Carlisle

FOR almost two years I avoided meeting her.

Coming out to Hollywood from New York, a month or so after her arrival here, I heard on all sides tales of her temper, her vanity, her jealousy. I heard that she was rude to almost everyone with whom she came in contact—impossible to get along with.

Although I discounted to some degree the stories circulated concerning her, for only a fool would believe all Hollywood's tales, I felt nevertheless, that to meet Pola Negri personally would be a disappointing and disillusioning experience.

And I didn't wish to be disillusioned concerning her. One winter night in New York, dropping casually into the Capitol Theater, I had been amazed and enchanted with her performance in "Passion," the film which first aroused the interest of American producers in her, the film which was directly responsible for the contract that brought her to this country and to Hollywood. Walking down Broadway after the show that snowy night, I decided that Pola Negri was the screen's supreme artist, and I wasn't surprised, I'm sure, when she was signed to appear in films in this country.

So, from the first, I was a great admirer of the screen Negri, and like any other fan, I didn't wish to be disillusioned in the real Negri. Hence, I avoided her.

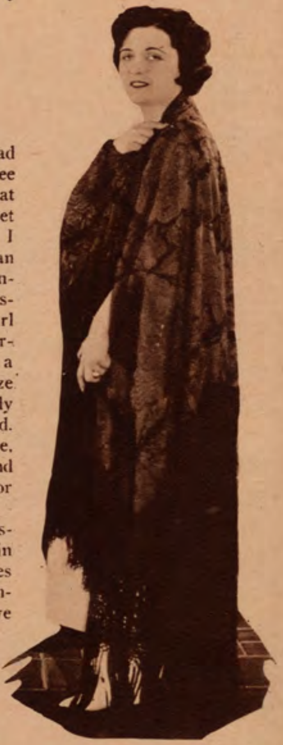
But one day the inevitable happened. I found myself on the Negri set over at the Lasky studios, and before I could escape I had been introduced to her. She was clad in regal robes for her role in "Forbidden Paradise," and was seated on a lounge piled high with scarlet, purple and gold cushions, awaiting Mr. Lubitsch's call. Dazzingly beautiful. Proud. Remote.

Well, the inevitable moment had come. I stood silent, waiting to see what would happen. I had heard that she permitted no outsider on the set when she was working. Inwardly I desired to smite down the publicity man who had brought me there. I wondered just what manifestation her displeasure would take. Would she hurl those gaily-colored cushions, or perhaps the bronze statuette from a near-by pedestal. Would she freeze me with one icy glance? I was ready for anything. Except what happened.

Pola Negri smiled, that strange, never-very-happy smile of hers, and with a slight gesture made room for me beside her.

"Ah, Mees Car-r-lisle, it is a pleasur-r-e to meet you," she said, and in that moment, as her grey-green eyes regarded me kindly I discounted completely the sorry, shabby tales that have been told about her in Hollywood.

She fell to talking, with easy grace and a most cosmopolitan charm. Her accent is marked, of course, but most delightful. The



Photograph by Richee

"When I first came to *America*," the *Negri* said, "the first thing I learned to say in *English* was a terrible word. I thought it meant how-do-you-do. I said it to everyone I met. When I find out the truth I am desolate. I dare not say anything in *English* after that for a long time. People think I am up-stage."

Above is an informal portrait made of *Miss Negri* in her new home . . . where she is a charming hostess at many exclusive dinner parties such as that described in this story.

The old *Priscilla Dean* house where *Pola* now lives.

Photograph by L. F. Nathan

conversation drifted from motion pictures to plays, to literature, to the opera, back again to motion pictures.

"I give all of myself to my pictures," she said. "I work hard. I want people to like me. The impression so many have of me, it is too bad," simply, with no shadow of resentment in her low voice. I caught myself thinking that she must be a fatalist, so well does she understand the futility of holding bitterness or resentment in the heart.

"That misunderstanding concerning me started in this way," she continued, and a flash of humor crossed her face. "The first thing I learn to say in English was a terrible word. I thought it meant how-do-you-do. I said it to everyone I met. When I find out the truth I am desolate, so disturbed. I dare not say anything in English after that for a long time. People think I am up-stage. It is not so. It is just that I did not understand."

I left the set that day carrying with me the impression of a brilliant and beautiful woman, a woman of rare charm and graciousness. Eager. Earnest. A little sad. I could not, and I cannot yet but think that she is out of place in Hollywood. Do not misunderstand me. I love Hollywood, but it is not the background suited to the Negri. New York would understand and appreciate her.

"You say I should be happy now." *Pola* said, "I have the things so many women dream of. But my life is not complete. It will not be complete until . . ." But here the telephone interrupted her. And when she returned her head was flung back and the tears had been brushed from her eyes.

Above is *Michael Arlen*, author of many popular novels, with *Miss Negri*, for whom he has written a fascinating photoplay, called *"Crossroads of the World."*

On the right is a snapshot made of *Pola* on her recent journey.

Our second meeting took place at a small, informal party given at Noah Beery's home. It may seem odd to you at first thought that a fine friendship has sprung up between the big, bluff, kind-hearted Noah Beery and the sophisticated Continental actress.

But Mr. and Mrs. Beery have the fine gift of sincerity, and Pola Negri feels at home with them.

On this particular evening her mood was quite different from that of our earlier meeting. She even looked like an entirely different person in her youthful black satin suit with its tailored white collar and cuffs. Absurdly young, naive, she was that night, and seemingly very happy. I think she always dominates—unconsciously perhaps—any gathering, and on this particular evening she soon had a crowd around her in the drawing-room, while she poured forth a perfectly amazing tale about a fortune-teller at the beach who had told her all about her past, present and future life. We must go to this fortune-teller. Yes, it was the only thing to do. There was nothing that he did not know. We would be surprised, astounded at the things he would tell us. So persuasive was she, that I'm sure each of us vowed we'd slip down to the beach at the earliest opportunity.

Again we met for luncheon, when I was assigned to interview her. On this occasion she was more grave than I have ever known her to be at any other time. Perhaps it isn't much wonder, for we were discussing men, and love. A serious subject, as you will agree.

"My life has been in many ways sad," she said. "I am lonely. I have but few good frands." That's the way she says it, "frands," rather than "friends." Even when I am in love, something within me stands always to one side, watching, analyzing me. There is no one more alone than I.

"You say I should be happy now. I have the things so many women dream of. But my life is not complete. It will not be complete until ———."

She stopped speaking and abruptly rose, her head flung back and the tears suddenly blinding her eyes. As I waited, astonished, for her to continue, the telephone bell rang sharply. Miss Negri answered it, and a perfect torrent of utterly unintelligible words poured into the mouthpiece.

She returned from the telephone laughing. "That was Tade Styka. I speak my native language. You do not understand, eh? He is a nice boy, Tade."

I have nothing against the well-known artist, Tade Styka, but he surely did spoil the high moment of the afternoon. For Miss Negri had evidently lost the trend of the conversation, or perhaps did not care to resume it. I wonder what she was about to say . . .

Other casual meetings took place, and then shortly after she moved into her Beverly Hills home I was invited to be her guest at dinner one night.

Oh, that Beverly Hills home of Pola Negri! How she has worked over it, planned (*Continued on page 31*)

The Never-Very-Happy Pola

(Continued from page 8)

for it. With characteristic thoroughness and enthusiasm she superintended the laying out of the Italian gardens—very petite, those gardens, she explains—the planting of slim sentinel cedars. To the lovely rooms she brought her art treasures, rare tapestries, old paintings, Oriental rugs of exquisite texture.

I think the impression that I received of Pola Negri in her own home will be the most lasting. She had surrounded herself with the things she loved and the people who interested her. Though several of her guests were film stars, the atmosphere was not that of Hollywood. There was a brilliant Mexican diplomat, a film director who goes in for rare editions, a young man who played Chopin in a quite unforgettable manner, seated in a shadowy corner at the grand piano.

Pola Negri, in a Perisian frock of jade-green chiffon, with a bandeau of jade-green wound around her sleek black hair, sat on a rose velvet lounge before the great fireplace. She was sparkling, vivacious, care-free.

As the butler announced dinner and we entered the dining-room, a young Spaniard, clad in a costume of black velvet, a gay scarlet kerchief about his head, appeared mysteriously from somewhere, a guitar slung across his shoulder.

"You shall hear him play," declared the Negri, delightedly, like a child. "I discover him on the set. He is mar-r-velous. There is nothing that he cannot play on that guitar."

And while the young Spaniard played, leaning gracefully in the doorway, the conversation eddied, flowed, circled about Pola Negri, seated so erect at the head of her candle-lit table with its massed centerpiece of delicate pink roses.

Someone spoke of Charlie Chaplin, and quickly, as one might spring to lift a falling banner, she caught the name and held it gallantly high.

"He is a great man—a genius," she said, her eyes blazing, and I recalled that on a former occasion when his name was mentioned, she had spoken of him in just that way.

It occurred to me, too, that I had never heard her speak unkindly of anyone. Oh, I suppose she does, sometimes. There must be those whom, when her wrath is directed against them, she figuratively tears to tattered ribbons. For the elemental, the primitive, is not so far below the surface of Pola Negri's cultivated poise. But in so intense a nature one emotion soon succeeds another, and so civilized a person—for she is just that, though it may seem an anachronism—is not swayed for long by either rage or joy.

After dinner we went downstairs to her projection room. The picturesque young musician came with us, and strummed his guitar while "The Salvation Hunters" was shown. When the last reel had been run off and the lights flashed on again, Pola asked if he had brought her castanets with him.

He had, and, slipping them upon her fingers, suddenly she was dancing a wild, barbaric dance, a dance of her fathers and her fathers' fathers—a dance to be staged about the leaping flames of a wandering gypsy camp-fire, under ancient stars. The green-clad figure swayed and swirled, the castanets beat their sensuous rhythm, the jeweled slippers flashed as she stamped her feet. Smiling, the young musician in the scarlet kerchief accompanied her on the guitar.

I give you my word. We were all quite swept out of ourselves. The arduous technique of the Imperial Russian Ballet, where Pola Negri served a long apprenticeship, has not been forgotten.

Half an hour later, with simple dignity she was bidding us good-night in her formal and lovely drawing-room. The fire in the great carved fireplace had died to glowing embers. But dimly one could see the figures in the tapestries above the grand staircase, the grave nobles in their gilded frames, the delicate pattern in a silken rug. Pola Negri stood there, a slim figure in the half-light, saying "Good-night, my frands."

So, I say, I shall remember her always, as I have seen her in her own home. Yet even in her own home there are so many Polas to remember. The poised and formal Pola in her jade-green Parisian gown, the laughing Pola, with her ready wit and repartee, the Pola with just a hint of danger in her voice as she springs to the defense of another. Pola, the barbaric Slav, dancing stormily to the clashing of castanets.

Which Pola Negri to remember?

All of them—all of them, without doubt. And some day when I am quite old and gray and have lost all my enthusiasms, I yet shall say, "There lived a great actress, a magnificent woman, once—in Hollywood."

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Frequently of late we hear the expression, "The more I see of stage plays, the better I like motion pictures." From this one gathers that the stage play is rapidly losing its popularity and the picture gaining favor. Taking into consideration the fact that the motion picture is comparatively a newcomer, the growing preference is, at first glance, surprising; but closer scrutiny reveals that the motion picture is far more interesting than the stage production, an important factor in the growing favoritism of the picture.

Undoubtedly, the actual sight of an episode is more convincing than being told about it. Should the stage, for instance, desire to depict a boat or horse race, or perhaps a mob scene, it must resort to word pictures by one or more of the actors, the audience getting a second-hand view, so to speak. The scene consequently lacks the realism that the motion picture portrays. Likewise, the continuous action of the motion picture eliminates the lagging of interest which so frequently occurs during the intermission periods of the stage play. Then, too, clever subtleties, such as a shrug of the shoulders or the raising of an eyebrow, often more expressive than words, are lost on playgoers who are not advantageously seated (those spectators having good points of vantage being much in the minority).

Settings usually play an important part and they can be clearly screened even though they cover extended area. The stage frequently is lacking in atmosphere because it could not possibly undertake to reproduce such settings, owing to limited space, to say nothing of stupendous cost. This atmosphere is especially advantageous, creating in the screen player a mood which is of material assistance in the interpretation of his role, and arousing in the spectator a more sympathetic understanding.

There is one type of story that the stage cannot successfully present, as its portrayal would of a necessity be weak, and much inferior to the picture presentation. All who witnessed the picturization of "The Lost World," with its creeping, crawling animal life, or observed the magic trickery in "The Thief of Bagdad," must concede the utter futility of such an undertaking by the stage.

The small admission price of the motion picture adds somewhat to its interest by permitting the mind of the spectator to be at ease, thereby creating a receptive mood. Apropos of the above, one of our black-faced comedians, who was recently playing at a popular-priced house and was expounding, at length, on the good points of his show and its modest admission fee, said "Yo' jes' can't laf at nobody's joke, ef yo' pays five dollars a seat."

If, in its infancy, the motion picture has made such remarkable strides, it is to be expected that the future holds for it far more brilliant prospects, and the realization of its supremacy in the field of dramatic art.

HENRIETTA D. SIGMUND,
Philadelphia, Pa.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Honorable Mention

M. E. KOPITZ,
Bennington, Vermont.

Former salesman now directing own photoplays

LITTLE did Harold Shumate dream, when he enrolled with the Palmer Institute of Authorship in 1923, that within two years he would rise from near-obscurity as a salesman to a position of responsibility in the motion picture field.

Yet that is exactly what happened. Today Mr. Shumate is a partner in the Rouse-Shumate productions, directing his own photoplays.

Mr. Shumate is the author of "The White Sin," the screen versions of "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Moonlight Sonata" and other photoplays. The illustration shows him directing a scene in "The Mile High Trail," just released.

"Entire credit for my present position and the obstacles I was enabled to surmount in attaining that position," says Mr. Shumate, "are directly traceable to the personal interest taken in me by the members of the Palmer Institute of Authorship. I shall always be immeasurably grateful for all that the Palmer training did and is still doing for me."

Just one of many new writers

Mr. Shumate is just one of scores of new writers who have learned the *technique* of writing through the Palmer Institute and are now selling short stories, novels, special articles and photoplays.

The list includes Anita Pettibone, whose novel, "The Bitter Country," was recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co.; Phyllis Cumberland, who sold "Tangled Lives" to Thomas H. Ince; Miss Bernadine King, who wrote "The Bishop of Hollywood"; John M. Byers, who sold his first play to a New York producer; Charles Shepherd, who wrote "The Ways of Ah Sin"; Tadema Bussiere, whose play, "The Open Gate," was given its premiere at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, in October, 1924; Jane Hurrle, who wrote "Robes of Redemption"; and Miss Winifred Kimball, who won the $10,000 prize in the *Chicago Daily News* scenario contest.

Write for this Book and Free Creative Test

The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it seeks for training only those with natural creative ability who can profit by its instruction. Therefore, no one is invited to enroll for its home-study courses until he or she has passed the Palmer Creative Test.

This test is designed to enable you to obtain an accurate analysis of your writing ability. The filling out of this Creative Test and our analysis and training have enabled scores of Palmer students to sell stories and photoplays. Our Board of Examiners grades your reply without cost or obligation.

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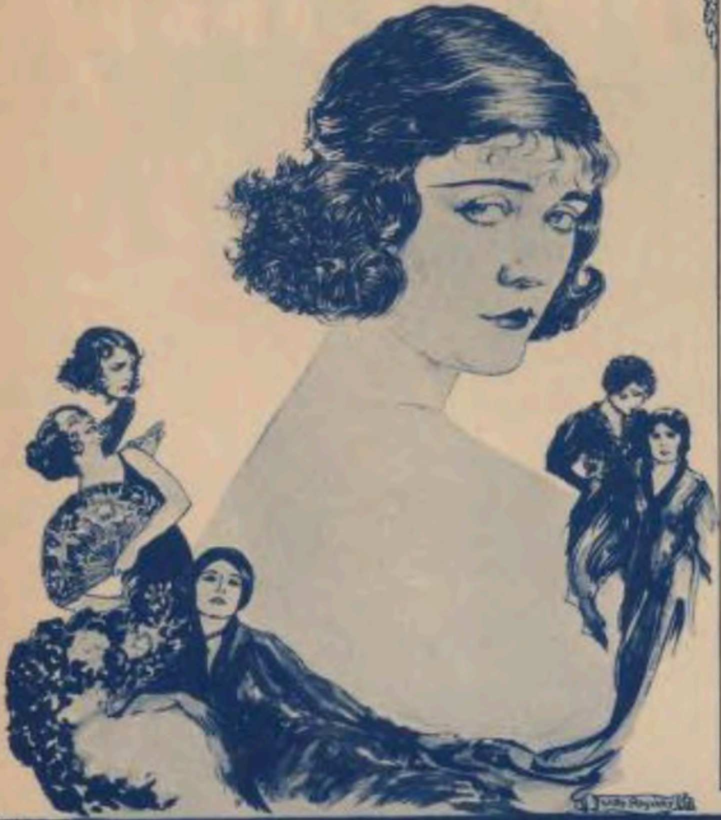

Pola Negri

Do not attempt to solve the enigma of Pola Negri's personality in cold daylight.

She is of the theatre, theatrical, and the logic of her magnetism is the divine logic of art, as potent as the perfume of the tuberose which sways the senses.

People who saw her first picture, "Passion," left the theatre feeling that they had experienced an electric storm, yet this was but Pola Negri's first attempt.

With her first American productions this extraordinary Polish girl swiftly picked up all the threads of American screen technique and in the same gesture inflamed ten thousand audiences with the determination to miss no Paramount Picture she ever made.

If you did not see her in the "Spanish Dancer," "Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise" and "The Charmer" you have hours of intense excitement in store.

Joseph Hergesheimer, famous author, is now at work on an original story for Pola Negri's next Paramount Picture.

Paramount Pictures

A Party Everyone Can Enjoy

If you had a great big group of friends of all ages and conditions, from grandparents to school children, and from rich families to poor, what kind of entertainment could you all enjoy together in a party?

A *photoplay*—the pictures and accompanying music of the screen. The reason is that the movies contain something for everyone, sentiment and merriment, adventure and romance.

It is the emotions of men and women that are universal, and it is of the emotions that the photoplay tells, starting gasps, sighs, tears and laughter.

Paramount Pictures make life brighter and gayer and more exciting, touching the greyest of days with a little color of rose.

You thoughtful people appreciate the influence of the screen today, and you see that no competent judge of entertainment values can deny that Paramount's long leadership has been earned season by season.

Ask "Is it a Paramount Picture?" and go. You can know no more, whatever you ask, if it's the best you want.

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

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March

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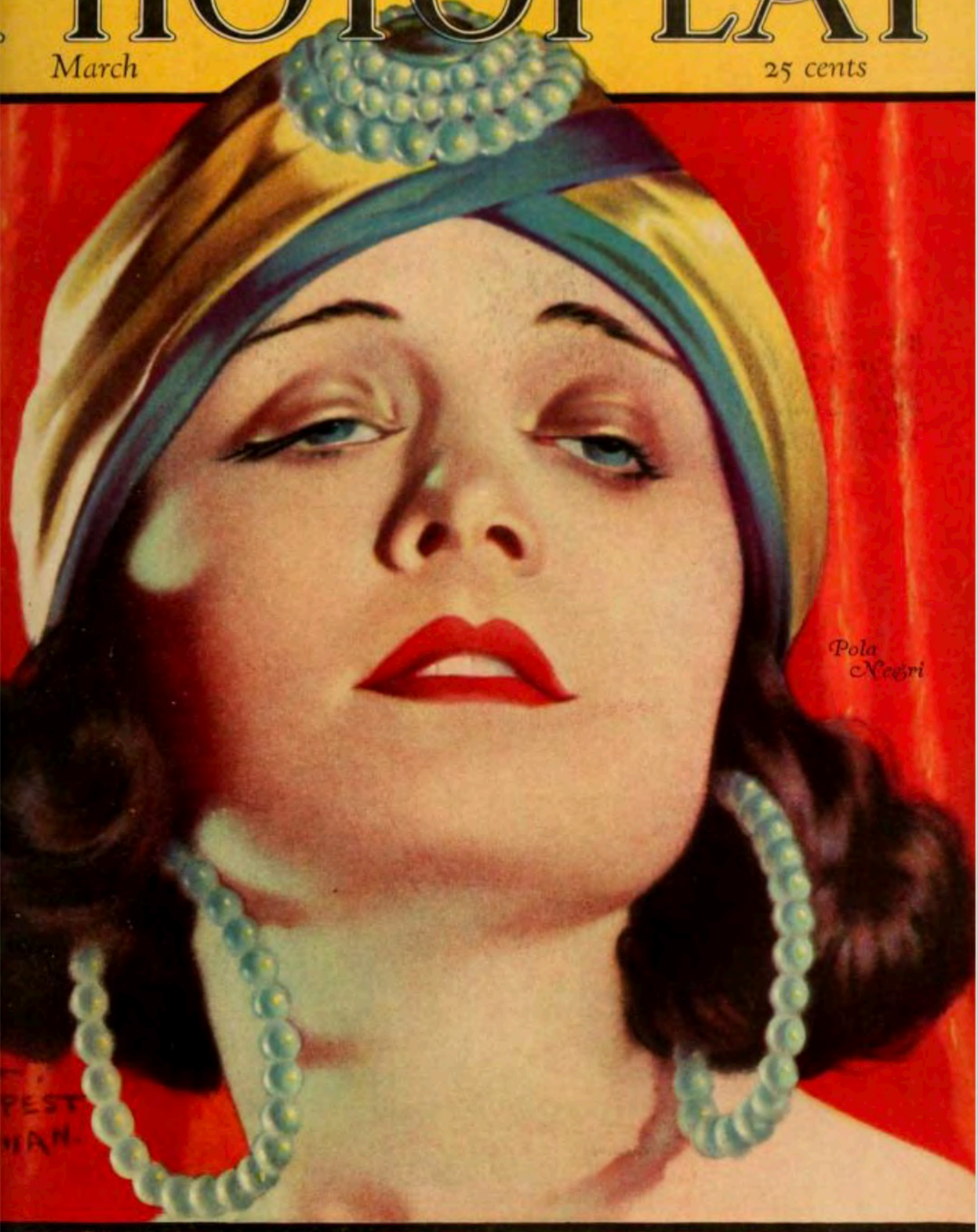

s Marriage a Failure in Hollywood?

Thirteen New Stars of 1924 . . . A vivid new serial THE LOVE DODGER

THE Magnificent Negri—daughter of a Hungarian gypsy who was exiled to death in Siberia—unfolds a life drama of rare beauty and poignancy. A dancer, a great actress and a woman of exceptionally brilliant intellect she is, like all great people, utterly frank

The Autobiography of

POLA NEGRI

An amazing revelation of the youth, the privations of war and the artistic development of the great Polish actress

Death, War, Famine, Exile

In Three Parts

I CANNOT permit this first presentation of the life story of Pola Negri to pass without paying my respects to this remarkable woman. The negotiations for this amazing story were carried out by Miss Negri with the utmost graciousness and simplicity. I knew the story would be an interesting one, but I was not prepared to find it such a tremendous human document. The few who have enjoyed her confidence know her to be a woman of unusual frankness and sincerity, with a great capacity for friendship, and an almost slavish devotion to her work. My deepest impression of her is a feeling of wonder that a human being could pass through such suffering and retain a vibrant sympathy for life and in people.

JAMES R. QUIRK

Pola Negri

At the age of fourteen, Appolonia Chalupec who, as Pola Negri, was to thrill the world—danced before the Czar and Czarina in the Imperial Ballet of St. Petersburg

PART I

POVERTY and suffering in my childhood and tragedy always.

Before I knew happiness I saw death. Death, imprisonment, the black plague and Cossacks killing, killing. Torture and oppression, war and revolution, starving children and frantic mothers, and friends shot down by my side. The Four Horsemen always riding over my country.

The Cossacks! To mention them makes me shudder. Yet they are my first recollection. Tales of their fiendishness would seem to you as incredible as fairy stories. But I, with my own eyes, have seen them riding like mad through the streets of Warsaw with wild cats under their arms; I have seen them fling these cats into a fleeing, shrieking crowd of people, and I have seen the eyes torn out of faces.

Happy days of my childhood. I can repeat that platitude only in irony. I am twenty-six years old. But I have lived, it seems, a hundred.

At Yanowa, near Liepnau, in Russian Poland, I was born—a Polish patriot—in 1897 and christened Appolonia Chalupec, daughter of the revolutionist Georges Chalupec, who was exiled to death in Siberia.

My father was a Hungarian gypsy, the handsomest man I have ever known, dark, fiery and daring. From him I inherit my restless temperament. He came from Budapest into Poland and became engaged in the manufacture of paper. Then he met and married Eleanora von Kielesewska, my mother.

They were prosperous when I was born, with a comfortable country place surrounded by great trees and gardens. But the restiveness and revolt which characterized my father's nature drew him into ardent sympathy for the Polish cause against Russia. He became a leader of the revolutionists.

The Polish revolution of 1905, when I was eight, took my father away among the volunteers. I remember the volunteers passing our house, my mother giving them food and drink. There were high hopes for Polish independence, but these were soon broken. My father was arrested and taken to the dreadful Pavilion Citadela, the prison for murderers in Warsaw. We went to see him several times. I shall never forget the last visit. It was in the evening. My father was unusually silent. I kissed him, clinging to him, and then I felt his tears over my face. Frightened, as by a premonition, my heart broke and I sobbed until they took me away. At midnight that night my father was sent away. He had assured my mother that he would escape, and she lived hopefully, but we never saw him again. He went to *Siberia*.

My mother and I returned to our home, and my mother continued to work in secret for the Polish cause. Then, one night, *the Cossacks!* They came dashing up to our house, firing at the windows. We hid, but they dragged us out, looted our home and, before our eyes, burned it to the ground. In response to my mother's cries they only said: "You are the wife of the revolutionist Chalupec."

Pola Negri as the Slave of Fatal Enchantment in "Sumurun" created a sensation on the stage of Warsaw, and later captured Berlin in the same rôle under the direction of Reinhardt. It was her success in this pantomime that inspired her for pictures

Broken in spirit and in health my mother went to live with my aunt and uncle, who sent me to the Countess Plater's school in Warsaw. A little later my only brother died of the black plague, and for two years my mother was insane. . . .

That was my childhood. . . .

I was nervous, impetuous and violent of temper, a very bad pupil, although I did study. When I was twelve I read and spoke four languages, Polish, German, Russian and French. While mastering Italian I fell in love with the works of Ada Negri, the Italian poetess, and when later I went on the stage I took her name, combining it with Pola—the diminutive of Appolonia—which I was always called from a child.

I was fourteen when I decided that I wanted to go to the ballet school. The stage had fascinated me at first sight when I saw a performance of "Cinderella." As it was necessary for me to earn a living, my aunt consented and, eight months later, took me to the Imperial ballet school in St. Petersburg.

The training for the Imperial ballet was terrible. We were treated like young animals. The masters did not hesitate to beat us, and many times I winced under the whip. Nevertheless, I loved the work and my one sustaining inspiration was my mother. I wanted to give her every luxury and care that I might revive her interest in life and restore her to health.

There were glorious moments, too, when we danced before the court. I worked nine hours a day, specializing in Oriental dances, and was rewarded by being made a principal in the company.

The Czarina paid several visits to the school and presented us with little gifts. I revered her as a saint. She seemed to me the loveliest creature on earth, delicate, aloof and ethereal in her sadness. When, years afterward, I heard that she was killed with her husband and children at Ekaterinenburg I was deeply moved, for she was, to us dancers at least, "the little mother."

I also had the honor of being presented to the Czar, and on the occasion of his birthday anniversary I received a beautiful gift.

My most vivid recollection of those days in regal Petersburg is of a matinee for the court when Chaliapin sang. It was a great scandal.

Chaliapin sang the national anthem with all the power and fervor of which he is capable. The nobles applauded him enthusiastically, and he was invited to the Czar's box to partake of champagne and refreshments. Imagine, then, the consternation when he

Pola in St. Petersburg. "We dancers were treated like animals," she writes. "The master did not hesitate to beat us" reappeared on the stage for his next number and, with greater power and feeling, commenced singing the great revolutionary song! Imagine how we felt standing there in the wings as we heard the cry of rebellion soar in the silence like a death knell to that aristocratic assemblage. It was glorious! My heart exulted, for I was a rebel, hating the government with all my soul.

Chaliapin did not have a chance to finish the song. The nobles were infuriated by his daring, and he only escaped severe punishment because he was too great an artist to sacrifice to Siberia.

It was with tragic disappointment that I heard the school physicians advise my aunt to take me out of the ballet. My lungs were delicate, and they said that if I continued the strenuous exercise my health might be impaired permanently.

I was not dissuaded from my stage career, however, and upon my return to Warsaw I entered the dramatic conservatory where in one year I completed the three-year course.

On October 1, 1913, I made my debut in Hauptmann's "Hannele" and Pola Negri was proclaimed an actress. I was dazed with the ecstasy of success. I felt as though I were enjoying another's triumph. It was not Pola Chalupec, but Pola Negri who received the flowers and the praise and the kisses from friends. But it was Pola Chalupec who crept, weeping with happiness, into the arms of her mother in the little four-room apartment on the seventh floor of the Sanatorska Uliza. My mother was herself again, and her health was rapidly mending. Such happiness after such suffering seemed to me a divine gift.

The next great thrill was when I received my salary at the end of the month. It was ninety rubles, amounting to something like forty-five dollars in American money at the rate of exchange before the war. Ninety rubles was a fabulous amount in my eyes. I rushed out to buy an armful of the most expensive flowers for my mother. When I burst into the room and threw them upon her, she scolded me severely for my extravagance. It was the greatest moment of my life.

My year of repertoire at the Kleines theater was strenuous, but through it I gained a contract to play at the Imperial theater with a salary of one hundred and fifty rubles a month. So I did not mind rehearsing all day and working all evening on the stage.

The thunder crash of war interrupted our season. Polish patriots, while detesting the yoke of Czaristic Russia, rallied to her colors in time of trouble. Troops were mobilized against the Germans, and there were wild patriotic demonstrations in the squares. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

Pola Negri's mother who, with her little daughter, was driven from home by the Cossacks when her husband was exiled to Siberia. Miss Negri writes touchingly of "this only friend of mine"

At the age of twelve the wistful little Pola had already passed through tragedy. A student at the Countess Plater's school in Warsaw, she had mastered four languages—Polish, Russian, German and French

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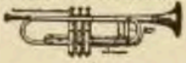

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The Autobiography of Pola Negri

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

theater was converted into a hospital, and I volunteered as a nurse for the Red Cross.

The reopening of the theater four months later took me back to the stage, but I continued to serve in a hospital by day.

Ah, what a drama I entered when I entered that hospital! Great, lovable peasant soldiers of Holy Russia, so brave, so ignorant, like children. They couldn't write, so I wrote for them, little love letters, simple, halting, pathetic . . . they broke my heart into pieces.

Then one day a terrible thing happened to me. I had seen the eyes of death, the miseries of women, children and soldiers. I had withstood it all. But one day a soldier, just a big peasant Russian boy, was taken into the operating room. When they brought him back his right arm was gone; it had been amputated just above the elbow. I went over to his cot to comfort him. He asked for a glass of water. I brought it to him. He looked up, and smiled. Then he reached for the glass . . . *he reached with the arm that was gone!* The glass dropped from my hand and broke upon the floor. I collapsed utterly. That one little pathetic gesture nearly killed me.

My health had not been good. The strain of work and trouble had so unnerved me that I was not fit for service.

Romance and Another Tragedy

A few brief months and I had developed from a girl into a woman. I made my debut at the Imperial theater at the age of seventeen in Sudermann's "Sodom's Ende." The favorable criticisms appearing the next morning established me, and I continued in repertoire at the Imperial.

It was during my second year at this theater that a young painter came seeking permission to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I think I loved him more than anyone I had ever known because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened. It is my fate to be unhappy in love. We were planning our marriage when he suddenly took ill with consumption. Without a thought of career or friends or money I dropped everything and nursed him. . . . He died in my arms one terrible December night.

I was desolate. I rebelled against my fate. He was the only one who had given me a real conception of love. For weeks and weeks I was inconsolable, not caring to return to my work or even to my old circle of friends. I had known a great deal of misery, but it was out of this suffering that I gained understanding and philosophy. When eventually I did return to the theater I was a greater actress.

My success as the *Slave of Fatal Enchantment* in "Sumurun," which Richard Ordynski directed, gave me my first idea of entering pictures. Then I saw an American film and was captivated by it. I thought the cowboy hero fascinating. . . . I wish I knew his name, for I was as enamored as any school-girl fan.

Filled with a desire to try my pantomimic talent in pictures—as I had tried it on the stage in "Sumurun"—I set about overcoming obstacles. There was no technical equipment in Warsaw in 1915, but there was a motion picture camera. I secured it, rented a photographer's studio and commenced production of "Love and Passion," a terrible story which I wrote myself. Indeed, I was producer, director, scenario writer and star. The interior scenes were made by daylight in the studio and the exteriors in a garden, which I secured by agreeing to employ the owner's daughter in the picture.

I completed the picture within a month and exhibited it. The crudity of the production so discouraged me that I sold the entire rights for one hundred rubles, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it made a small fortune exhibiting it in Poland and in Russia. Bad as it was, it had little competition in those days.

Acting Before the Enemy

In 1916 the Germans entered the city of Warsaw. The Russian forces, too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Praga, across the river from which they steadily bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the street. Bullets rained through the air, and the windows of our apartment building were shattered. My mother and I had to live in the cellar.

Through it all I was compelled to act. The Germans ordered the theater to remain open, the performances to continue. Never will the experience of that first night of acting under shell-fire be effaced from my mind. On the way to the theater I saw bodies of German soldiers and of civilians in the street.

The theater was empty, except for a few German officers. None of the townspeople dared to attend. We had to act before those hundreds of vacant chairs and those few officers. Terror-stricken I crawled onto the stage and went through my part. For seven agonizing nights we played in that empty house to the accompaniment of shell-fire.

This nightmare passed. The Germans drove the Russians back and restored order in the town, and life went on as it had before.

While I endured the worst week at nervous tension the cumulative effect of my experiences told on my health, and I was able to continue only under a doctor's care. My nervous breakdown might have had serious results had I not been rescued by an offer from Max Reinhardt to appear in "Sumurun" in Berlin. I accepted gratefully, frantic to get away from the scene of my greatest suffering. Without once considering the difficulties that might confront a Polish actress in the Kaiser's capital, I set out for Berlin, arriving in January of 1917.

NEXT MONTH

POLA NEGRI tells of her romantic meeting with Count Dombski, whom she married, and of her first meeting with Chaplin in Berlin. She dwells on her success in "Sumurun" in Berlin under Reinhardt's direction, and of her discovery of Lubitsch, who, she believes, is the greatest of all motion picture directors. It was Lubitsch who directed "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood," the pictures which won her first fame in America. She also tells of the orphanage she supports on her estate in Poland with the money she earns in the studios.

Her first impressions of New York and of Hollywood are extremely interesting. She describes her troubles and her heart-breaks over the adverse criticisms she received at first, her worries in adjusting herself to a new country and new methods, and her growing affection for America. And through all the story runs the philosophy of the woman, intermingled with the ambitions of the actress, making it a most fascinating document.

The Autobiography of Pola Negri

The famous Polish star tells of her first meeting with Charles Chaplin, of her marriage to Count Dombski, and her discovery of Lubitsch—a narrative every word of which should be read

"I had boundless enthusiasm for the rôle of 'Du Barry.' Next to 'Carmen,' I like that rôle the best I've ever played"

PART II

AN ominous gloom was over Berlin in 1917, like the chill of approaching death. The city was more depressing than nerve-shattered Warsaw. Had I not been plunged instantly into work I should have returned to my mother.

Never in my life did I work harder than under Prof. Reinhardt's direction in rehearsals of "Sumurun." As the *Slave of Fatal Enchantment* I had earned praise in Warsaw during the season of 1912 to 1913, but I never knew its full possibilities until I essayed it in Berlin.

Prof. Reinhardt rehearsed me every day for a month, and under his tutelage I felt myself inspired. It was with exultation bred of confidence that I read placards about Berlin announcing *"'Sumurun'—with Pola Negri."*

Although I realized that I had developed tremendously under Prof. Reinhardt's direction, the opening night at the Kammerspiele theater was one of awful agitation for me. I was before an entirely new public; I was a Russian-Polish actress before German people; and I was on trial as a provincial actress, seeking recognition in one of the most discriminating art centers of Europe.

The reception given me by the public and the press was overwhelming. The critics were most enthusiastic in crediting Prof. Reinhardt with a discovery, and their predictions concerning my future gave me new incentive.

The play settled down for a successful season, and I took up my home with a maid in a small apartment in the Emserstrasse. Berlin was suffering from food shortage, and oftentimes I did not have enough to eat. Warsaw, although under German domination, was in much better condition than Berlin. My mother sent me a basket of food every week. Whenever it arrived I gave a party, and a most popular hostess I was. One week the package failed to arrive; the next week when I opened it I found it filled with stones; my mother was sending food regularly, but it was being intercepted. I couldn't complain; thousands were suffering greater privations than I.

"My association with Mr. Chaplin in Berlin, far from being romantic, was quite casual. I admired him as a personality and an artist"

"Little Jazz Boy Charlie"

I HAVE since learned that the American press was amused by my salutation of the famous Mr. Chaplin when I first met him in Berlin. I squandered all the English I knew upon him in one magnificent outburst. I called him "little jazz boy Charlie." Wishing to pay me a compliment in German, he asked Mr. Kauffmann how to say, "I adore you." But what he really said to me was, "I think you are a piece of cheese." Naturally, I was astounded and angered by such impertinence, and Charlie was more astounded by the effect his intended compliment had upon me. The amusement of our friends soon revealed the trick they had played upon us. Mr. Kauffmann had given Charlie the wrong phrase.

" 'Carmen'—called 'Gypsy Blood' in America—put Lubitsch and myself at the top of the motion picture profession in Europe"

While playing in "Sumurun" I was distressed to learn that my cheap little film, "Love and Passion," had been secured by a theater in Berlin, the manager planning to capitalize on the reputation I had achieved under Reinhardt. I thought if people saw me in that picture they would never again consider me seriously as an actress. To my amazement, the picture heightened my popularity, and Paul Davidson, general manager of the U. F. A.—the Union Film Alliance of Germany—offered me a contract at a salary twenty times greater than I was receiving at the theater.

My first German-made picture, "The Polish Dancer," was a dismal failure. The story was bad, and the direction worse. My second, a Russian story, "The Yellow Ticket," which was also presented on the stage and on the screen in this country, caused the public to express interest in me. It did not please me, however.

While playing in "Sumurun" I met a young man of Polish extraction, by the name of Ernst Lubitsch. He played an old woman, a grotesque character, in the pantomime. When "Sumurun" closed he went to work in the studios making one and two reel comedies in which he played a comic Yiddish character. I saw him directing these slapstick farces and was impressed by his understanding of characterization and drama. So, acting with characteristic impulse, I went to Mr. Davidson, the head of the U. F. A., and insisted upon Mr. Lubitsch as my director.

The idea seemed preposterous. Mr. Davidson explained that the company had signed me at a high salary, believing in my ability as an emotional actress; they would not consider risking my reputation at the hands of an unknown comedy director.

Taking one of these "temperamental" stands for which I have been so severely criticized, I refused to think of any other director. I had my way. Mr. Lubitsch was engaged. Our first picture, "The Eyes of the Mummy," was a tremendous success, and "Carmen"—called "Gypsy Blood" in America—put us both at the top of the motion picture profession in Europe.

In her latest picture, "Shadows of Paris," Pola Negri is an Apache, a type of rôle in which she won fame in Europe

Although generous in their praise of my work in "Carmen," American critics considered the production shabby. It was shabby, but Mr. Lubitsch and I were working under the greatest difficulties. The picture was made during the fourth year of the war; everyone sensed impending disaster; and our technical equipment was pathetic compared to yours in America.

Nothing in my career has been more gratifying to me than the discovery of Mr. Lubitsch. I think him the greatest directorial genius in the world. After "Carmen" we separated, but neither of us did as well apart.

I made "Camille" and again displayed a "temperamental" whim, this time in regard to casting the part of *Armand*. None of the actors I knew satisfied my conception of the character. I have always contended that a star's characterization suffers if there are flaws in the cast.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

The Pola Negri of the days she was hailed as the chief exponent of screen acting on the Continent

Next to her own performance, that of the leading man is of the most importance to a star.

While attending the opera one evening I suddenly noted a man in a box opposite. After observing him for a few moments I exclaimed, "There is *Armand!*" I immediately sent one of my party to him to say that I would like to meet him. When he was presented I asked him at once if he would like to play *Armand* to my *Camille*. Naturally he was astonished. He was a Hungarian engineer! That was nothing to me. He represented my ideal of the part. Today that Hungarian engineer is one of the most celebrated actors in Europe. His *Armand* was excellent.

Pola Negri's first impressions of America, of New York and of Hollywood, her own opinion of her work, and her ambitions will be told in the third instalment of her autobiography in the April PHOTOPLAY

"In Berlin I met a young actor—Ernst Lubitsch. I insisted upon him as my director. Results have justified me"

The Polish revolution of 1905, the great war, then the Kaiser's abdication and the revolution of 1918 . . . . My life truly has been a drama of great scenes.

When I saw Karl Liebknecht, the greatest Communist in Germany, addressing the Communist mobs from the palace balcony, where, at the opening of the war, the Kaiser had made his great speech, I was particularly struck by the irony of human events.

Although order was restored very quickly after the Kaiser's abdication, the government never losing control completely, conditions were such [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

Pola as she is today in America—whence she sends a large part of her earnings to care for 200 orphans on her estate in Poland

"There is something my critics never knew—that I cried day after day and night after night behind closed doors. When I went out my head was high. It will always be high. I am ambitious to achieve success as an artist, not as a personality"

The Autobiography of Pola Negri

PART III

MY life has been one revolution after another, and Hollywood was the worst.

It was not easy to leave New York for California after the cordial reception I enjoyed. America is the goal of virtually every European artist today. Nowhere is the aesthetic impulse so vigorous. Art requires patronage, and New York is the most magnificent patron in the world today. Consider the success of the Moscow Art theater, the reception accorded Duse, and the support given to the Metropolitan Opera year after year. New York has always been my goal, and I was not disappointed when I arrived.

I viewed the New York skyline breathlessly. What grandeur, what color, what aspirations in marble! The skyscrapers, like the Gothic cathedrals of Europe, seem striving heavenward at the urge of man.

The first glimpse of New York from the bay awed me with its loveliness, the first view of it from within thrilled me with its drama. The rushing, seething, noisy turbulence of its streets is the dramatic expression of America. I love it. Of course I couldn't work there; I'd go mad. But I do want to work at a studio near the city, in touch with its power and beauty.

The most beautiful picture in the world: New York at night. Times Square, robed in jewels, is a pageant unrivalled in the achievement of man.

I was not prepared for the ovation that awaited me. While I knew of my success on the screen in "Passion," I never realized how much New York was interested in me. When a boat came out to meet the steamer with a banner inscribed "Welcome Pola Negri," and I heard the orchestral serenade in my honor, I was surprised and touched. I waved my greeting and then suddenly found myself surrounded by reporters and cameras.

During the eight days I was in New York, before starting toward Hollywood, I was entertained at dinners, luncheons and theater parties. Then Hollywood and another lovely greeting. A little newsboy presented me with some roses, the sweetest greeting of all. Everyone was charming, and I felt that it was all a dream which could not last. People are human; where there is great generosity there is also jealousy and selfishness.

The heat was terrific the day of my arrival, and it continued so for a week. I despaired of becoming acclimated. For the first four months I suffered under the most frightful depression. I could scarcely arise from my bed in the morning; it seemed an effort even to think clearly.

The climate was sufficiently depressing, but the criticism was worse. I was a foreigner unacquainted with the customs. Everything I did, every move I made was criticized. It seemed to me as though nothing I did was right. Perhaps I had been spoiled by the attention given me in Europe and by the reception of New York. Perhaps I was tactless. All I know is that for every mistake I made I paid twenty times in suffering.

I learned that I was being called

This is the last installment of the remarkable story of Pola Negri, which the beautiful Polish screen star wrote for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Since this was written, a great change has taken place in the attitude of the public and of the motion picture people toward this wonderful woman. Greeted on her arrival with jealousies, unkind and exaggerated stories, she has since won friendship and admiration for her human as well as her artistic qualities.

"the competition," my house "the competition house" and my car "the competition car." Interviewers sometimes asked me such personal questions that I misunderstood the motive. In Europe they ask you about art; here they asked me, what is the dangerous age of a man and of a woman! I did not know that every other star was interviewed the same way; I thought it was something personal.

There were stories printed so absurd, that they were beneath denial. Until now I have never replied to criticisms and have never sought to show my side.

There was, for instance, the story of the cats. Some one who evidently disliked me terribly printed a story to the effect that I ordered the cats killed or removed from the studio. And the story was reprinted everywhere! It was absolutely untrue. Even had it been true, it was too petty for the attention of an intelligent person.

Every time I expressed an opinion contrary to the accepted or made an objection of any sort I was heralded as "temperamental." I refused to do "The Cheat," it is true. In the first 'script they had me jump from an airplane into the water, from the water on to a motorcycle and from a motorcycle on to a moving train where I was to run along the roofs of the coaches. They wanted me to do all the things that have made Eddie Polo famous. I did not feel I was qualified.

When the acrobatics were deleted, I finally agreed to do the story, although I protested that I was not suited to the rôle. It was not my *milieu*. I am not so conceited that I think I can play all types with equal effect.

I did not like "Bella Donna." The original story, yes, I liked that, but when they found it necessary to alter *Mrs. Chepstow's* character by making her sympathetic, in order to please exhibitors, censors and the public, I knew I was lost. What could I do? All these problems were new to me. I did not wish to be dictatorial and unreasonable. I realized I had a great deal to learn about the motion picture situation in America.

Now I know the situation fairly well, and I also know exactly what I intend to do. No more "sympathy." I don't care what people think of me personally. I don't care whether they like me or hate me when they leave the theater, but I do want them to say, "Pola Negri gave a marvelous performance."

"I did not care for Hollywood parties, and, as I had no friends, I kept to myself with my books and music, and my dogs. For that I was called snobbish"

Miss Negri as "The Spanish Dancer"

I am ambitious to achieve success as an artist, not as a personality. I despise the word personality. I'm told that the public often prefers personality to acting ability; that more money can be made as a personal favorite than as an artist. That may be true. Very well, then I shall make less money. I do not care for money; I have all that I need. I have been penniless and hungry and I have had luxury and adulation, and I know that neither poverty nor wealth has anything to do with happiness.

I know from experience that happiness is the exception rather than the rule. My favorite philosopher is Schopenhauer—he helped me a great deal in Hollywood! The greatest joy I have experienced has been in struggle. When an artist ceases to struggle, he ceases to be an artist. I shall always struggle because I shall never achieve my goal. The artist never arrives; he always owes to his ideal.

Although I suffer great loneliness, I must be alone. I crave solitude. Sometimes I feel that I would like to go away far into a strange country, into a peasant's hut and close the door. I have never liked the superficiality of society. In Berlin and in Warsaw I found recreation in the opera, the theater, a few friends at dinner, and in reading the books I like. Social affairs bore me.

I did not care for Hollywood parties, and, as I had no friends, I kept to myself with my books and music. This attitude brought

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

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The Autobiography of Pola Negri

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

more criticism. I was thought haughty and snobbish.

But there is something my critics never knew—that I cried day after day and night after night behind closed doors. When I went out my head was high. It will always be high. I never bow to my enemies. They could never humble me. Although I am very sensitive, criticism cannot make me turn aside. I am not discouraged.

The avalanche of publicity that fell upon me when I was reported engaged to Charlie Chaplin caused some people to say that both Mr. Chaplin and I were seeking publicity. I can hardly blame anyone for this assumption; the importance of the affair was so magnified that the reports must have become as tedious to the public as to us. By this time, however, I had learned that everything connected with a celebrity is news in America, and I did not resent the publicity, although I tried to evade it.

> THE avalanche of publicity that fell upon me when I was reported engaged to Charlie Chaplin caused many people to say that both Mr. Chaplin and I were seeking publicity. I can hardly blame anyone for this assumption. I have learned that everything connected with a celebrity is news in America.

I have tremendous ambition, first to accomplish all that is possible on the screen and then on the stage. My first enthusiasm is for the motion picture because it is a new art form in development. As a medium of expression it is limited only by the dearth of artists.

Shut off from the rest of the world during the war, I have not seen all the best pictures. Of those I have seen, "Quo Vadis" was the first to create a deep impression upon me. However, I think "The Birth of a Nation" the greatest. And I love "Way Down East" for its human treatment and sincere characterization. Lillian Gish I think the greatest actress on the screen in America. She is sincere in everything she does. Not versatile, but supreme in her *genre*. Of the actors, I admire most John Barrymore.

I already have said that I think Ernst Lubitsch the finest directorial genius in the world. With him I created my favorite rôle, that of *Carmen* in "Gypsy Blood," and *Du Barry* in "Passion," also under his direction, is second in my preference.

Two other directors whose work interests me very much are Eric Von Stroheim and D. W. Griffith.

The chief handicap of screen progress in America as I see it is arbitrary restriction. Rules of censorship, policies of companies and of exhibitors, all combine to limit and standardize expression. Nevertheless, we shall have variety. An artist can express himself even with the most vigorous restrictions because he is capable of subtlety.

I am happy now because I have the opportunity of doing stories as great as those I did in Europe. I understand the motion picture situation more clearly, and I feel that I am better understood, both as an artist and a woman. "Madame Sans Gene" was secured at my request, and I feel that sincere effort is being made toward creating artistic work. I am the severest critic of my own pictures. In the past when I objected to certain things about them I was told that they were, nevertheless, big box office attractions. But the argument that a picture becomes a box office attraction through flaws in artistry is ridiculous. "Passion" was a work of art and also a commercial success. If I thought that I could not make pictures of as high an order in America as I did in Europe, I would return to Europe—instantly.

This year I plan to visit my mother in Bromberg in Poland. I will take her to the home I have purchased on the Riviera in France, where the climate is delightful. Then I shall return to America. Here is the place for work; here is the great opportunity for the artist of today. While I naturally love Europe, particularly France, I am fascinated by the spirit of energy in America. It is so alive in every nerve that it generates and inspires the creative mind.

Although I feel New York is the place for me, I have come to like many things about California. Next to music and books, flowers are my hobby. My home is always filled with them, and in California I have them all about me.

The dream of every European child is America. My dream has been realized. In spite of great unhappiness and many disillusionments, I have found satisfaction. If I can earn favor with my work and continually progress, I am close to as much happiness as there is in the world.

Lincoln and the Kids

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

The work on the picture was done directly under the supervision of the producers. It saved time and money. The Rocketts knew exactly what they wanted and they went right out on the set and got it.

The war scenes threw a curious light on the convolutions of the million-addled mind. It became rumored that Al and Ray Rockett were using many thousand extras.

"This *Lincoln* might not be such a bad idea after all. They're tying up some sort of a war with him," conceded the erstwhile skeptics.

"A picture is generally judged by the number of people you can afford to use," indiscreetly confided Al Rockett, when I saw him one day.

"Don't say that. It sounds as though we had some money, and we hadn't any," said brother Ray.

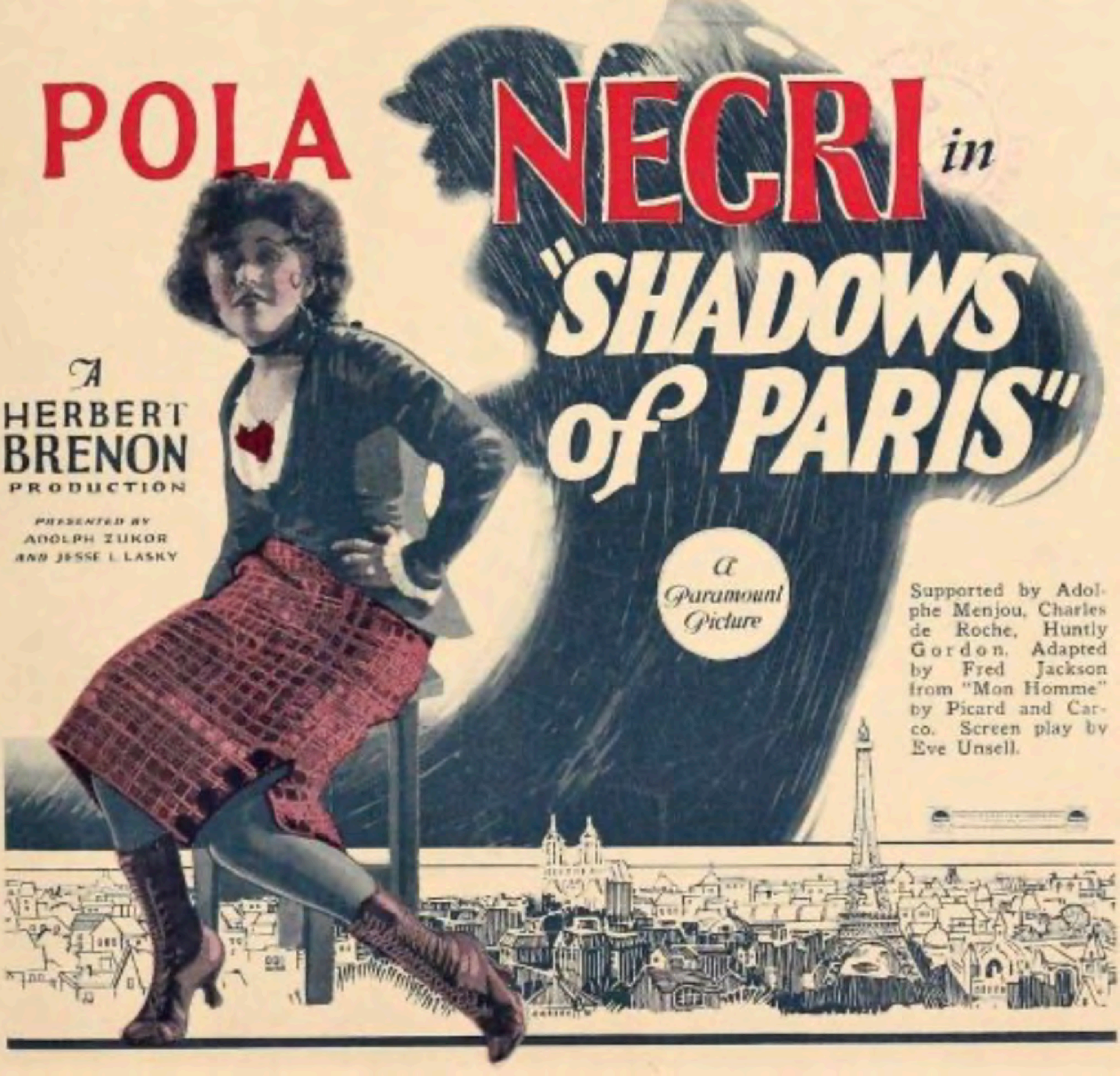
They were both a little gleeful and enthusiastic, for things were beginning to break right for them. They had shown the film to several people in New York, men whose opinions they valued. And they were not yet tired of having their own opinions confirmed.

They described their dramatic preview of the picture. They decided to show "Lincoln" at a little theater in an obscure town and the uncut picture ran almost all night without a single soul leaving the theater.

"And we hadn't a single sob or laugh or applause moment that wasn't legitimate, not once a flag carried across the screen, or a bokum title. But we got applause repeatedly."

And "Abraham Lincoln" continues to get it. The Rocketts got an idea, and held it, and fought and worked for it, with this achievement, a rare fusion of artistic perfection and box-office appeal.

There isn't an American who could remain unmoved by it.



POLA NEGRI *in* "SHADOWS of PARIS"

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ADOLPH ZUKOR
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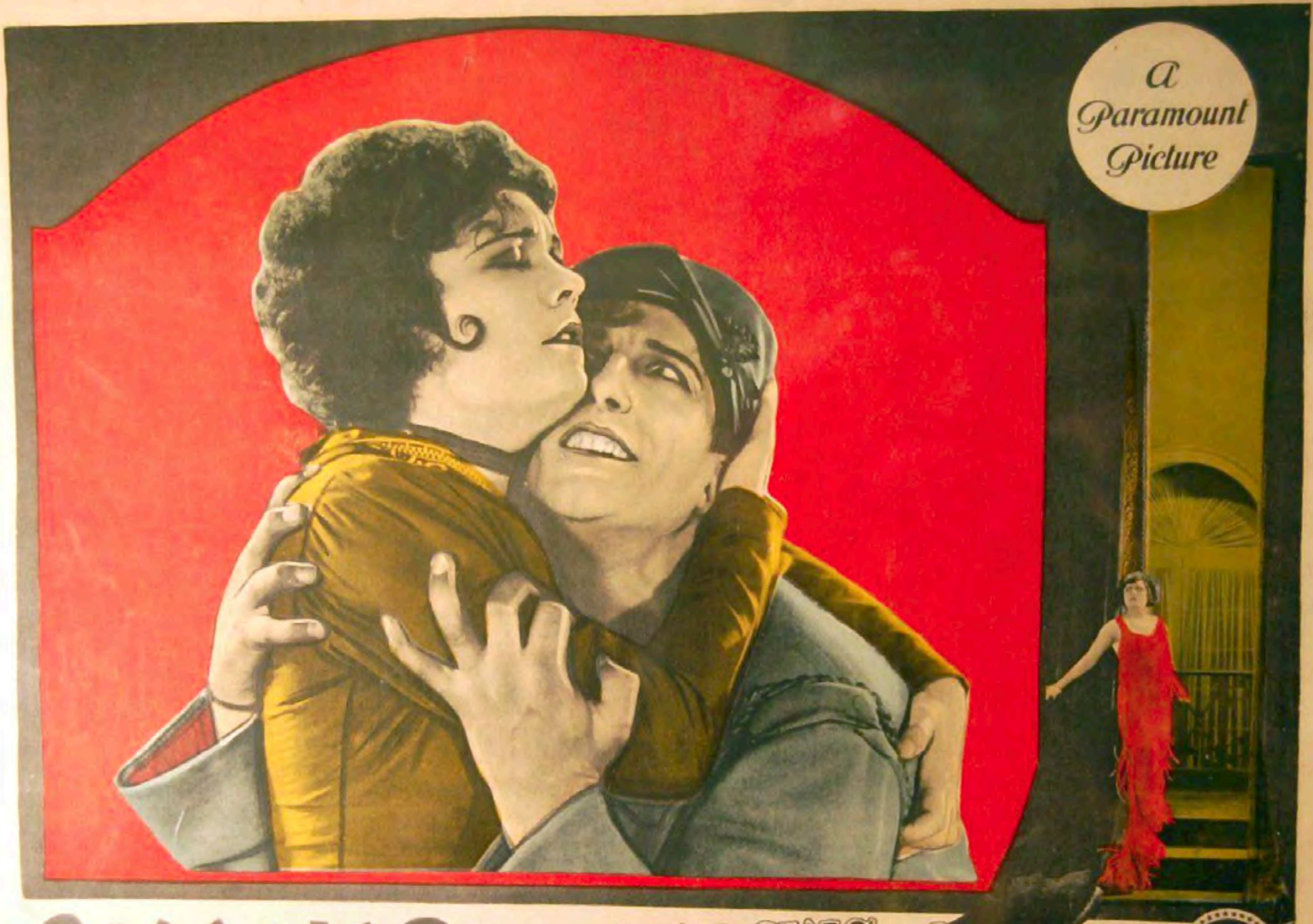
Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche, Huntly Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from "Mon Homme" by Picard and Carco. Screen play by Eve Unsell.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POLA NEGRI in SHADOWS of PARIS

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POLA NEGRI

IN

"THREE SINNERS"

A
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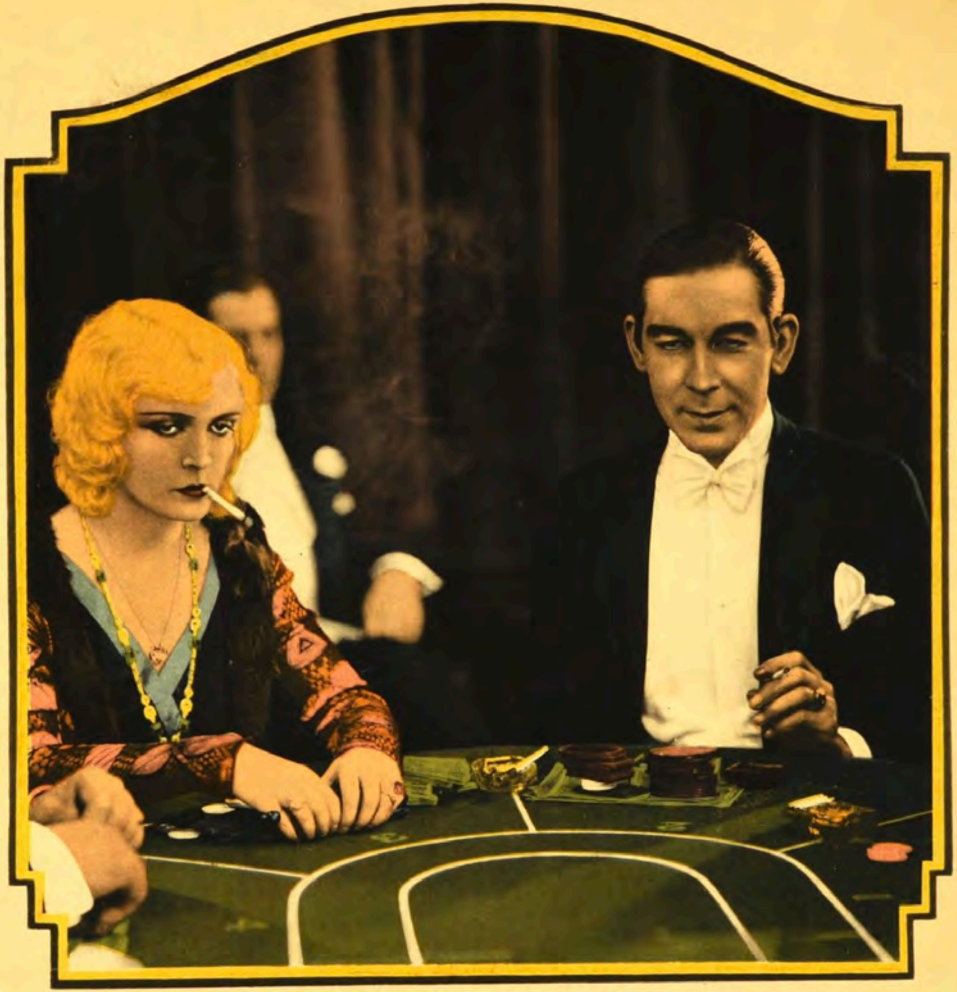

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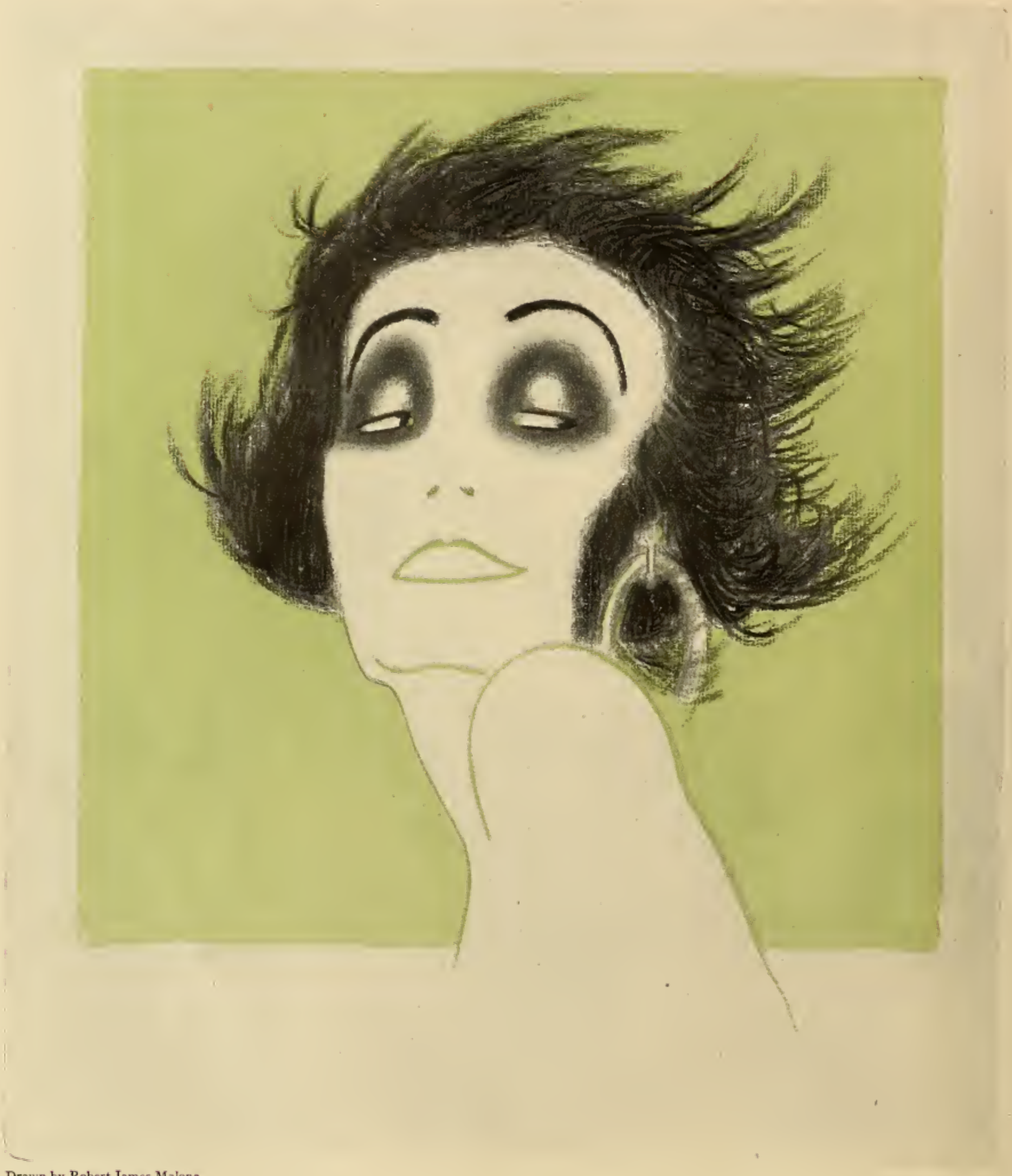


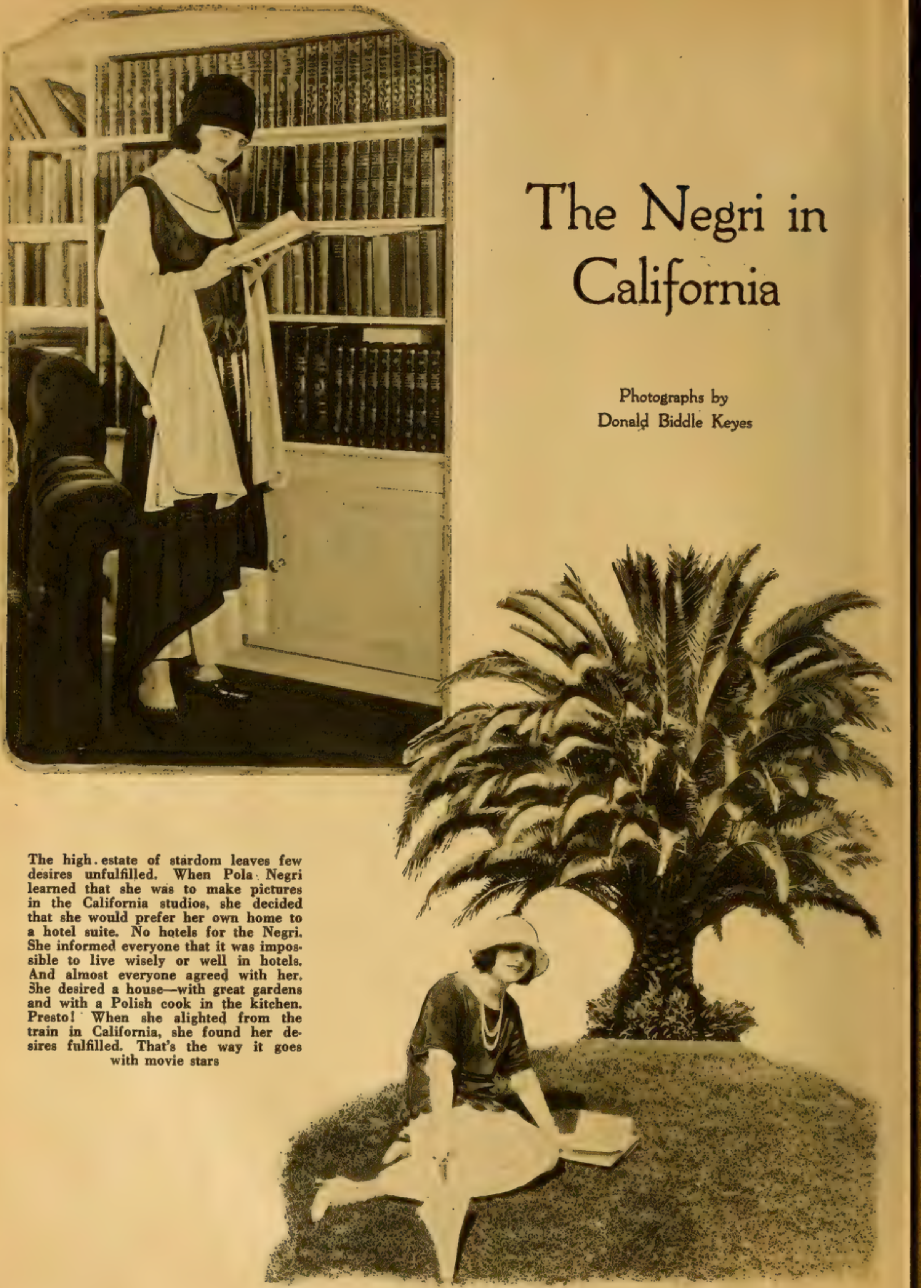
Drawn by Robert James Malone

POLA NEGRI

Her three outstanding characteristics, eyes, hair and expressive shoulder, stand out in this clever caricature of the Viennese film star

The Negri in California

Photographs by
Donald Biddle Keyes



The high estate of stardom leaves few desires unfulfilled. When Pola Negri learned that she was to make pictures in the California studios, she decided that she would prefer her own home to a hotel suite. No hotels for the Negri. She informed everyone that it was impossible to live wisely or well in hotels. And almost everyone agreed with her. She desired a house—with great gardens and with a Polish cook in the kitchen. Presto! When she alighted from the train in California, she found her desires fulfilled. That's the way it goes with movie stars

It is difficult to discern just what comprises the Negri's literature in the photograph above and at the left of the page. However, it looks very much like a newspaper rotogravure supplement. If this is so, Madame Negri is undoubtedly smiling at her own likeness, because the picture sections have been flooded with photographs of her ever since she arrived in America

The thing which most surprises Pola Negri is the quantities of mail which come to her daily. The mail-bags at the studio overflow, and practically every Los Angeles merchant writes her at her home, offering all sorts of inducements if she will shop at his establishment. Heigh-ho, it must be great to be famous!

It may be that the Negri is anxious to return to New York for the height of the operatic season. With her the opera is a passion. At any rate, as soon as her accommodations at the studios were arranged to her liking, she began her work in earnest, and scores of scenes are shot every day

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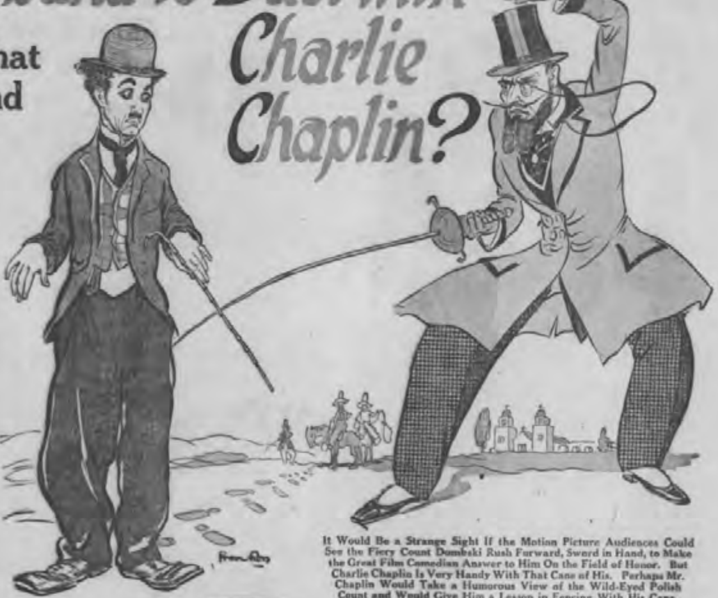
Pola Negri's Husband to Duel with Charlie Chaplin?

Count Dombski Insists That Pola Is Still His Wife and He Will Hold Charlie to Account on the Field of Honor

Nevaire shall Charlie Chaplin marry Pola Negri—she is my wife. A divorce? I know nothing of it and I do not recognize such a document if it exists.

I will see for myself what is in all this talk from America. And if I find that Charlie Chaplin would marry my wife—ha! Then will I speak to him as a man of honor speaks on such affairs; through the mouth of my second, as you call them in your country. A duel it shall be. The man who takes my wife shall answer to me with the sword!—*Says Count Dombski, who insists that he is the husband of Pola Negri.*



It Would Be a Strange Sight If the Motion Picture Audiences Could See the Fiery Count Dombski Rush Forward, Sword in Hand, to Make the Great Film Comedian Answer to Him On the Field of Honor. But Charlie Chaplin Is Very Handy With That Cane of His. Perhaps Mr. Chaplin Would Take a Humorous View of the Wild-Eyed Polish Count and Would Give Him a Lesson in Fencing With His Cane.

The Inimitable Charlie Chaplin and His Very Handy Cane.

"I repeat, 'I am free, free to marry the man of my choice,'" Cried Pola Negri in Tragic Earnestness.

The Languishing Eyes of the German-Pole Film Star, Pola Negri, Who Insists She Is Free to Marry Charlie Chaplin, Although Count Dombski Asserts That She Is Still His Wife.

SCARCELY two years since Charlie Chaplin was divorced from Mildred Harris, his first wife, and now his new romance with the German-Pole film star, Pola Negri, is clouded with trouble.

The Polish nobleman, Count Dombski, has heard the news where he happens now to be in England and has announced that Pola Negri is still his wife and that Charlie Chaplin must face him in a duel if he dares to marry Pola Negri.

It would be a strange sight if the motion picture audiences could see the fiery Count Dombski rush forward, sword in hand, to make the great film comedian answer to him on the field of honor. But the threatened duel is hardly likely to happen where the movie cameras can photograph it.

Charlie Chaplin is very handy with that cane of his. Is it possible that Mr. Chaplin would take a humorous view of the wild-eyed Polish Count and would give him a lesson in fencing with his cane?

The film audiences have seen Mr. Chaplin wiggle away from all sorts of threatening situations and, again and again, that handy cane has tripped up policemen and detectives and big bullies. But that was on the screen. What would Charlie do in a real life encounter with Count Dombski and his sharp-edged sword?

In the recent news from the interesting lovers Pola Negri has seemed to be rather more demonstrative than Mr. Chaplin. The expressions that have come from the comedian have seemed to be rather conservative, as if, perhaps, he had some anxieties or misgivings in the back of his head. Has Charlie Chaplin received a warning that he will be held to account on the field of honor if he takes Pola Negri as a bride?

Pola Negri is a very attractive woman, and it is not surprising that a man who was lucky enough to once possess her would fight valiantly not to lose her. Very little has been revealed as to the exact facts of Pola Negri's marriage to Count Dombski, or just when, where, and under what circumstances the divorce was secured which Pola Negri relies upon to make it possible for her to marry Charlie Chaplin.

But the interview quoted above with Count Dombski was secured by a British newspaper, and if Count Dombski makes good his threat to come to America and require an accounting at the hands of Charlie Chaplin, a very interesting situation will develop.

Whether Count Dombski is now on his way to America to settle things with the film comedian and his runaway wife has not been announced. It is possible that Count Dombski may be arranging his affairs in a leisurely manner and may not arrive until after the marriage takes place.

Whatever Count Dombski may be planning to do, there is little doubt that the Polish nobleman is a man of vigorous personality and violent manner. He is an excellent swordsman and a very good shot with the pistol.

Pola Negri herself, in telling of her romance and marriage to Count Dombski, explains that he was so violently opposed to having his wife continue working in the studios that he forbade her to go on with her contracts with the Berlin movie producers.

"The parting of the ways came one night a few months after we were married," she said, "when I was making one of my periodic stays at Count Dombski's castle at Sasnowiece, in Poland. A telegram arrived about midnight, calling me back to the Berlin studio, and when I showed it to my husband he flew into a violent rage.

"Drawing his revolver, he told me that if I left for Berlin it would be over his dead body. Knowing how he felt about the matter, I recalled that the climax had been reached and that he might do something desperate. So I told him I would remain.

"But that night, after he had gone to sleep, I got up and dressed and, taking only such clothes as I could carry in my arms, I left the castle, never to return.

"How I reached the railway station at Sasnowiece after my escape is still a mystery to me. I must have walked and run miles in the darkness. But my mind was made up—my career came first, cost what it may. And, as luck would have it, there was a train for Berlin almost ready to depart when I arrived at the station—the spot where our romance had begun nearly a year before."

The lady who says she is no longer Countess Dombski, and is eager to be Mrs. Charles Chaplin, is most emphatic on the points at issue between her and the Count. "I deny that I am the wife of the Count, and I challenge him to try to assert his supposed rights in any court in the world. I have the proper decree dissolving the marriage," she insists.

"I am told that it is in proper form in all respects, and that there is nothing to bind me to the Count. I am as free as ever I was, and he cannot stop me marrying the man of my choice. 'I repeat, I am free! free! free! to marry the man of my choice.'

"Charlie and I love each other. We are made for each other, and we intend to seek happiness together until death alone parts us. Charlie sought me out among the artists of the world, and helped me to achieve greater fame than I enjoyed up to then. We found that we were not only soul mates, but that we had the temperament in our art that made the one the complement of the other, and we both think that in association we can achieve our greatest and best work."

At Los Angeles she appears everywhere Charlie is to be seen, and goes around with the triumphant air of the woman in possession who will not surrender her rights to the film artist under any circumstances.

"There is no law that can keep us apart," she says. "We are masters of our own fate, and we shall not be prevented from uniting our lives by any man. I love only Charlie in the world. He is my king among men, and I will marry him in spite of everything and everybody who tries to come between us all."

Mr. Chaplin is less defiant, and at times has the appearance of being uncomfortable under the aggressive manner in which he is claimed as her affinity by the lady who seems to have discovered in him the perfect lover immediately after he found in her the perfect film star.

Mlle. Pola Negri, when questioned regarding the suggestion that she as a Roman Catholic could hardly claim the right to remarry after divorce, replied rather vaguely:

"On that there is a good deal of misunderstanding. I can only tell you that I have taken the best advice from legal and spiritual advisers, and there is no real barrier to our marriage if we decide to go through with it.

"Fate brought Charlie and me into contact, and we should be foolish to run away from our happiness decreed by fate. He was on his way back to America when he was shown a film in which I appeared.

"He said to the person who showed the film, 'Why, this is the artiste I have been looking for since I first went into the film business.' I received a telegram soon after asking if I would meet him.

"I did not know him except by name, and I did not think I should like him, so I said 'No.' But in spite of that he came and I realized at once that he was altogether different to what I had expected, for not only was he a great actor but he was a real man in every sense of the word.

"I found myself won over by his charming manners, and I felt that I had at last found the man to whose keeping I could surrender my heart, my life, and my future happiness without hesitation. Working with him makes a great deal of difference to me.

"I feel that I can give a better expression to my heart under his eyes, and for his sake I try to surpass anything I have ever done before. I used to think that Charlie was just what you call a clown, with no art and no message, but now I know that behind his clowning there is a real art and a real message, if only those who see his films would understand them.

"Charlie seeks to portray the life of 'Les Miserables' of the great cities and to arouse the comfortable classes to their duties and responsibilities to the less fortunate."

The story of the beginning of the Chaplin-Negri romance is very interesting.

Charlie was shown some of the films of the lady in London and again in Paris. He liked them so well that he must needs rush to Berlin and then to Vienna to see the artiste for himself. "A veritable queen of the movies, the most perfect acting features I have ever seen, capable of expressing every conceivable shade of emotion with the skill and grace of the true artiste," he exclaimed.

These were among the eulogies passed by Charlie on the lady as an artiste, but later he had something to say of her as a woman, as a beauty, and as a charmer of hearts. "She has all the qualities of form and soul that fit a woman to reign over the heart of a man and to be his greatest inspiration in whatever he regards as his life work," he declared.

And Pola Negri was no less lavish in what she said of Charlie. "A man that any woman could love, could work with as life partner, and feel honored in doing so, finding her true happiness in association with his life," she declared.

"He has the true soul of an artiste and is an ideal lover with the capacity for making even the most capricious woman happy," were among the things she said of him, and after this semi-public love-making, it was only to be expected that the rapturous crowds of admirers should be eager to lead the happy pair to the altar in order that their lives might be united for better or for worse.

Will Count Dombski cool off and let things take their course or will he turn up in America and ask Charlie Chaplin to meet him on the field of honor? And then what?

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The REAL Pola Negri

An interview with this flaming personality

By JEROME LACHENBRUCH

WATER and fire meet in Pola Negri. Her moods are fluid, and warmed by the heat of her temperament. Her unforgettable performance in "Passion" is indicative of the flexibility of her art as well as of her ability to play upon her moods as a musician upon an instrument. Yet she knows how to hold these moods in leash; and the impression I carried away with me when I met her in Berlin, was of a simple, unaffected and untheatrical woman, with a tremendous, controlled magnetism . . .

Pola Negri set the stage. It was a plain hotel drawing room set, the walls lined with tables on which huge white and pink syringia plants, that made one wonder whether the star of "Gypsy Blood" always lived and transacted her business affairs in such a flowery atmosphere. At a window overlooking the famous boulevard, Unter den Linden, stood a workman-like desk, and I realized that even film stars combine business with social activities when they reside in Berlin hotels.

As no room in Germany is complete without a sofa or two, Pola Negri's drawing room boasted its quota, drawn up to the ubiquitous centre table. The touch of the screen presented itself in the chaise longue with its polar bear skin drapery. But a moment after these impressions were mentally registered, the setting lost its interest for the beholder.

A mysterious pair of portiers moved, then parted just enough to let a dark, slim figure glide through, and Pola Negri stood before me with outstretched hand. When she spoke in a low, musical voice, I knew that although I had come to interview a star, I had found a human being. She is the sort of woman who would be the centre of all lorgnettes at the Metropolitan, and an hour later would gleefully accept an invitation to coffee and sinkers at Child's.

Pola Negri is too pronounced a personality to bother with personal adornment; and indeed, decoration would detract from her vividness. For she is a creature of fire, sometimes flashing, sometimes smouldering, but always revealing the spark of a magnetic being.

In general appearance, Pola Negri is of medium height, slender as a young girl, and possessed of the dancer's grace. Her every movement is rhythmical.

Her taste in clothes is conservative. At our conference, she wore a loose, black silk gown, round at the neck, and inlaid with panels of gorgeous Belgian embroidery, cut after the design of cathedral windows. From her kimona sleeves, beautifully formed arms tapered to large and expressive hands. They are hands that can clutch as well as caress. Her complexion is pale, and the contour of her face regular in a broad, slavic way. In profile, Pola Negri's features show the outlines of a Grecian statue with all the hard lines softened and a little out of drawing. Yet you never forget that Pola Negri has sprung from a race whose emotions are quickly aroused and dramatically played.

A moment's silence. Then:

"What do you wish to know?" she asked with the smile of a girl graduate.

"Everything," was the reply.

"Then you will have to sit here at least a week. We must compromise."

So we compromised.

Slowly, Pola Negri began at the beginning.

"I was born . . ."

Interruption.

"Right here I must ask a terrible question."

"You cannot frighten me," she replied, mocking my manner. "What is this terrible question?"

"*WHEN?*"

She laughed without embarrassment.

"I knew it was coming. But I do not yet have to deny my age. I was born on January 3, 1897, on my mother's estate near Warsaw, in Poland."

Pola Negri. She sails for New York in September.

Rapid mental calculation, while Pola went on.

"My father was a Hungarian manufacturer and my mother a Polish landowner. I was educated in Poland up to the time that I decided to be an actress."

"What is your real name?"

"Countess Dombska," she replied. "My husband is a Polish count. But the family name is Chalupec."

Then Pola Negri told how she came to choose her striking pseudonym.

"My first name is Apolonia; and when I was a child, I read all the verses of an Italian poetess named Ada Negri. I decided that if ever I should go on the stage, I would use her name."

"Then the stories to the effect that your name was Paula Schwartz are untrue?"

"Where did you ever hear that?"

"In America."

"Please tell them over there that I am not a German and that my maiden name was Apolonia Haluska."

That statement gave rise to another question from Pola Negri.

"What else do they know about me in America that isn't true?"

Business of sparring for time.

"Have you ever danced in a cabaret?"

"Nonsense. If the Imperial Ballet in Warsaw is a cabaret, I danced there. But not elsewhere."

Pola Negri is coming to America in September, and consequently is eager to avoid the necessity of denying false impressions when she arrives. She is now working on a new picture under the direction of Ernest Lubitsch; and when it is finished, she will sail for New York. Her new picture is modern in theme, and extremely dramatic.

"More than that I cannot say until the picture is finished. Shall we go on? Where were we? Oh, yes, that foolishness! What more do you wish to know?"

"When did you go on the stage?"

Pola Negri settled back in her chair, and her luminous blue-green eyes closed for a moment. They are set far apart, and change color as quickly as her moods alter. Probably that explains why they photograph black. When she opened them again, they were light blue.

"At the age of fifteen, I was admitted to the Imperial Ballet School in Uetrograd, and left home to study there. I am a natural dancer, so I stayed only six months and then came back to Warsaw, where I obtained an engagement at the Imperial Theatre."

For the next five years, Pola Negri was a member of this group of players, and both danced and acted in numerous productions. Actors abroad receive a more thorough training than Americans do, for the repertoire system demands that an actress sing, dance and act equally well. She may be called upon to play in an operetta one night, and the following evening may be cast in a tragic role. The versatility developed in this way is evident in everything that Pola Negri does.

"It was in Warsaw," she remarked, "that a representative of Max Reinhardt saw me and engaged me to play in 'Sumurun.' I played the role on the screen, too, under the title of 'One Arabian Night.'"

A scene from "Gypsy Blood," the most striking picturization of "Carmen" ever produced, far superior to Geraldine Farrar's and Theda Bara's work.

—A Creature of Fire!

To Ernest Lubitsch, Pola Negri contributes her success: "If it was not for Lubitsch, I should not have made the success I did. He knew what I could do . . ."

Pola Negri's interest in pictures is not only histrionic, but also creative. She believes that the pictorial possibilities of the film have barely been touched. She had herself written and produced two minor films before she appeared under the auspices of a large film corporation.

"They were pitifully inadequate," she explained. "But I wanted to learn something about film acting, so I made the pictures myself. We used an ordinary room, took out all the furniture, and then changed the scenes by bringing in our own chairs and tables. One room would be furnished with the comedian's best chairs; the next would find mine there, and so on. When I look back upon those days, it is very funny."

"But also courageous," I added.

"That isn't the question. We wanted to make pictures, so we made them as best we could. We had no money and no technical knowledge. All we had was ambition and enthusiasm."

Those first attempts were sufficient, however, to prove to Paul Davidson, the German film producer, that Pola Negri would photograph well. He had seen her on the stage and was satisfied that she was a capable actress. Her popularity in Warsaw was such that whenever she appeared, the house was sold out. And once, when she walked through the streets of the Ghetto, old women seized her hands and kissed them. Though Pola Negri is not a Jewess, she has played the role of Jewish girls; and perhaps also because of her flaming temperament, many of her Jewish admirers think of her as a co-religionist.

When Pola Negri came to Germany, she came under the influence of Ernest Lubitsch, and made "The Red Peacock." It was Lubitsch's second feature production, and in it the new star, who still spoke only a halting German, won an instantaneous success. The combination of Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch is as nearly perfect an association as can be expected in film partnerships. Each understands the other, and consequently scenes rarely have to be rehearsed more than once. What is more, both appreciate what each has done for the other. Pola Negri herself said:

"If it were not for Lubitsch, I should not have made the success I did. He knew what I could do, and how to bring out the best that was in me. And he will also tell you," she added, "that he owes much of his success to the fact that he had me to work with."

That statement has been proved by the films that each has made with the assistance of the other. Compare them with those they have made alone, and Pola Negri's good sense and critical fairness become evident. She believes, however, that one cannot combine acting on the stage with screen work. Many of our own players hold similar opinions.

"Film acting demands so much of one's vitality that I cannot combine work on the stage and the screen. Moreover, I look upon the screen as a distinct art whose technique must be developed along definite lines, and these are different from what the stage demands."

Most of the best German film players, however, accept stage engagements for short periods. Pola Negri can obtain all that she desires, but she will accept none.

"My art belongs to the screen," she said, and her eyes opened a full ninety degrees, "and I realize that if I played on the stage, my screen work would suffer thereby."

"In America," I remarked, "you will find far more artists who devote their entire time to the screen."

"Ah, yes," she replied eagerly. "I am looking forward so much to meeting my American colleagues. The men are all so handsome, and they look so distinguished. No matter what they wear—sport suit, business suit, or evening dress—they are elegant. Here, when we want a distinguished-looking man, we have a hard time to find him. All actors play well in Germany, but appearance—!" Here Pola Negri threw up her hands. "Shoemakers!"

Pola Negri is every inch a woman. She loathes keeping track of her bank account. Did you ever feel the way looks?

Another thing Pola Negri hopes to find in America is the famous brand of courtesy Americans are supposed to exhibit toward women.

"In a street car here," Pola Negri said by way of example, "a woman can stand an hour and no man will give her a seat. Is it like that in America?"

I thought of the subway, and made a long apology.

"But in general," she insisted, "women are treated more courteously over there."

I agreed, for I remembered that the men in America carry the Christmas bundles, pay the bills, and put out the cat at night. In Germany, the woman not only does all that, but she would take it as poaching on her preserves if her husband volunteered to perform those duties.

Pola Negri has undoubtedly learned much about America from seeing our films. She watches them very closely in order to study our customs, women's modes and the attitude of men toward women.

"I have seen many of your films," she said, "and I find most of the women beautiful, but along certain lines. You have standardized types, which is not good."

She mentioned about ten of our best-known women players, and stopped when she came to the name of Pauline Frederick.

"There is a woman with a big soul," Pola Negri said warmly, as she leaned forward and pressed her hand to her heart. "I saw Miss Frederick in 'Madam X.' It was a powerful performance. I think she is the supreme film artist of America, for she has a finished art that enables her to do anything she wishes. And she is always the complete woman. Wherever I see her pictures, I go to see her. In America, I must meet her."

The robust health of our players also impressed Pola Negri, and she ascribed it to climate. I mentioned athletics.

"I can see that, too. The men all look so strong! I love the outdoors, too, and play tennis and ride and hunt. Riding is my favorite sport, and when I am home on my estate in Posen, in Poland, I ride every day."

But Pola Negri is also a follower of the simple life when she withdraws to her estate. She is less the sport and more the farmer's wife. She has innumerable chickens, blooded cows and pigs.

"That is my greatest joy, when I can go to the barnyard in the morning and feed my chickens. After I am home a day with my family, I know all the new chickens by name. I give them long, pretty names that no American could possibly pronounce. That is my

(*Continued on page 31*)

The real Pola Negri is on the screen. There she reveals herself without reservations, and pours her native force into her most fitting mode of expression.

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"I'm broke" says "Fatty" Arbuckle

(Continued from page 7)

This decision may come in a week and it may come in six months. I can only wait."

I found Arbuckle much changed after his nine months of trouble. Last August he was carefree, happy, joking. Today he is—strangely enough, not embittered—but subdued. Every move he makes is watched by reporters anxious to make a scoop on a sensation.

Every word he has uttered during and since the trial has been twisted and given a sinister or outrageous meaning. During the trial reporters whose first meeting with Arbuckle was in the courtroom, showed him the conclusions they had drawn from the day's testimony. In one instance the article closed with the words, "The day was favorable to Arbuckle." When the story was printed, it was distorted and deleted to give the prosecution the victory. This is only one of many similar incidents.

Two nights ago Arbuckle went with a Schenck official and the official's wife, to Sunset Inn, a beach restaurant, for dinner. They went in the official's car. When they stopped in front of Sunset, Federal officers told them, as they stepped to the sidewalk, that they were searching all cars for liquor. They were told to go ahead. They looked through the sidepockets and found nothing. The party went inside, dined and danced. When they came out, they found the machine in a state of disorder. Cushions were on the floor, rugs were in heaps—the floor boards had even been taken up.

Persecution is a strong word and a cruel one. The initial *big* persecution has narrowed down to a series of petty, stupid annoyances.

No matter what Arbuckle was or was not guilty of, he has been severely punished. Once one of the wealthiest of picture people—living on money earned by hard work and earnest effort—he now stands before a taunting world stripped of his last dollar. In addition, he is heavily in debt. He has no job and he is forbidden, at least for a period of months, from working at the only profession he knows—motion pictures.

I repeat, no matter of what Arbuckle was or was not guilty, he has been severely punished. Let's forget it, and use all our influence—it is collectively strong, you movie-goers—to bring him back.

The Real Pola Negri

(Continued from page 9)

pleasure. I do not like this city night life. It is foolish, and no fun, and makes me too tired for my next day's work."

Pola Negri puts so much of herself into every scene she makes, that at the end of a working day, she is virtually exhausted. During the time she is working on a picture, she rarely goes out in the evenings. Instead, she rests, reads, and studies English.

"When I come to America," she confided, "I shall be able to say more than 'How do you do.'"

At the present time, Pola Negri is having difficulty with English pronunciation. But what she cannot say in words, she will easily communicate with a gesture of the eye or of the hand.

So much has been told her of American journalists and their persistency in saying things that might be called imaginative, that she feels a little afraid of meeting them. So, if anyone asks her if she believes in love, she may take fright, play safe, and say:

"Of course. It is love that makes the world go round."

Pola Negri knows we are a romantic people, and, being romantic herself, is prepared to like us at first sight. She is doing her best to give us whatever is in her.

The real Pola Negri is on the screen. There she reveals herself without reservations, and pours her native force into her most fitting mode of expression.

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WE ......Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher
Pola Negri ....i. e. The Countess Chaulpez
Extras ......{ Maids, secretaries, hotel clerks, bell-boys and other aids to royalty

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

SCENE I.

The formal foyer of the Hotel St. Regis

In the background is the desk boasting of "Information" and armed to the teeth with hotel clerks, even, on this ceremonious occasion, more non-committal and more inscrutable and more inhospitable than hotel clerks usually are. It is borne in upon the timid observer that hotel clerks, like other artists, are born and not made. The desk is alive (we should say dead) with telephones.

"Amerika men!" said the Negri, "I like zem ver' much. Zey are what you say—healthy animals. And zey are what you call—sportsmanlike. Zey make good in ze business world. Zey wear rough grey suits mos' of ze time. Zey seem ver' happy. An' that ees right. Men should be happy when ze women are so ver' beautiful"

Gladys Hall, hereafter alluded to as G. H., is discovered seated uneasily upon the precarious edge of a large chair. Her attitude is anxious, to say the least. Her eyes are contracted as tho her head was in a vise, and the manner in which she frequently adjusts her hat suggests that it is new and a trifle too small. Her wrist watch is very much in evidence, and she compares it at intervals of one minute with the hotel clock.

Adele Whitely Fletcher, hereafter alluded to as A. W. F., enters in a casual manner. When she sees G. H., she registers shock. She comes forward muttering inarticulate things in explanation of her unprecedented tardiness. G. H. looks even more intently at her hat. Her attitude is a righteous one.

G. H. (*wearily*):

You're late, I believe, *Miss* Fletcher.

A. W. F. (*spryly*):

No, not exactly. You see, my dear *Miss* Hall, I always tell you to keep your appointments ten minutes beforehand, at least. I always have, you know, ever since I first became familiar with your—ah—temperamental deficiencies. Never have you been on time before. Why you are today, is probably a matter of higher calculus.

G. H. (*still wearily*):

You're wrong again, my friend. But we'll let it go . . . we'll let it go . . .

A. W. F.:

Well, calm yourself. It is not likely that we will be "received," anyway. I understand that Madame Negri is keeping only those appointments which interest her.

G. H. (*in a shrill voice*):

And, why, *why* should that intelligence "calm" me, may I ask? I came into this city particularly for this interview at a time in my career when buying railroad tickets is by way of being a luxury. I bought a new hat, which you have failed to

observe, also for this interview. And it is so tight that it is nearly killing me. And because, after all of this, Pola Negri may not see us, you tell me to "calm" myself. The logic of the editorial mind. Well, we'll let that pass, too. And *why*, my Oracle, may she not see us?

A. W. F. (*who would like to think that her manner is that of calming her irate contributor in wise, editorial fashion*):

Temperament, I suppose. (Drearily) *I* encounter it on every hand. Well, you have always wanted to see temperament in action, and it is not unlikely that your wish will be granted. If there is such a thing, which, being an editor, I do not doubt, the great Continental star will manifest it. Her press department has assured me of that. She has already refused to grant more interviews than she has given. She has broken scores of appointments with photographers. However . . . we'll see . . .

(*Continued on page* 102)

Above, Madame Pola Negri as she was photographed on the steamer when she landed in America. Left and below, two new and exclusive photographs

Photographs, left and below, by Donald Biddle Keyes

"When zey meet me at ze steamer," explained Madame Negri, "and say I am to be 'Bella Donna.' I felt like cry . . . I don' like to play bad woman all ze time. I want to play ze good woman, who is interesting. But always zey say you play ze bad woman. You see, tho, I play ze bad woman in 'Bella Donna, and you dont tink she such bad woman. Some day I play ver' good woman . . . some day"

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You Can Mould Slim Curves with Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed FAT REDUCER

Rub away fat where it troubles you most. Weigh what you should for health and beauty, without starving, exercise, baths or drugs.

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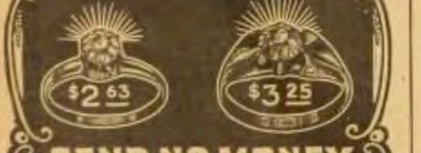

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MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CAZ Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

We Interview Pola Negri

(*Continued from page 23*)

(The interviewers approach the desk. A. W. F. addresses, hardily, one of the clerks. That he sees her is not evident from his expression.)

A. W. F. (*briskly*):

Madame Negri, please. Miss Fletcher calling.

G. H. (*plaintively*):

And Miss Hall.

(The clerk picks up the telephone in automaton fashion. He mumbles something into it. Puts it down. Surveys the interviewers with lack-luster eyes.)

Clerk:

They want to know *who* you are and *why* you are here?

(The interviewers regard one another helplessly. After all, who are they? Pressed for an answer, it seems difficult to say. The clerk, telephone poised in air, awaits an answer.)

A. W. F. (*not so brisk right now*):

Do . . . do you think they'll want our . . . our finger-prints?

G. H. (*hopefully*):

Oh, maybe not. I think I could get my birth certificate without much trouble. It's registered in the Bronx. . . .

Hotel Clerk (*in a monotone*):

Madame Negri would like to know *who* . . .

A. W. F. and G. H. (*in uneasy unison*):

Oh, just say . . . just tell her . . . two women of no importance . . .

G. H. (*in philosophical aside to A. W. F.*):

Other women always like *other* women to be unimportant. They can throw 'em the crusts of courtesy with impunity. . . .

Clerk (*dully*):

Madame Negri will see you!

G. H. and A. W. F. (*clasping one another about the waist, right there in the Regis Foyer, after this So Grand Pronuncimento*):

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!

SCENE II

The luxurious suite of Madame Pola Negri

It is difficult adequately to describe this suite. There was never one exactly like it before, certainly not in the Hotel St. Regis. We do not postulate the theory that Madame Negri brought her suite with her. We postulate nothing . . . we simply state facts and let it go at that. If you will turn to your DuBarry and re-read a description of her reception room, you will probably conceive some idea of your Negri. Speaking only in terms of suites, of course.

The interviewers are ushered in by a uniformed maid, who inspects them minutely and probably decides that their description of themselves is veracious if uninteresting—women of no importance.

Flowers stand about the room in tall vases. An oblation of fruit overflows its decorative basket. The furniture is rose and gold. The hangings are rose embroidered in gold. The rug is rose. The mantel is old-gold. The ceiling is frescoed in gold and rose. Maids and secretaries—well, maybe *a* maid and *a* secretary—move efficiently about. Telephones ring from unexpected corners of the suite. It is like a wireless station.

The Secretary-in-Chief and Interpreter enters.

S. I. C:

Madame Negri sends word that she will see you if you'll wait, please. She has been ill, and is resting. This New York excitement has been too much for her. After noonday she is simply incapacitated. Indeed, she has been able to see but a very few of the scores of newspaper and magazine people who have desired audiences with her. But she is dressing now and will be in presently.

A. W. F. (*in an aside to G. H.*):

You understand? *This* is an "audience" and not an "interview."

G. H. (*also aside*):

Tell it to your advertising slave. She writes the announcement copy!

A. W. F. (*aloud*):

We're sorry Madame Negri is ill. We wouldn't mind seeing her in bed at all, would we, Miss Hall?

G. H. (*pleasantly*)

No, indeed. In fact we'd *rather*. Please tell her not to get up on our account. We'd just as soon see the bedroom, if its all the same to her . . . really, we'd . . .

S. I. C. (*ceremoniously, not to say chillily*):

Madame Negri will receive you in here. There are—ahem—others to follow.

(The trio relapse into silence. The S. I. C. scratches busily away with an official pen. Otherwise the silence is complete and prolonged save for the occasional shifting of G. H.'s hat to and fro upon her harassed head. In the outer hallway activities are more audible. Secretaries and maids—well, anyway, a maid and a secretary, employ themselves answering telephone calls . . . Madame Negri can speak to no one, voices at the other end of the wire are chronically informed. . . . She is ill, yes, she is ill Is there any message? No message? No, her family were not cobblers in Germany. No, nor in Poland. Yes, she is Polish. Polish, yes. No, her name is not Grossman. She cannot speak to anyone. Not anyone. That's right. There are no exceptions, really. She will have to be excused. No, she is not married to Trotsky, nor engaged to Lenin. Etc. Etc. Ad lib. Ad lib.

After an immeasurable space of rose-hung time there is a stir in the doorway. The interviewers look up expectantly. They gasp. The great moment has arrived. The "audience" is on! There stands The Negri. Suddenly and also quietly she came in. Firm handclasp. Nive voix. Something of a vision. She is smaller than she appears to be on the screen, and slender, altho compactly made and with an appearance of solidity. Her blue-black hair is brushed severely back from her white, white face and bound about with a vivid jade green ribbon. Her lips are a vivid vermilion. Frankly vermilion against the opaqueness of her skin. She has on the most gorgeous tea frock ever beheld by an interviewer's ennuied eyes. Exquisitely simple as to line, but fashioned of a material of gold tissue appliqued with *various flowers and fruits of green, blue, rose and gold chiffons. She wears black silk stockings of cobwebby fineness with inserts of black lace over the ankles, and delicate black satin slippers with buckles. A black pearl, a great black pearl upon her hand, is her only ornament. She is composite of all of the great sirens of history and legend.*

Pola Negri:

Ver' nice of you to come. I heeve been so seeck. All day I see nobody. Ze offices—zey make arrangement for me to be what you call photographed—and I do not go. Go, go, go, always in America you go. Ver' nice, but ver' ver' tiresome. . . .

G. H.:

How do you like America, exhaustion apart?

Pola Negri:

I do not see so much. Just to ze different plays at night I go. Ze Follies—I like that. And I see your Ghetto. Las' Sunday. Ver' interesting. So ver' ver' many people. Ze motor I drive in it can go ver' slowly. People from Germany, from Pooland, from Eetly—all come to ze Ghetto. And leetle children. Zey play all time in ze tiny streets.

(The tired look disappears from Madame Negri's face. As soon as she begins to talk she is all animation. It is easy to believe that she has been ill with fatigue. She has been called upon to see so many strange people in a strange country. And she gives so much, even in her conversation. Because English is a new tongue she depends on her facial expressions and upon her hands to fill in the gaps in her vocabulary. In this she is amazingly successful. No wonder she is graphic on the screen. As a matter of fact, her face reflects her thoughts before she has time to voice them.)

A. W. F. (*realizing that the most must be made of this golden opportunity granted to few and denied to many.*):

And our American men? Do you like them?

Pola Negri:

Amerika men! Ver' much. Zey are what you say—healthy animals. And zey are what you call—sportsmanlike. Zey make good in ze business world. Zey are —(she snaps her fingers, hunting for her word) zey are—wirirle. Zey wear rough rough grey suits mos' of ze time. Zey seem ver' happy. An' that ees right. Men should be happy when ze women are so ver' beautoufl.

(G. H. adjusts her hat at a becoming angle, even while pain contracts her brow. A. W. F. steals what she believes to be a furtive glance at a mirror in a gilded frame.)

G. H. (*remembering rumors which have connected the names of Madame Negri and Charlie Chaplin.*):

Which man do you like best on the screen?

Pola Negri (*frankly*):

Ah, Charlie Chaplin. He is ze great artist. And as just ze man—he is great, too. When I get to California I see him again. . . .

A. W. F. (*tactfully*):

And of the women of the screen . . . ?

Pola Negri (*also tactfully*):

I do not see many of ze Amerika actresses. I go ver' few picture theaters in Europe. I have so ver' leetle time. But of them I see I think Mary Pickford and

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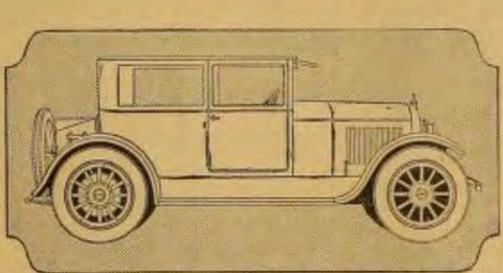

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Important Features
In the JANUARY number of

SHADOWLAND

THE BUFFOON BALLET OF LARIONOW..........*Barrett H. Clark*
An illustrated story of the most extraordinary ballet ever staged

THE WHISPERERS..........................*Guy Pene du Bois*
Three painters who have been inspired by the spirit of New England

"AH, ITALY, THY FATAL BEAUTY"............................
Two pages of cartoons by the inimitable Wynn

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN OF FORTY..............*Helen Woljeska*
A clever word-picture of a very modern woman

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FAILURES...........*Maurice S. Sullivan*
An amusing article about the discontented famous, with cartoons by Kelly

In addition there will be a satirical article by *Benjamin De Casseres; Burton Rascoe* will discuss the new books; *Kenneth Macgowan* the new plays; *Jerome Hart* the recent developments in opera; and the pictorial features will be of exceptional beauty and interest.

SHADOWLAND

Pauline Freederick. Zey are great givers of gifts. Maybe when I see more I sink more are great. I dont know. . . . There are not so many great. . . .

A. W. F.:

Are you glad to go to Hollywood? Or would you rather work here in the East?

Pola Negri:

In California there is no Opera. I miss that. That is mos' that I am sorry for. But zey tell me that maybe I come back to New York around about Christmas time. For other things—I like California. I cannot live in hotel. Zey tire me. When one is work ver' hard one mus' have home. That is necessary. In California I shall have a leetle house wiz a beeg garden. An' I shall have a ver' ver' good cook. (She laughs.) That is mos' important. Food, I like ver' much. 'Specially Polish cooking . . . I like to eat. . . .

A. W. F. (*sweetly*):

So does Miss Hall.

G. H. (*changing the subject*):

Are you glad you are to do "Bella Donna"?

Pola Negri:

No. When zey meet me at ze steamer and say, "Madame Negri, you are to do 'Bella Donna,'" I felt like cry. . . . I don' like to play bad woman all ze time. I want to play ze good woman, who is interesting. Ze good woman who have a hard time of it. But always zey say you play ze bad woman. (Her green eyes narrow slightly). You see. I play ze bad woman in "Bella Donna" and you dont tink she such bad woman. Some day I play ver' good woman. Maybe she leetle unhappy and she suffer, but she ver' good. . . .

A. W. F. (*bitterly*):

If she's good she'll be unhappy. I believe you.

(Pola Negri throws back her head and laughs. She is evidently with a sense of humor, which only the lack of perfect understanding between the three curtails. A. W. F., of course, laughs immoderately at her own humor.)

Pola Negri:

You laugh at my Eenglish? What I say wrong? When I come back from California you will be surprised at Pola Negri. She will speak to you like an Amerika.

A. W. F. (*graciously*):

I am sure of it. Which picture have you liked best? Of your own I mean?

Pola Negri:

"Passion" was ze favorite of ze mos' people. I like "Carmen" ver' much. All ze pictures you see of me in zis country are old pictures. Ze picture I make before I sail for your country is ze bes'. It has luffly name. I like. It ees call "Ze Flame of Luff"—You like it?

(After a few exchanges of amenities the interviewers rise to go. When the farewells are over and they are in the descending elevator a conscious air of superiority may be noticed engulfing them. Where fools have rushed in angels have not trod.)

SCENE III

The Interior of a Taxicab bound toward the Subway

G. H. (*trying to cloak her admiration with flippancy*):

Well, I suppose that's why men leave home! Did you notice the white make-up and the vermilion lips? Do you suppose it would look well on a blonde? I thought . . .

A. W. F. (*in an estimating tone*):

What you'd save on rouge you'd spend on lip-stick, I suppose. . . .

G. H. (*what adjectives would you use to describe her if you had had to interview her instead of sitting in at an audience?*)

A. W. F. (*one eye on the meter*):

Let's see . . . well, high-spirited, melancholy, cruel, affectionate . . . beautiful . . . would you call her beautiful, *Miss* Hall?

G. H.:

More than that. The sort that it doesn't much matter. Fascinating . . . dangerous . . . very dangerous . . . I wouldn't like to have her for an enemy. . . .

A. W. F.:

Alas for Hollywood! Alas for the Amerika men!

G. H. (*gloomily*):

Alas for the Amerika women. They may as well go into permanent retreats.

A. W. F.:

Here's a temporary one, to begin with.

(*The interviewers are consumed by the Subway. The aura of their glory is snuffed out.*)

Paragraph Comments on Other Screen Productions

(*Continued from page 62*)

it sends out a shiver or three because of some novel thrills, and a few guffaws because of some fairly clever comedy. The mine is flooded and there is pa at the bottom of the shaft. When Ed brings him to the surface the old man's daughter is willing to take him on as a steady boarder. Gibson always vamps like a vaudeville singer—vamps 'til ready. He must get over some high jinks before he settles down in the saddle and exercises his trigger finger. You will like him here. Ed, or Hoot, as we shall continue to call him, is coming fast. Sure as shootin'.

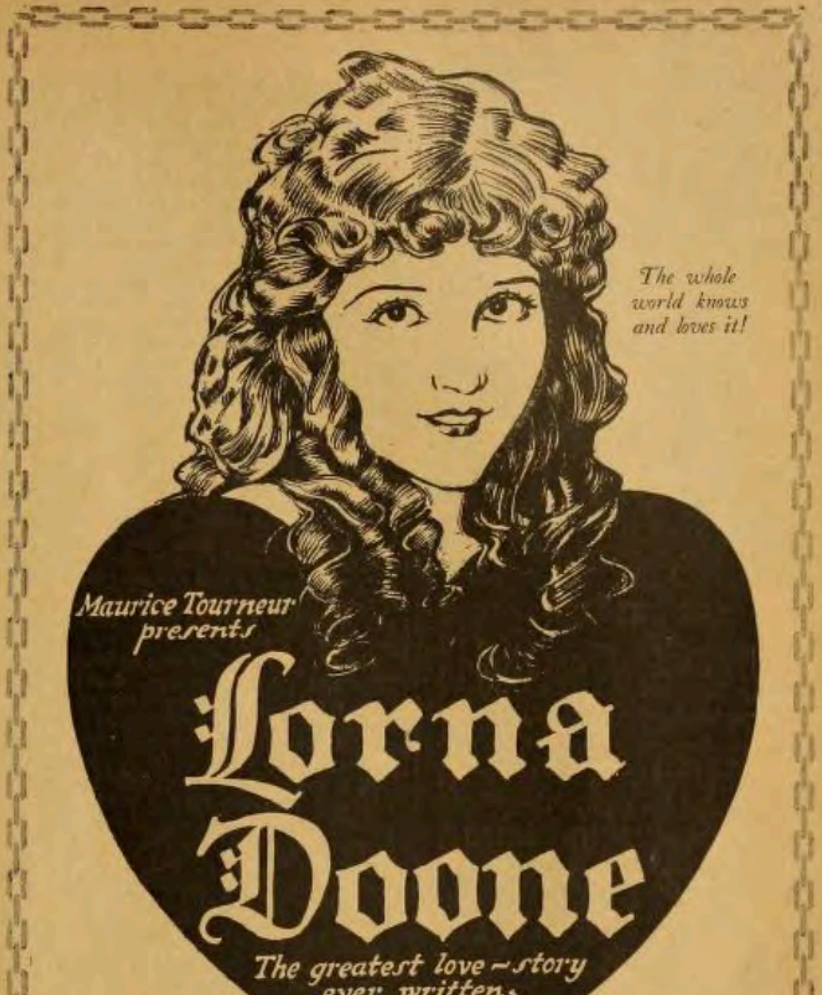
THE BOND BOY—FIRST NATIONAL

Richard Barthelmess is still down thar in Kentucky, giving expression to the awkward, sensitive youth which he made so memorable in "Tol'able David." His newest essay, "The Bond Boy," is cut from the same cloth. It is a grim, morbid story, unrelieved, but for a small episode, by a single note of humor. But somehow it holds you in a firm grip, due entirely to the star's ability to draw you into the canvas thru his dumb, mute suffering. His life is a hapless one. He allows himself to be bound over to a stern, relentless farmer to keep his mother from the poorhouse. And the drama takes him into a big self-sacrifice as he goes to jail indicted for murder. Had he talked—had two other characters broken their silence—the story would have spent itself. But by going to prison Barthelmess takes you with him and makes you suffer watching his despair. Not so big—oh, nowhere near—as "Tol'able David." But be sure to see it for the sake of this young actor's art—and Henry King's able direction.

MIXED FACES—FOX

Dual rôle pictures cannot be said each day in every way to be getting better and better. If you accept the premise that two people can look alike tho they are not

(*Continued on page 116*)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FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

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OCTOBER 14, 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

POLA NEGRI

"You Americans know nothing of Love," says Pola Negri Page 11

Has Rodolph Valentino a swelled Head Page 4

"You Americans Know Nothing of Love," Says Pola Negri

By Stanton Leeds

This is an interview with and about the Polish star who, strange enough, has not granted a single interview without being guarded by a member of the Paramount organization to prevent her making too-free statements. . . .

IF she succeeds in showing Americans how to kiss, Pola Negri will become an American citizen. She will give up the Continent, her Polish home and title, her artistic future as Europe's pre-eminent screen star, anti-prohibition, Ernst Lubitsch as a director—all these things she will relinquish if she succeeds in teaching Americans the proper manner of osculation.

But what, you will ask, is the matter with kissing as practised by the stars of American pictures, what is wrong with it as demonstrated in many a final closeup by:

(1) Lillian Gish,
(2) Norma Talmadge,
(3) Betty Compson,
(4) Mary Pickford,
(5) Katherine MacDonald,

and a dozen other stars and leading women?

"Everything—and nothing," Pola Negri will tell you, which is only another way of saying that Americans start all right, crank up, but never step on the gas, that their kisses (professionally speaking, of course), are good—as far as they go.

"Americans," she remarked, not so long ago, "seem to know nothing of love."

"Judging by their screen dramas, you mean?"

"Judging by their screen dramas, of course! And don't their screen dramas treat mostly of love? Aren't their successful pictures treatises on the art of love, considered indirectly, by this actor or actress and director? And as a subject for dramatic treatment is there anything can quite equal love? No. And yet though very closely I have studied your screen dramas and your actresses, I have come finally to the conclusion that only one has supremely realized herself. Only one forgets herself completely in the part she is depicting. Only one is completely, altogether genuine. Only one throws all that she has, to the complete exclusion of self, into the part, the character, the life she is portraying. Only one brings, besides beauty and style and action, to the part she is playing, a soul as well. Only one is akin to my countrymen in this ability to transfer to the screen something utterly beyond the obvious.

"To be sure, you have your Lillian Gish and in her moments how unapproachable she is, but surely she limits herself to a very well defined —

A particularly good photograph of Pola Negri.

Pola Negri waves a glad hello to New York.

Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players-Lasky Corp. who was the most surprised man in the world when he first saw Pola Negri because—

"And also—I would not deny it—you have in the person of Charlie Chaplin the supreme genius of the screen, but among women, I have always said that Pauline Frederick is the greatest screen star America has produced. She is a great artist, but she is an artist of the sort they appreciate on the Continent."

All this Mme. Pola Negri came to this country prepared to express in the natural course of events should her opinion be sought. Already on the Continent she had said as much a dozen times or so and most of it had been printed—even in American papers—without turning the world upside down. But when it came to allowing Americans to learn as much from her own fair lips—very suddenly Fate intervened.

How come? Let an authority make clear the why's and wherefore's.

"Mme. Pola Negri came here because she had heard that this was the 'land of the free and the home of the brave.' She came because she was brave enough to risk an assured position abroad, certain appreciation, a great future, but most of all she came to make another sort of success than she has had before, to escape from that artistic overlordship that makes drudges of all foreign stars, to dodge the law that rules there, that says no actress has had, until she is fifty, sufficient training to play Juliet. Mme. Negri left Germany for the same reason Mme. Sarah Bernhardt left the Comedie Francaise, to make money, to enjoy life, to be free!

"But she had no more sailed past the Statue of Liberty and landed on our shores than she found herself a slave."

Why?

"Because overnight she became the most valuable asset discovered in motion pictures since Valentino. Nothing so astonishing has ever happened in the American amusement world. Nothing comparable to it, unless it be the success last winter at the Metropolitan of the prima donna, Maria Jeritza, has occurred since the death of Caruso."

But exactly what happened?

"What happened? Do you read the papers? The reporters and sob sisters went shouting crazy over her. Supposedly hard-headed, veteran newspaper men have been telling each other that Pola Negri is the most beautiful human being they have ever seen. Because she wore only a single jewel and the smartest clothes possible to produce on the Rue de la Paix, clothes that all directed attention to the startling pallor of her features, the blazing beauty of her eyes, the almost indescribable vitality of her whole appearance, these incredible newspaper men and women, who probably couldn't estimate, if they had to, what goes to make great acting, have mentioned in no uncertain terms the most obvious thing about her, the thing no European would ever think of, the thing hardly even suggested in her pictures, because it would occur to no European director to emphasize it at the expense of her acting—namely, her stupendous, overwhelming beauty.

"*Sacre nom!* Why, the sight of her even left Adolph Zukor himself the most astonished man in New York. For some reason he did not meet her when he was abroad. Now he is comparing his first sight of her the other day to his first sight of Mary Pickford off the screen. The Biograph pictures had never done Mary Pickford justice

(Continued on page 26)

Moore, Antonio Moreno, Earl Metcalfe and others.

Peter B. Kyne does not confine his literary activities to Paramount. His story, "Brothers Under the Skin," will be made into a special by E. Mason Hopper, with Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Pat O'Malley and Norman Kerry in the cast.

Later on in the year, Rupert Hughes will make "Gimme"; R. A. Walsh, "Passions of the Sea"; and a director, as yet not assigned, will produce "Six Days," an Elinor Glynn story, for which Mrs. Glynn, who has been visiting Paris, recently took a number of atmosphere scenes. These atmosphere scenes will be usel where needed during the course of actual production of the story on th eWest Coast.

We have saved the big Goldwyn thriller for the last, the screen version of "Ben Hur." Here is a story that has been tossed about in pictures for the past year. It was rumored long ago that D. W. Griffith would make a special of this classic. Then along came Betty Blythe in the Fox special, "Queen of Sheba," containing the thrilling chariot races that seemed, for the time, to take the edge off the project of making a picture of "Ben Hur." Recently, A. L. Erlanger announced he had bought the screen rights of Wallace's novel from the Wallace estate at a sum estimated around one million dollars. He has wasted no time in putting it into production. While no director has as yet been engaged to direct this spectacle, June Mathis, who wrote the scenario for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and other specials, has been engaged to adapt "Ben Hur" for the screen. She will also collaborate on the production and edit the film when completed. This production will be on a large scale. The Players will be sent to Palestine and to Italy for the making of exteriors in the locations described in the novel, with interiors to be made at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City.

"Fewer and better pictures!"

We repeat the slogan of producers, and get set to present First National's lineup of pictures. First National is not a producing organization. It is a distributing company, the largest in the business, releasing high class pictures from independent producers with whom it contracts for a certain number of pictures for the year.

Constance and Norma Talmadge's pictures, produced by Joseph M. Schenck, are released through First National. Foremost among the 1922-23 productions will be Constance Talmadge's big special, "East Is West," the screen version of the stage play made famous by Fay Bainter on Broadway and by its subsequent success in stock throughout the country. Sidney Franklin directed the feature, and Frances Marion adapted the scenario. Included in the cast supporting Connie are Edward Burns, as the hero, E. A. Warren, Warner Oland, Frank Lanning, Nigel Barrie, and others.

The story of "East Is West" has to do with Ming Toy (Connie), youngest of the family of Hop Sing's sixteen daughters. Ming Toy runs away to America to avoid a hateful marriage, aided by the handsome young American, Billie Benson (Edward Burns). He turns the mischievous and beautiful Chinese girl, who looks so strangely American, over to Lo Sang Kee (E. A. Warren), but Lo Sang can't do much with his impetuous little ward, so he decides to marry her off to Charley Yong (Warner Oland), the Chinese Chop Suey magnate. In the end, Ming Toy turns out to be an American child who had been stolen from her parents, American missionaries in China, when she was a baby. The result of the knowledge is the happy reunion of Ming Toy and her stalwart hero, Billie Benson.

Richard Barthelmess comes to the fore again in a new production entitled "The Bond Boy," in which Mary Thurman plays the lead opposite him and Mary Alden the role of his mother. It is a thrilling drama, played as only Dick could play it. Dick is now finishing "Fury," an original story by Edmund Goulding, in which Dorothy Gish co-stars with him. What follows "Fury" is unknown at this writing.

Mabel Normand will be seen in a new Mack Sennett comedy special, "Suzanna," a quaint figure in broad sombrero and tatters, romping through this comedy-drama, with its throb and thrill of a romantic play in picturesque old Mexico. There's a bull fight, too, and what a bull fight (we are told), with Mabel scampering around in a way that will make your sides nigh split laughing.

Many fans have wondered what the deuce happened to Douglas MacLean, who co-starred with Doris May in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave." Douglas has been working as hard as he could on a new Thomas H. Ince feature, entitled "The Hottentot," with Madge Bellamy as the charming heroine. "The Hottentot" ran on Broadway several seasons ago with William Collier in the role that MacLean portrays on the screen. Sam Herrington (Douglas) hates horses. Peggy Fairfax (Madge Bellamy), with whom he is in love, adores them. And what is wore for Sam, she thinks he is Mr. S. Harrington, famous steeplechase rider. To win Peggy, Sam has to make good. Well . . . you can imagine the rest!

Guy Pates Post, whose screen version of his long stage success, "The Masquerader," has placed him foremost among screen artists, will be seen in another special, entitled "Omar, the Tentmaker," with Virginia Browne Faire playing the role of Shireen in this production, which was directed by James Young. In this picture, Mr. Bates is said to have "caught the drama, the romance, the picturesque charm, the subtle sophistry of Omar Khayyam," the eminent poet of old, who never could have existed in this tense age of Bootleggers and Bad Liquor. Omar had to have his wine. Not that this picture is a drinking orgy. We just wanted to place Omar for you.

Buster Keaton will make his usual series of comedies, those scheduled for early release being, "The Frozen North" and "The Electric House." Buster usually starts a picture with only a fragment of an idea, so it is impossible to announce the titles of any to come, inasmuch as they are, for the most part, lodged in Buster's active mind at this time.

We learned with no little surprise that ex-President Woodrow Wilson declares Katherine MacDonald to be his favorite screen star. That being the case, we are pleased to be able to say to Mr. Wilson and our readers, that Katherine's early productions for the year will be "Heroes and Husbands," directed by Chet Withey, with Nigel Barrie playing opposite the star; "The Woman Conquers," directed by Tom Forman, with Bryant Washburn as leading man; and the last listed production we have at hand, "White Shoulders," directed by Tom Forman from the *Saturday Evening Post* story by George Kibbe Turner.

Charlie Chaplin will soon be seen in his latest comedy, the title of which is unknown, but it is known that the picture is four reels in length, an original, in which he stars and which he directed. This is Charlie's last picture for First National.

Not so many months ago, a novel feature was released by First National, entitled "Strongheart," starring the German police dog of that name in a Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Production, directed by Mr. Trimble. Now along comes another Strongheart novelty in "Brawn of the North," an original story by Mr. Trimble and Miss Murfin. This production has the thrill of the northwoods, peopled with figures of hate, love, courage, cowardice, and Strongheart leaping through dramatic scenes to moments that are rife with strain and drama highlights.

Thomas H. Ince presents another big special in "Skin Deep," co-featuring Milton Sills and Florence Vidor. Milton plays the dual role of a crook gangster and convict who reforms. In a nutshell, the story is that of "a crook marked by a repugnant, unforgettable face; a jail-delivery that runs the gamut of thrill; a miracle of modern surgery which transforms his features and gives him a face to belie his soul; a woman who accepts and betrays love; and a girl who takes him at face value—and makes him good" Sounds rather thrilling, doesn't it?

Dorothy Phillips assumes the role of a girl captain of a smuggling schooner, a ruler of wild men, but not of her own wild heart, in Allan Holubar's latest special, entitled "Hurricane's Girl." In the cast besides Dorothy are Robert Ellis, the hero, Wallace Beery, the heavy, Gertrude Astor, and others.

Marshall Neilan is now making pictures for Goldwyn release, but before he completed his First National contract he made "Minnie," scheduled for release early in 1923. The cast is a typical Neilan array of players, including Matt Moore, Leatrice Joy, Helen Lynch, Fritzie Brunette, and others. It has to do with one Minnie who wanted a man, didn't ever expect to get him when—bang! —heaven itself seemed to drop him at her feet. Then the fun begins.

In "Jim," Thomas H. Ince presents a dramatic thriller with John Bowers, Milton Sills, and Marguerite de la Motte in a story of the work a wife should do. Several of the features of the picture is the terrific dam-burst that sends flood waters seething over the country-side in miles-wide sweep of disaster, and the made stampede of a thousand steers, crushing life beneath flying hoofs, thundering down on the man who stands alone to check them. Some story, we are told.

Mack Sennett is going to make a series of Ben Turpin, Billy Bevan, and "girl pictures" during the current season on the usual order of the pictures you have seen in the past. Of course, each will have new Sennett humor, but having seen other comedies, you can get a fair idea of what will be turned out next year from the Sennett comedy factory in Hollywood.

One of the big features First National boasts is John M. Stahl's production, "The Dangerous Age," featuring Lewis Stone. "Every married couple has to go through the dangerous age. When husband and wife reach the late thirties—after they've sat opposite each other at table year after year—when the children reach the high school age, when comfort instead of fashion becomes the prime requisite in clothing—then beware! Either husband or wife may revolt—the call of youth burns into the heart—fidelity is forgotten and the temptress comes. Lewis Stone plays the role of the husband who tires of his mothering wife."

(Next week, for the first time, we will publish another exclusive article containing information that should be valuable to everyone who goes to pictures, giving, as it does, detailed news about what pictures the other companies are going to make.)

Pola Negri Story

(Continued from page 11)

either, but justice will be done to the unexampled glory of Pola Negri's womanhood when such directors as George Fitzmaurice and Penrhyn Stanlaws begin to use American cameras on her and finish up with superior raw stock shot through our laboratory processes, processes even the Germans don't know the secret of. Meanwhile, her ambition is realized. She will clean up millions.

"But she is too precious and valuable an asset to any producing corporation to be allowed to risk her popularity. Think! Unused to our ways, unskilled in presenting her thought in an unfamiliar language, what might she not be made to seem to have said? The truth is more dangerous than the soft fudge of a thousand prepared statements."

Daughter of a Polish merchant, who died when she was six, Apollonia Chabulez (who was later to adopt the name, Pola Negri, in honor of the great Italian poetess, Ada Negri), was educated at the Countess Platen's exclusive girl's school in Warsaw. Deciding at ten to be an actress, at sixteen, after completing a three years' course in one, she made her debut in a Sudermann play at the Kleines Theatre in Warsaw. Later she went to the Imperial as leading woman. When the war, in 1916, interrupted that season, she produced her own motion picture in the back room of a photographer's studio. Paul Davidson saw it, then Max Reinhardt. She played the lead in "Sumurun," then went into pictures for good.

But in Europe art is slavery, its reward is praise. On the other hand, what had happened to pictures like "Passion" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in the backwoods of America, where most of the picture audiences are, Mme. Negri knew. In her own country she was a surety. In America she was a chance. Still, when Jesse L. Lasky urged it, she determined to take that chance.

"At least," her friends report her as saying, "I can teach the dear Americans how to kiss, show them the difference in kisses—the kiss of flirtation, the kiss of youth, the kiss of real love, the swift, mad kiss of passion."

The rest—except for the lessons in osculation—is history, how she came and saw and conquered, how she arrived with only a maid in her entourage, only to depart for Los Angeles with a guard of honor, shielded like a new crowned empress, from the rough, rude contacts of the world. Soon reporters were snatching statements from her on the run, like the one describing Marion Davies as "the most beautiful blonde in America." But while there has been some criticism of this tendency to wall her off, the truth is: it had to be. Contact with life at the speed it is lived

(Continued on page 28)

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "Trados Model 25," corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night

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Pola Negri Story

(*Continued from page 26*)

in New York left her utterly wearied, worn out.

She had counted on remaining in New York, on seeing the opera. But that she might find peace and time to work, they had to send her to Los Angeles.

"And what," she demanded pathetically, "is the opera like in Los Angeles?"

No one had the heart to tell her. The good news they brought her to the train was that her second picture would be an original by Frances Marion called "The Song in the Dark," to be directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws after George Fitzmaurice finishes with her in "Bella Donna."

"For I do not want to play bad women," she exclaimed ruefully. "I want to be good like the other American screen stars."

Fair enough! And yet it explains why Mme. Negri shakes her head and sighs when she is told her greatest hit here was in "Gypsy Blood," that her characterization is abler even than Calve's, that her personality is associated with such parts as that one and the lead in "Passion." She is told that it is the fine fervor of her ability to make love that has impressed here.

"But love, love," she objects, "is anything but the rioting of Carmen and Du Barry! That is passion, running to mad, dramatic extremes. To confuse it with love is a mistake. Into the depiction of pure love, as into the actual living of it, should go as much art as is possible to women. So they will hold their husbands. So their lives will become sure, settled, running evenly down the pleasant paths of existence.

"The kiss is a symbol. It is the delicacies, the nuances, the little escapes, the half captures that precede a final, but charmingly varied surrender that make the affairs of love and the sequences and final closeups of a picture forever and differently interesting. Love, the kiss—it is a subject for all one's talents of expression."

Man or woman, boy or girl, who would deny it? Perhaps this fascinating foreigner read the promise of her future in the lines of Guy de Maupassant who, when he thought of all the dear, sweet women who had loved and kissed, cried out: "The kiss! It is eternal! It passes from mouth to mouth, from age to age. It is forever young, forever new. On that subject the last word is never said."

Or shown. So for Mme. Pola Negri, if she cleave to her intention, life would seem to hold great promise. Young and tired of vamp parts, she has come here to ring a few more changes on our justly famous Final Closeup.

The Love Route to Fame

(*Continued from page 19*)

girl friends down there for a week or two any time you felt like it. I'll tell Mrs. Whitsey to make you comfortable." He took out a card and wrote on it. "Here's the way you get there. Mrs. Whitsey will be like a mother to you. The rest will do you a world of good."

"Thank you, Mr. Deimel." She took the card from him. She had no thought of using it, but she could not deny him the pleasure of feeling that she might. "If the opportunity ever comes, I'll certainly run down there. It's very, very good of you."

(*Continued next week*)

Has Rodolf Valentino A Swelled Head?

(*Continued from page 5*)

was subjected to annoyance from reporters and from the general public.

"Such happenings made it impossible for Valentino to work," Mr. Graham continued. "He was made so unhappy that work was impossible.

"An episode was cut out of 'Blood and Sand,' after the picture had been shown with the episode in, in Los Angeles, at a preliminary showing. The episode, which contained the best bit of acting done by Valentino in the entire picture, and which only ran six minutes, was remarked upon by critics and others in the west. Mr. Lasky, Mr. De Mille and Mr. Niblo wanted the episode to be cut out. June Mathis and Frank Woods and many others were for its retention. It was finally decided to send the picture east with the episode in. But when the print arrived in New York, Mr. Lasky telegraphed to an employee of the company here, and stated that he and several others were for cutting it out, while Woods, Niblo and others were for it. Naturally the employee replied that he agreed with Mr. Lasky, and the episode was not shown at the New York theatres.

"As a result of the cutting out of this bit, the entire picture was mutilated. Reviewers declared that the picture was good, but that it lacked continuity and proper development. In the book, the hero was shown in an attempt to save his soul. As a result of this cutting, Valentino was made to appear in a picture in which he succumbs to public adulation, and then becomes a drunkard, and the habitue of public cafes, finally dying.

"Valentino's contract gives him the right to discuss his stories, directors, cutting, and so forth. He asked for Fitzmaurice as a director for 'Blood and Sand,' but was told that Fitzmaurice didn't want to make the picture. He then asked for John S. Robertson and was told that Robertson was in Europe. As a matter of fact, Fitzmaurice has since said that he would have gladly made the picture, and Robertson, at the time of Valentino's demand, was in New York and not in Europe.

"When the picture was made, Valentino, not being a bull fighter, needed some instruction in that art. He was told to engage a Mexican toreador. The man wanted $75 a week. Valentino asked Famous Players to share the expense of the toreador, but they refused, and although they used the Mexican in various ways, he had to pay out of his own pocket $75 weekly.

"Valentino suggested that 'Blood and Sand' should be made in Europe as better types might be obtained there. His request was denied, but he was told that 'The Spanish Cavalier,' filmed from a famous play in which Edwin Booth appeared, would be made there. Mr. Lasky said that 'The Spanish Cavalier' could not be made abroad, and it was following this statement that Valentino left for the East.

"As soon as he arrived in New York, detectives were placed on his trail. He made no attempt to conceal his whereabouts, but he was constantly followed. On or about August 30th, he was in a camp in the Adirondacks, and in the lodge was playing bridge with Mrs. Valentino, Douglas Gerrard, and some others. A noise was heard, but no attention was paid to it. Finally Mr. Gerrard and Mr. Valentino went to investigate. A figure was seen prowling about the porch. Mr. Gerrard made a stab at the man and succeeded in grabbing him, but he tore himself loose and escaped. This man was a detective who had been following Valentino, and who had been seen on the train from New York. He had been ordered to follow Valentino to obtain evidence of adultery, and his use was part of the policy of threats used by Famous Players, and of their attempt to force him into servitude.

"When Valentino discussed the question of a contract with Mr. Lasky, he was told that he would be given the best contract they offered, one similar to that of Thomas Meighan, and which offered the greatest privileges. We have discovered that although the contracts resemble each other in certain unimportant passages, there are many wide discrepancies.

"Mr. Meighan is allowed to make one picture a year in New York. This clause is not in Valen-

(*Continued on page 30*)

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1923

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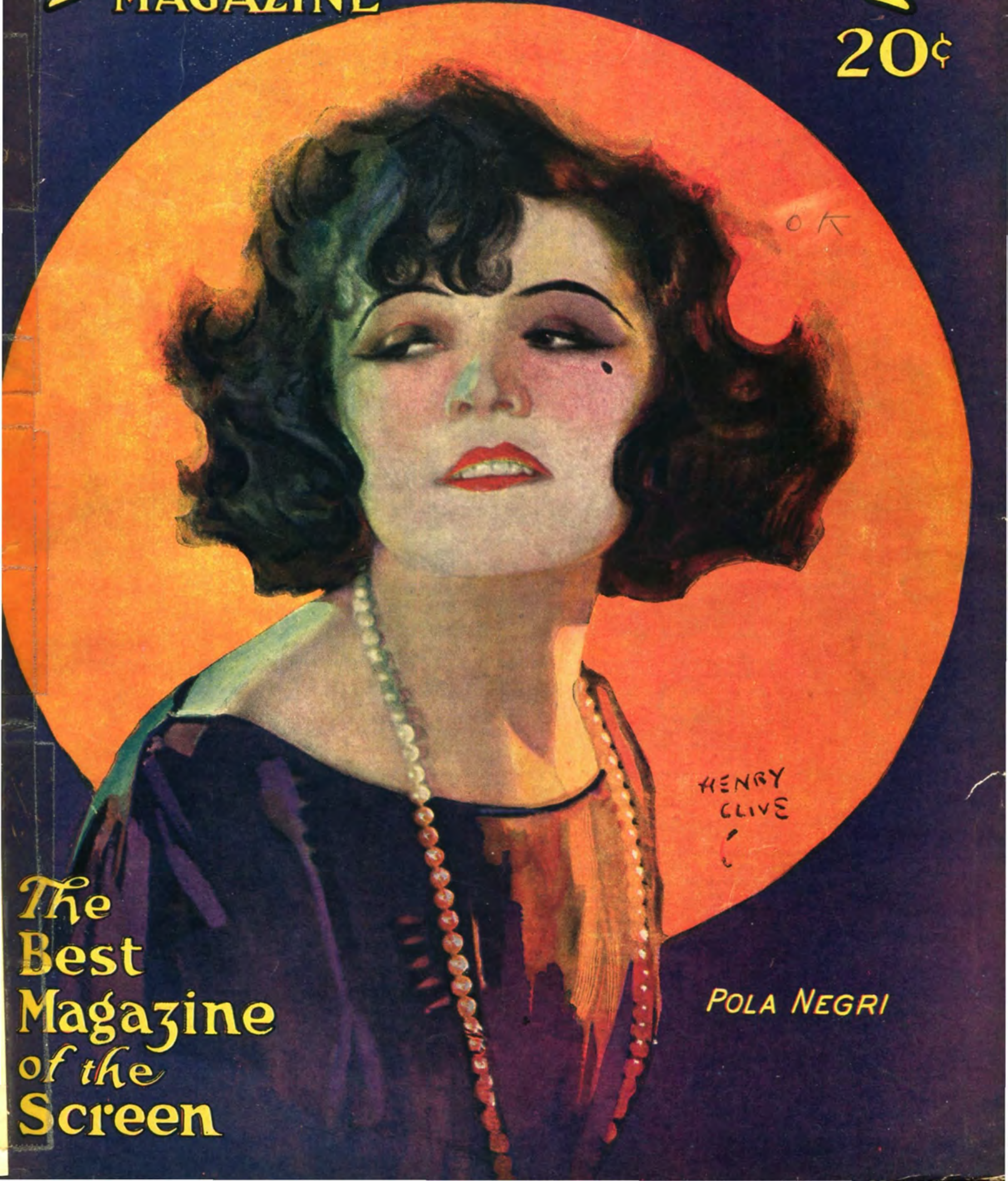
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HENRY CLIVE

POLA NEGRI

The Best Magazine of the Screen

The Elegy of Pola

The Black Lotus Flower of Europe has been transplanted to America . . but . . . .

By Edwin Schallert

A SHRIEK rent the air. It was the climax. The torment of music ceased, and Pola Negri, a quivering, throbbing, brooding black mound of nerves lay huddled together upon the floor in front of the gilt doorway.

Slowly, almost tenderly, to an accompaniment of plaintive melody, a half-naked Nubian slave bent over her, touched her and then, with the semblance of a deep sorrow etching his face, lifted her to her feet. As he wound about her the lace of a mantilla, she stood swaying a moment, her eyes listless—empty their wells of feeling, her head beating back and forth in a dull rhythm. Then, step by step, hesitatingly, uncertainly, she half tottered out beyond the range of lights, beyond the camera itself, lost seemingly in a hypnotic mood that overhung scene and setting and onlookers, a mood nocturnal and vast as the surging, passionate desert blast that had swept and wasted and finally was destroying the bloom of its exquisitely deceptive flower—*Bella Donna.*

I had been watching one of the final scenes in Miss Negri's first American picture. Nobody but would have admitted this a privilege. It was, in fact, almost lese majesty for any stranger to be on the set. Nearly as many permissions had to be obtained to enable me to look on as are required for an audience with a Grand Lama. At least, I was told that they had been obtained, but the possible significance of this excess of formalities was absolutely lost on me once I came aboard *Baroudi's* love barge, where it was securely moored to the floor of the studio stage. I am not particularly concerned with formalities, anyhow, not even when they concern Europe's most celebrated screen actress.

Baroudi's love barge was the background for the culminating emotional scenes of Pola Negri in "Bella Donna." The hysterical episode I had just observed, with, I might say, almost bated breath, was one of these. The heroine had just received her blunt congé from the sheikish Oriental exquisite, who had ensnared her. She was left quite alone in a world that did not love her and did not want her. The dark lotus of her charm was broken, the leaping flame of her youth was dying away. Destiny's tragic claim was written on her brow, and one sensed for her the approach of the blackest hour——

Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, my lord,
Even less am I, even less am I——

Truly, I believe, you have never yet really seen Pola Negri on the screen. Always there has been some obscuring fault of make-up. Even as it has actually clouded her resplendent beauty, so, too, I feel, it has but half disclosed her radiant art.

To behold her now, fully illumined by the dazzle of our insurpassable lighting, and the minute excellence of our photography, will be like a glorious revelation. Lily-white her hands and face, orchidlike the spirit of her beauty. She is at once the sinister nightshade, and the white lotus, a blossom of ecstasy and a bloom of torment—

A dark cool night, and oversweet
With tuberose breath;
A jeweled javelin in the heart,
Ecstatic death.

Those who have appeared in her picture have confessed to me their absolute inability to cope with her. They accuse her, in fact, of not *giving* a single thing. She rules the set absolutely as its mistress, and that is something that can well be understood after one watches her and realizes how much of herself she literally hurls into her acting.

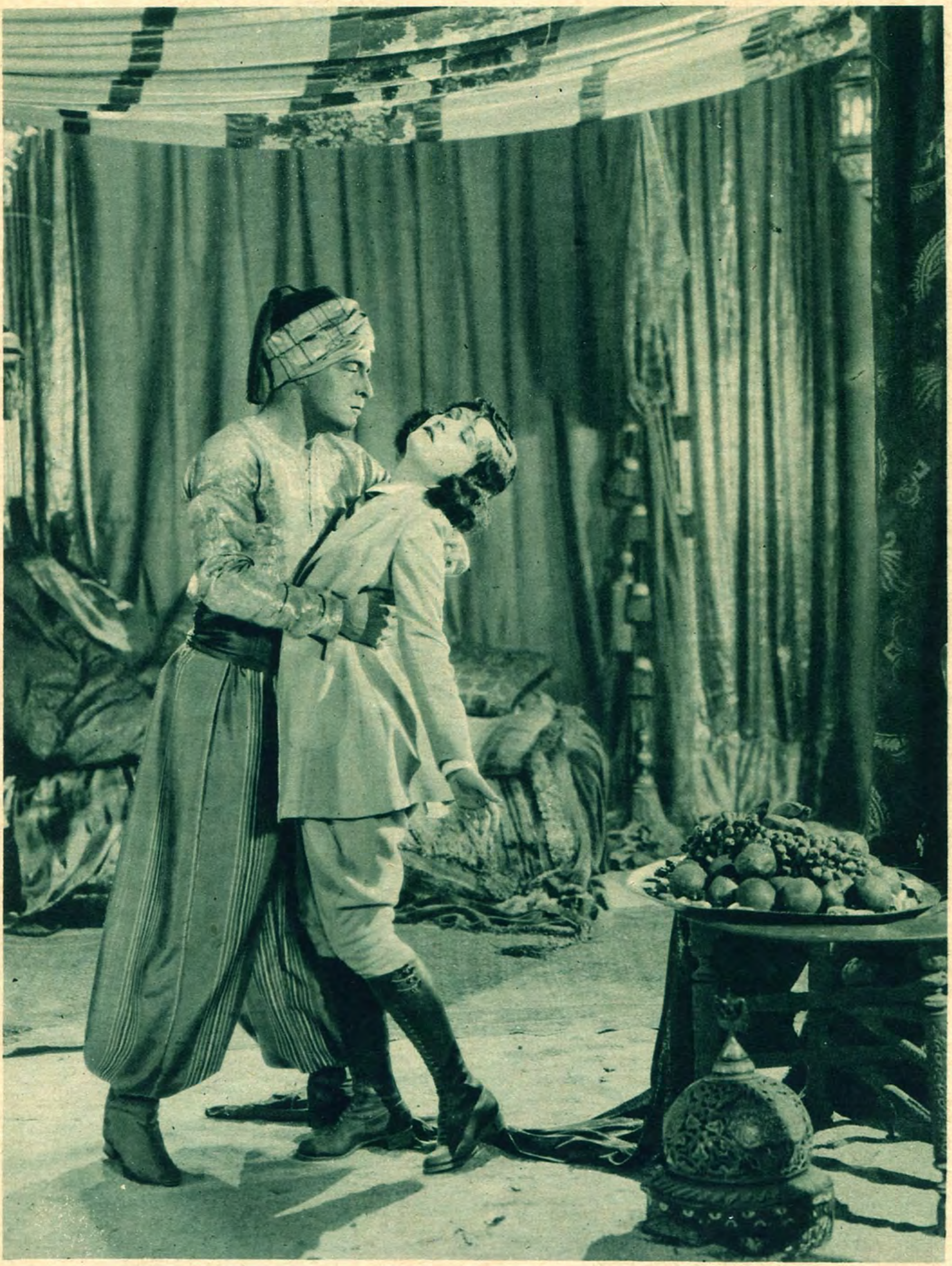
She has been known to stand for minutes before a mirror, pretending to be making up her lips or her eyes. In reality she was not making up at all. That was only a pretext. She was going through her preparations for the next episode. She tested every expression of her face, studied it from every angle, endeavored to get over some undreamed-of nuance of feeling, some absolutely new light of eyes, curve of lips, engraving of forehead, to eliminate if possible a spoken title, which titles, she frankly admits, and with a positive venom in her voice, "I hat'."

To Pola Negri music is the essence of her art. One might almost say that it is also the essence of her being. To it may be ascribed the vivid fluency of her acting. In Europe she was accustomed to have only the finest sort of compositions to accompany her acting—Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, and sometimes—though rarely, because he depresses her—Wagner. On her arrival in Hollywood she cast out all the jazz ensembles that were brought her as if they had been the seven devils. It was only after many fits of temperament and finally an absolute refusal to work, I believe, that she finally obtained a makeshift of piano and cello that pleased her. A feverish Lament of Grieg had been selected as the motif for her closing emotional tempest in "Bella Donna." The melody tossed and undulated beneath the bow of a cellist, becoming every moment more languishing, more restless. As Pola faced *Baroudi,* and learned that, after her bitter sacrifice of *Nigel,* the Oriental no longer wanted her, that, in fact, a new Circe had already captivated him, the elegy in tone became a veritable delirium. One sensed almost a demand from the actress that the music should be her stimulus; one felt that the players played for her as they had never played before. Such, indeed, is the magnetism—the well-nigh uncanny bewitchment of Pola.

Strangely, fantastically, in tune with her *desespoir,* the while, was the love boat's Nirvana harmony in black and gold—a subtle Oriental harmony built on one of those weird scales of tone that come out of the heart of the Far East. The deep inlays and intricate patternings of the narrow doors became momentarily deeper and darker. The grilled windows, fretted with a design as dainty as Chantilly lace, were lost in the febrile mists. The deep divan cushioned with inky and yellow silks, became wan as in the light of dawn, its fitful purple scarflike coverings softening to amber, and its rose and fuchsia hangings to a methitic mauve. One sensed, too, almost the sick lapping of the waters of the Nile, and the oppressive portents of pyramids and sphinx and desert waste.

I know of no other setting that more admirably seemed to accommodate itself to the moods of its star, even as it also breathed so much of the storied wonders of the incensed far away. The skill of George Fitzmaurice, the director, who promises to become truly

Continued on page 98



Every fan is wondering what "Bella Donna," Pola Negri's first picture to be made in America, will be like. This picture, showing her and Conway Tearle in a scene reminiscent of "The Sheik" at its sheikest, answers this in part.

The rôle of *Mrs. Chepstow*, played by Pola Negri, is a gripping one. She is an outcast from society, nicknamed *Bella Donna* at the height of her career by one of her admirers. A young Englishman, played by Conrad Nagel, has faith in her and tries to save her from her downward path.

The grim fear that possesses *Bella Donna* is that her beauty will fade entirely and her wickedness be stamped upon her face. Pola Negri subtly portrays the growing power of this fear, until at the last, when she is scorned and reviled by every one, there is little illusion of beauty left.

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The Elegy of Pola

Continued from page 74

recognized as an artist of the screen, I sensed, had been at work again, and this time for the sake of a locale that had stimulated all his fancy for the exotic, even as "To Have and To Hold" had caught his imagination in the web of the romantic.

The story of "Bella Donna" has, of course, been modified. A reason has been given for the heroine's malefic character. Ouida Bergere, the scenarioist, told me that she felt this was justified because the original *Bella Donna* of the Hichens novel, while she was sirenically alluring as colored with literary descriptions, would not produce the same illusion of enchantment when coldly lighted in the silver shadows. Also, I have no doubt, *Bella Donna,* thus portrayed, would be far too pathological a specimen for the sensitive dispositions of the censors, and rather than risk her mutilation, it was decided to temper her. This was accomplished by allowing her to suffer an unhappy marriage before the main story opens. We sense Swansonian wormwood here, but what of it? Pola herself approved, for to me she repeated her oft-heard assertion that she does not "want to play ze bad ladies."

What she really means by this is that she does not want to play rôles without sympathy—straight vampire rôles, *sans raison d'etre.* She wants to reach the heart of her public as well as its mind. Will she? I wonder. Pola and the public's tears? Somehow they seem incompatible. Yet it is for those tears that she seeks and strives and struggles with the frenetic intensity of her art, showering in diamonded cascade the scene with her own unleashed grief.

"When I weep it is not for myself alone; it ees for everybody," she told me, half chanting the words. "I theenk always of audience, people, everywhere, all, sorrowful weeping wiz me. I poot my whol' heart, my whol' soul into my art, my expression, my tears, so zat zey may feel wiz me what I feel, so zat zey perhaps suffair what I suffair.

"I want to play *Bella Donna* sympathetique. I do not believ' she should be play' like bad woman—like vampir'—I do not believe that woman ar' evair vampir' by natur'. Woman become vampir' because of situation, circumstance—what you call—fate! No woman become bad by natur', but by fate...."

"And because," I ventured, "perhaps...because, of some man? I mean that woman's wrongdoing is contingent—dependent sometimes on the wrongdoing of some man."

There was a subtle flash between us. And then, a moment's pause, and——

"That is an interesting psychological question, but"—and this was delicately yet, I might say, nearly tigerishly emphatic—"I do not care to discus'...!"

There was finality in the answer. Our talk ended shortly after. It taught me that Pola is not given to gossiping about the questions of life as we in America do quite casually and on every street corner. Her experience with telltale interviewers has, perhaps, made her more cautious than ever! Anyway, she cares only to converse regarding her art, and life only as it is related to her art. To all queries aside from this she generally replies now, "I do not care to discus' "—even as, to the inquiries concerning her rumored marriage to Chaplin, she has maintained a frigidly dynamic silence. You can guess, if you will, what her views and her sentiments are regarding life and its personal relationships, but you can only *know* her through her art. There is about her consequently something enigmatically alluring. and that, I believe, is her highest enthrallment, that and her marvelous treasure of talent and emotion.

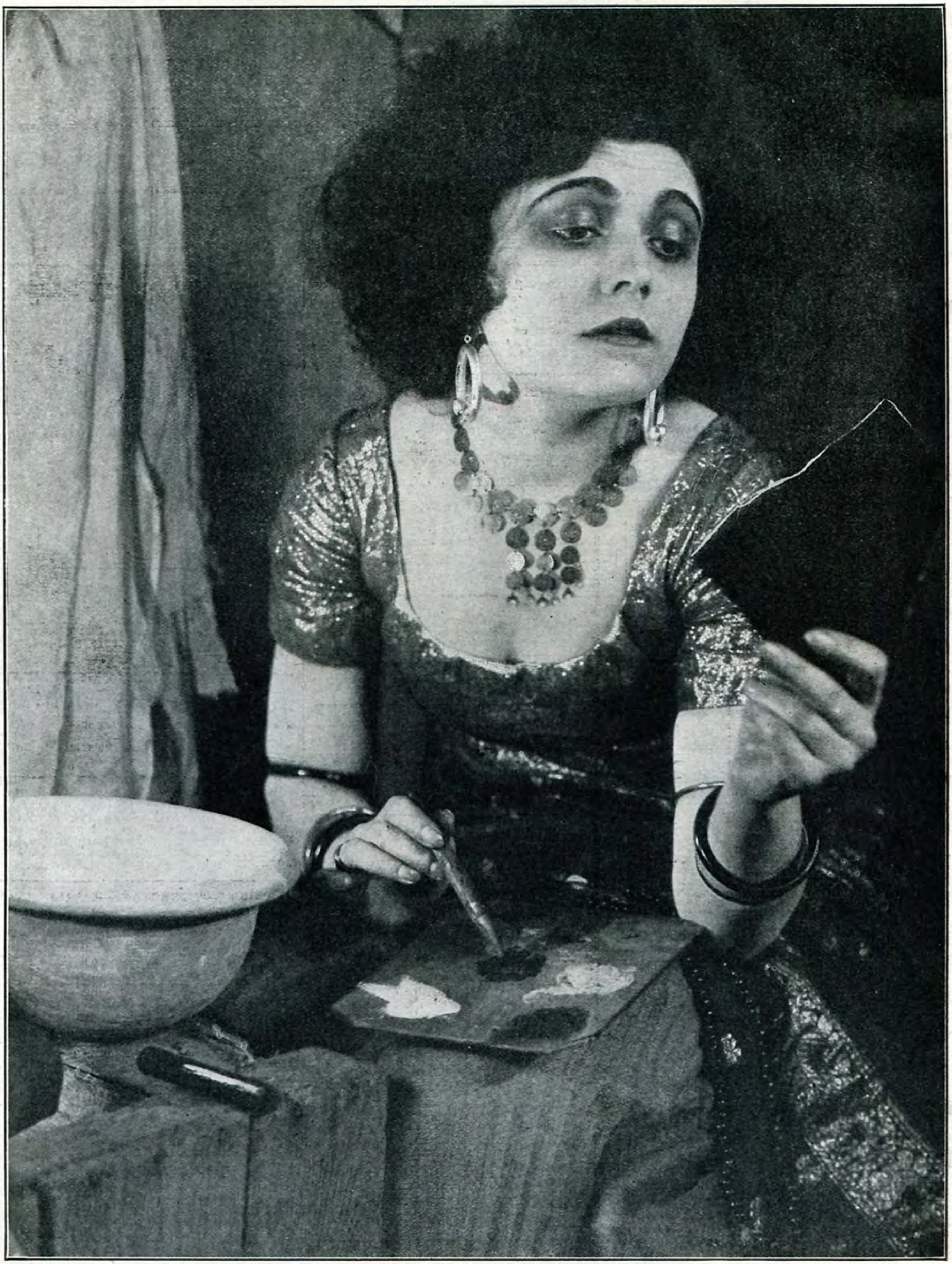
Will America change her? One wonders, because one *can* only wonder. She may remain here for the space of two years now, and in that time what may not happen! America has always been reckoned a great melting pot for all. Yes, perhaps. For nearly all, but.. there are some........like Pola.

A Cinema Cinderella

Continued from page 33

in her size. I only wish that she had phoned the typewriter shop and hired a secretary!

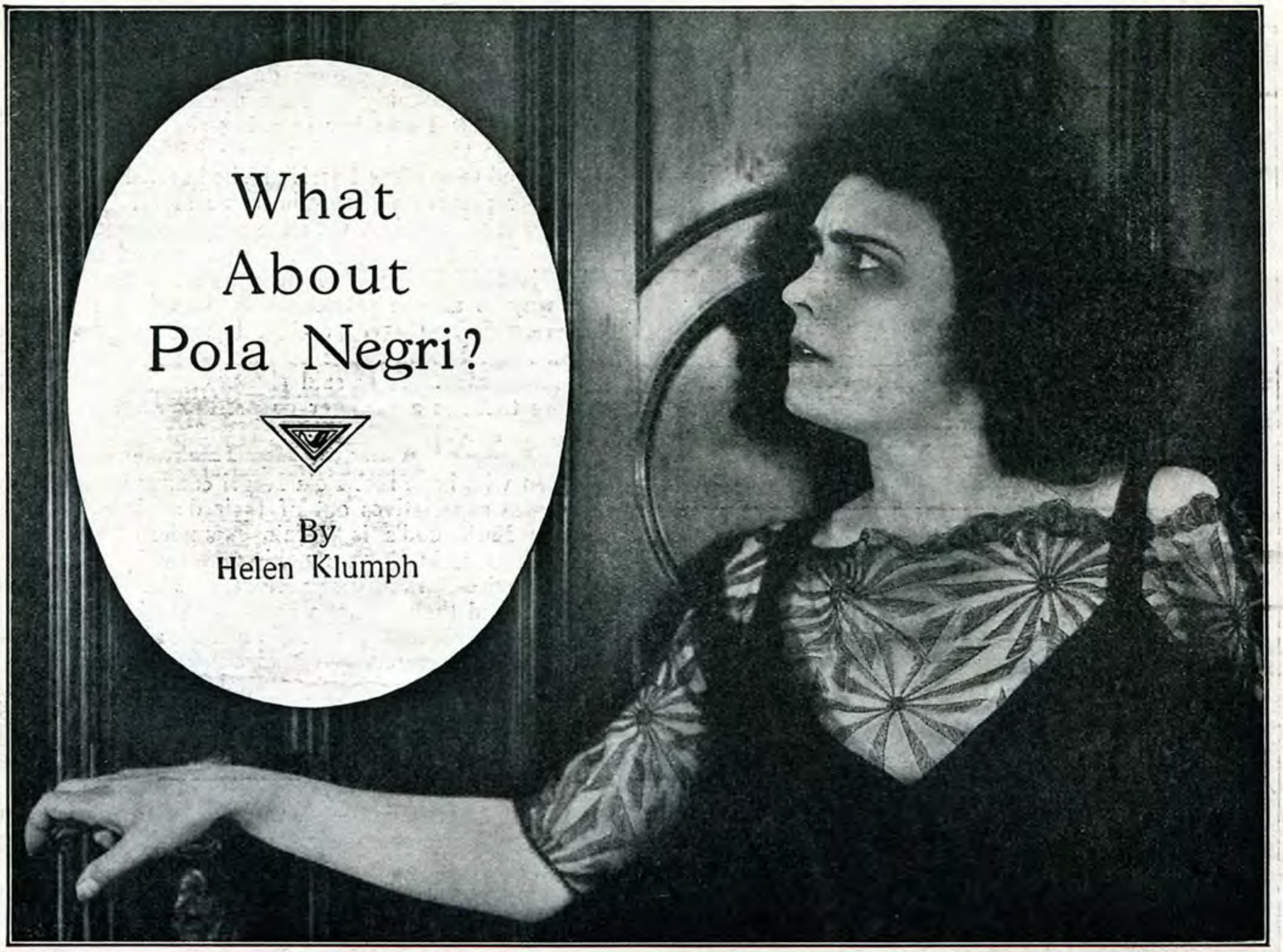
There have been beauty contests, and more beauty contests, and most of them have brought little to their winners but heartaches. This one may be different. Miss Leahy is being given a big chance and a great deal of publicity, but after the interest in her has died down will any one give her another chance in pictures? Or will she be swallowed up along with the winners of thousands of other contests? It will be interesting to find out.



Fascinating to men, a little bit scornful of other women, that is Pola Negri. Her dynamic personality may not please you, but it grips you. She is one of the most amazing personalities in motion pictures.

What About Pola Negri?

By
Helen Klumph



ALMOST as old as the motion picture is the legend that off the screen the vampire is a wholesome character. At the theater the subtitles endow her with almost diabolical power; in real life we read that she has only one husband and several children, that she lives on the right side of Main Street, and that her favorite form of amusement is a taffy pull or reading Elsie Dinsmore aloud to the children. The next time we see her we notice flaws in her work. She doesn't seem so sleek, so serpentine, and we are inclined to think that instead of plotting relentlessly against her next victim, she is thinking up a snappy recipe for a new kind of custard.

Perhaps that is why our home-grown vampires don't continue to thrill us. Perhaps that is one reason for the tremendous impression made in this country by Pola Negri, whom First National introduced to this country in "Passion" about a year ago and who has been seen frequently since.

There is no make-believe about her characterizations. There is no flinching at realism. She vibrates. She is a magnet. Her passion is swift and torrential and relentless, and her gayety is spontaneous. Crude and coarse she may be at times, but she is always convincing. And the effect of her screen work has never been diluted by reports of her simple home life.

Forecast Her Future for Yourself

This fascinating Polish actress was the sensation of motion pictures last year. But will she become a real favorite of the American fans?

If you are one of the many who delight in sugar-sweet heroines, you will not care for Pola Negri, but if you are one of the few who are fascinated by her rugged work on the screen, you will want to know more of her.

In this she is presented—not as she impressed one interviewer—but as many film celebrities have known her. Only a composite picture made up from the varying impressions of many people can give you an adequate idea of the many-sided personality of this remarkable woman. Here is that multiplicity of views of her from every angle.

At first when I started to find out all I could about Pola Negri, I was afraid that some one would try to cast an aura of domesticity about her, in the well-intentioned belief that no actress is complete without the home touch nowadays. Thank goodness, no one did. Remember her *Du Barry,* remember her *Carmen,* and then try to reconcile the woman who interpreted them to one who is devoted to the interests of a little home.

It cannot be done. Pola Negri belongs to the world of affairs, to the pulsating, dynamic world where artistic history is being made. The great cities of the world must be the home of such a woman, brilliant men and women her friends.

"The Woman Who Never Sleeps."

"What is Pola Negri like?" I asked a young art student who returned from Berlin just at the time that "Passion" made Pola Negri the most-talked-of player in New York. "They call her 'The woman who never sleeps,'" he told me. "That's a tribute to her popularity, not a reproach. Germans don't expect their actors to lead cloistered lives."

"What about Pola Negri?" I asked anxiously of Jeanie Macpherson when she returned from abroad last year. "I was *so* disappointed," Miss Macpherson told me, "I didn't meet her. She was away, at Nice, on a rest cure when I was in Germany."

Men find Pola Negri charmingly feminine.

So you can take that title for what you think it is worth.

A Leader of Fashion.

Charles Chaplin says that Pola Negri is the loveliest thing he saw in all Europe. He says that she is really beautiful, in a typically Polish way, with jet-black hair, very small white teeth, and warm coloring.

"You never saw any one look so smart," Anna Q. Nilsson told me explosively when I asked her impression of Pola Negri. "She is perfectly groomed and there is a flair to every movement she makes. But——" That "But" was very expressive. "Is she haughty?" I suggested. "I wouldn't say." Miss Nilsson retreated from dangerous ground hastily. It's a mean trick asking one player her opinion of another. "There were five of us who just happened to go into the Berlin office of Famous Players when she was there, and perhaps she didn't like meeting so many of us at once. Anyway, she rushed off immediately."

"She's striking," Rubye de Remer told me. "I'd have given anything to have a chance to study her closely. But I met her in a big restaurant in Berlin where she was dining with some Famous Players officials and soon after I arrived, she hurried away."

Other players all told the same story. They were very much impressed with the slight glimpses they got of the fiery Pola. But she always hurried away when they joined her party. It may be true that the quickest way to arouse patriotism in American stars is to mention Pola Negri's acting, but also it seems that Pola Negri doesn't care so much for the competition of Americans. It is said she never stays at a party where there is a younger or prettier woman.

What the Men Think.

Men who have met Pola Negri cannot seem to leave any nice superlatives out of their descriptions of her. James Kirkwood's is a fair example. He met her while he was in Europe making scenes for the George Fitzmaurice-Paramount picture, "The Man From Home" and though that was some months ago, no one has yet supplanted her in his affection.

"A vivid personality—international in its appeal," he sums her up.

"I had an unusual opportunity to study the real Pola Negri," he told me. "When I went to Berlin some German film executives arranged a special dinner at the Hotel Adlon honoring a group of American film people who happened to be there.

"In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kaufman and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Loew, also Directors Ernst Lubitsch and Wegener, and Pola Negri. So you can see that the stage was well set for observing the reactions of Pola Negri both to Americans and the European film experts with whom she has been associated.

"Pola Negri is perhaps the most amazingly attractive woman I have ever met. She possesses more than a usual share of good looks, but this is backed up by a most powerful personality. She is vivacious, vital, gloriously alive.

"Although I saw her in Teutonic surroundings and she spoke in German she in no way savors of Deutschland. By nationality a Pole, her appeal is not limited by boundary lines. Her quick response to emotions, her use of her hands in conversation, her adaptability to persons and surroundings give her an artistic value equally salable in New York, Kamchatka or the Island of Yap.

"Pola Negri will always be popular with men patrons of motion pictures because she is an unusual combination of two qualities particularly enjoyed by the mas-

Crude and coarse at times—as in this scene from "The Red Peacock"—Pola Negri is always convincing.

culine element, vitality and vivacity, these two softened by truly feminine traits which keep her from that air of masculinity which men resent. And at the same time she is not a clinging vine. In other words she steers a splendid middle course which should build and retain for her the admiration of both men and women.

"I can't repeat directly anything Pola Negri said at the Adlon dinner. As I have said she speaks such rapid German that I caught only occasional snatches. My more gifted American friends, however, raved to me for several days afterward over the catholicity of her knowledge. She seemed to be able to talk with intelligence on modern literature, politics, the drama, in fact any of the topics which might come up at such a gathering. My impression was that she was an exceedingly well-read woman.

"She was very curious about America, expecting to come here to make pictures sooner or later. In fact she is studying English assiduously with that end in view. And she is accurate in her information regarding our country, having closely questioned every American player or director with whom she has come into contact. She likes Americans, for they 'play up' to the vivacity which is her greatest characteristic. Her associates in the German film studios are naturally more phlegmatic and as a result Pola Negri fits smoothly into any American gathering she may attend."

She is sparklingly vivacious—often with an undercurrent of defiance. This scene, also from "The Red Peacock" shows how wealth transforms the poor girl below.

The Center of Attraction.

According to all accounts Pola Negri is accustomed to a great deal of attention wherever she goes. There is always a circle of admiring men about her; she dominates every conversation as high-handedly as a queen. She is a star who lives up to the legends and traditions of artistic temperament. She is not modest; she is not ingratiating; she is not sweet, nor appealing. In fact, one can hardly apply to her any of the adjectives our own stars love to merit. She is made of sterner stuff; pride and confidence and above all the defiant insouciance of a born artist. If she can't have the center of the stage at all times, she won't play. That trait in most actors is detestable; in a Bernhardt, a Duse, it is part of their charm. Pola's classification is left to you and posterity. For my humble part, I like her.

"She is very conspicuous looking," Ralph Kohn, the assistant secretary and treasurer of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, told me. He had just returned from abroad where he had dined and danced and chatted with the intense Pola, and he beamed with pleasure as he told about her.

In the early scenes of "The Red Peacock" Pola Negri does not flinch from making herself unattractive.

"She would attract attention anywhere. She is very distinctive, always—wears hats trimmed with what-do-you-call-it, like the ones in her photographs."

"Burnt ostrich feathers," I supplied.

"Yes; that's it," he said. "It looks like a barbaric headdress on her, but awfully stunning. The string of pearls she had on when I met her would have made her round shouldered if she wore them all the time, but that kind of thing suits Pola Negri. She looks just like an American girl so far as dress goes, has more style than any one else I saw abroad.

"She is not vivacious, not sparkling, but she is entertaining. She doesn't speak English, you know, but we managed to get along in German, Polish, and a little French. She is studying English."

"Is it true," I asked him. "That she really knows quite a bit of English, but pretends she doesn't, so that she can listen to what visitors from America say about her?"

"How'd I know that?" he asked despairingly and then added, "Well, she's got a wonderful sense of humor," as much as to admit that there

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might be some truth in the story. "She asked me several times if I didn't think she could pass for an American girl. We were dancing to an American jazz band—they have them in all the European restaurants, you know—and they kept playing encore after encore, and we danced on and on. Finally when they stopped we were both breathless but she managed to gasp, 'If I did that in America they'd never know I was a foreigner, would they?' She's an exceptionally fine dancer.

"She never talks about motion pictures as American players do so continually. She is well-informed on all subjects—politics, art, current events. She made a wonderful impression on me," he added enthusiastically and then added with a trace of cynicism, "still you never can judge a player by the way they treat the officers of the corporation they work for."

A Matter of History.

Pola Negri was born in a little town in south Poland between twenty-five and thirty years ago. Impressionable men who have met her declare that she is not a day over twenty-two; women stars who survey her popularity in this country with jealous eyes say that she must be thirty-five at least; the estimate that seems most nearly true is that of a fellow countryman who says that she is twenty-seven. Her parents were poor, and when she was very young she went to work in Wertheim's department store in Berlin at about four dollars a week. She seems to have cast adrift from her family for at this time she lived alone, in a rooming house.

Pola was too ambitious to stay there long. She played the violin fairly well, so with her sublime self-assurance she sought an engagement in the concert halls—and got it. When she reached Russia she joined the Imperial Ballet. She was too old for the regular ballet which takes its recruits as children but in her persuasive way Pola assured the ballet masters that they really needed her in the group of character dancers. Even in that galaxy of stars, Pola was noticed—not so much for her dancing as for the chorus of cavaliers that followed her everywhere. But even the excitements of a career in the ballet palled on the young lady after a while and she decided to go in for drama.

By this time she was pretty well known, even back in Vienna and Berlin where she had been but an obscure musical performer. Her assault on the speaking stage, according to all accounts, was not unlike that of our own Theda Bara. Every one went to see her, but no one took her very seriously.

About this time she married a count from one of the little kingdoms near Roumania. No one seems to recall his name or the exact location of his native country. In fact, he seems of little importance to Pola Negri and her friends. She is said to have divorced him about two years ago.

Varying accounts of her career on the speaking stage have been told in this country. When I asked Joseph Schildkraut, who plays the *Chevalier* in "Orphans of the Storm," which of them was true, he refused to discuss her at all. I had heard that while he was leading man at Max Rheinhardt's theater in Berlin influential friends had gained a part in the company for her, and also that besides the finished performances of the rest of the cast, Pola did not exactly cover herself with glory.

But Mr. Schildkraut was adamant. He would not say a word about Pola Negri, even to tell me the names of the plays she appeared in.

"I told some reporters, months ago, that I knew her, and they went and printed things that I never said," he told me. "And when Pola Negri saw them she wrote me an indignant letter asking me why I told things about her that were not true. I will never mention her name again," he ended vehemently.

So Pola Negri cares very much what we in America think of her! But she should not be ashamed of her humble beginnings. Perhaps she is influenced by some Continental snobbery toward persons of humble birth. I wonder if she knows that here we make national idols of people who work up from unpromising beginnings, that we like her better because she rose by her own efforts?

Her Picture Career.

However limited her success on the speaking stage, from the first she proved herself a motion-picture actress of the first rank. It was about 1914 that she began making pictures, and she has made about two a year since then. This is partly due to the fact that until recently motion-picture producers on the Continent took most of their scenes outdoors and could work only during the summer, and partly to the strenuous social life of the star. Some of her early pictures—"The Last Payment" and "The Red Peacock"—which were recently shown here seemed crude, but compared with our pictures which were made at the same time her work in them is finished and masterful.

"Passion"—conceded by most people to be the best of her pictures yet shown in this country—was completed late in the summer of 1919. "Gypsy Blood" preceded it, and the year before that she made "Vendetta" and "Intrigue." During 1917 she made "The Polish Dancer" and "The Last Payment." All of these have been shown in this country—and it is probable that all but one of the five pictures which preceded them will also appear on American screens. This one is "The Mountain Cat" and though it is considered one of her greatest pictures, it probably will not be shown here as its humor depends on conditions that do not exist in this country and probably would not be understood. It is a broad burlesque of militarism done in modern settings like caricatures.

She has made some pictures since "Passion," but these are tied up in litigation, and it may be some time before they are exhibited here. One of these is "Sappho," which is said to offer her as great opportunities as "Du Barry" did.

An Inverted Career.

You may have noticed that Pola Negri's career in this country has been just the opposite of most performers'. Instead of attracting attention in several pictures, and gradually working up a following she was introduced to America in her greatest rôle. She created something of a sensation among people of sophisticated taste immediately. And then her older, and less striking pictures were brought out, reducing her to a lower level. And now unless another "Passion" appears, this potentially great screen artist may prove a flash-in-the-pan success.

I may be unduly pessimistic about the future of this player, but I think the best of her work is already done. She used to work for a small salary, under discouraging conditions, and her finest work was a result of this whole-hearted struggle. Now she receives more in dollars than she formerly did in marks; the figure is set at about one hundred and fifty thousand a year. She works under the domination of an American company and is striving toward their ideals rather than her own. It looks as though Pola will not be able to scale her former heights.

But even if she fails after all her promise I doubt if the regular picture-goer will grieve. For Pola Negri does not grip the hearts of our every-night-in-the-week fans as our sunny native stars do. It is the more sophisticated audience that will grieve for her, because the coming of Pola Negri marked for them the coming of a new era in motion pictures, the power of truth over treacle.

Now We Know About Pola

Conjecture and hearsay are all very well as far as they go, but in Pola Negri's case they didn't go half far enough.

By Helen Klumph

POLA NEGRI arrived in New York on Tuesday, September 12th, and the next morning there was a serious shortage of adjectives. The usually blasé New York papers printed such ecstatic effusions about her as seldom appear outside of a prominent philanthropist's home-town gazette, and people who had met her went around raving.

Just picture for yourself a delicately chiseled beauty, so blue-white in her pallor that she looks as though she had been cut from Carrara marble. Frame her face in inky-black hair. Add to that the magnetism of Geraldine Farrar, the fire of Priscilla Dean, the smoldering depths of Theda Bara's eyes, something of the finesse of Corinne Griffith, and the clear-cut movements of Mae Busch. Over it all throw a consciousness of power and an amazingly sensuous and selfish mouth, and you have a general idea of what Pola Negri looks like.

She dresses all in black or all in white. The gown that she wore as the ship steamed in sight of the Goddess of Liberty and a veritable army of reporters crowded around to ask what her impressions of America were, was of white charmeuse trimmed with monkey fur. The next day at a luncheon at Sherry's given in her honor by Adolph Zukor, she wore black satin, heavily incrusted with Spanish lace and embellished by a diamond and platinum plaque as big as a discus. She can afford to wear lots of diamonds because her eyes outshine them, anyway.

Photo by Binder

Familiar with such photographs of her as this, New Yorkers were not prepared to find Pola Negri a beauty.

Charlie Chaplin had told the world she was beautiful, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation had intimated as much in their advertising, and I had been privately informed only a few days before by no less caustic a critic than Anita Loos that she was a perfectly gorgeous creature. But since I read "Merton of the Movies" I am a hardened woman. I believe nothing that I hear about motion-picture stars, but go and find out for myself, and then pass the real inside stuff, disagreeable as it may be, on to you. I eat long and expensive luncheons paid for by patient movie impresarios and then go out during the speeches and pass wise cracks about the flat-tired stars and remark that the star couldn't even register hunger.

But Pola has come and made me forget my assumptions of knowingness. She makes me feel like a child peering out of my nursery window at a gorgeous panorama of a life conceived by Zuloaga and animated by a dynamo.

She is a more sinister figure than we are accustomed to in our screen heroines. She lacks the wholesomeness of Norma Talmadge, for instance. I am told that she wants to play a really good woman on the screen, but I strongly suspect that some one just made that up. She appeals to me more as an excellent actress who wants to play women neither good nor bad inherently, but just torrential creatures who put up a glorious fight against fate.

Don't blame Pola Negri's press agents if you read an awful lot of bunk about her in the next few months. Famous Players-Lasky have a dignified and genuine policy of publicity for her. They let Miss Negri speak for herself. She speaks and understands very little English, but her eyes and hands are eloquent. And nobody listens to her, anyhow, after they have been bowled over by her appearance. You can see that she belongs in the silent drama.

But there are a lot of self-appointed press agents, young newspaper men from abroad who hope to cash in on her popularity, who are going about peddling biographies of Pola Negri, and some editor will probably buy them. They sound like the florid blurbs that used to be put out by Theda Bara's press agents. They may disgust you, or make you laugh, but don't let them prejudice you against Pola Negri, because she is about the most interesting figure in pictures to-day.

Last July I told you frankly some of the conflicting stories about her that I had heard from people who had known her in Europe. Now I would like to add to that somewhat meager history. Her real name is Appolonia Chalupez; she shortened the first to Pola for convenience's sake and adopted Negri, the name of her favorite writer. She is twenty-nine years old. Her friends prefer to have you think that she is only twenty-three, and they are doing all they can to further that idea. It seems to me that her age is of little consequence so long as she looks vibrantly youthful and as wise as the Sphinx.

She did not work in Wertheim's department store in Berlin as I previously reported; she worked in a little shop in Warsaw. She was not in the Russian ballet; she just wanted to be. She started her career as an entertainer in Warsaw in a sort of cabaret called the Aquarium. From there she went into the Sphinx motion-picture productions, and it was a man named Herz who directed her in two or three productions for them who first recognized her potentialities as an emotional actress.

German capitalists, watching the advance of their armies, went into Poland determined to wipe out Polish industry, and in order to ruin their motion pictures it was chiefly necessary to take Pola. So she was put under contract by a German company and taken to Berlin.

She was married to a Polish army officer shortly after the armistice, but the marriage was unhappy, and she soon divorced him. Doubtless there will be much romancing about her when she reaches Hollywood.

She rarely showed traces of beauty in her foreign pictures, as you probably recall; much of the time she was actually ugly. But under American lights and with an improved camera, Pola is sure to surprise you.

One of the most interesting occurrences during her first few days in New York, was the way she unintentionally stole another star's glory. It was at the opening of one of the biggest feature pictures of the year, and the house was packed with friends of the star who played it. She came in, and there was a murmur of applause. Pola Negri came in, swathed in a queenly wrap of black velvet and almost concealed under the swirling black feathers of her hat. She had reached her box before she was recognized. But then applause burst out spontaneously, and people all but hung from the top of the gallery by their toes to get a look at her.

Of course, the Poles in New York were delighted at the enthusiasm over her coming. They chartered a boat and steamed down the bay to meet her on her arrival. It was a rainy, gray day, but a boatload of young Poles and employees of the Famous Players-Lasky company bravely set out to greet her, waving Polish flags with both hands. So bewildered was she by her arrival in a new country, where reporters besieged her every minute, wanting her opinions on art, literature, short or long skirts for women, bobbed hair, tall buildings, and matrimony, that she could not sleep the first night. It seemed to her, she confided to a few of us who met her on her arrival at the luncheon in her honor the next day, that she would never sleep again while there were so many new impressions crowding her attention.

On my right, at Mr. Zukor's luncheon in her honor, was a man who had known her since before she went into motion pictures.

"Does she look all right?" he asked me.

She looks vibrantly youthful, but as wise as the Sphinx.

In Germany, apparently, she did not go in for regal clothes nor manners in the studio. This snapshot of her and Ernst Lubitsch was made a short time before she sailed.

"Wonderful!" I started.

"I was afraid," he ruminated, "that you women might find something in bad taste about her clothes or her jewels or something. Of course, we all love Pola. Her old friends would excuse her anything, but naturally we wanted to know how she really impressed people here. She isn't acting at all natural now—she's too toned down. She is on her best company behavior. If she were at home, she'd be so overcome by high spirits that she would probably jump up on the table and see if she could kick that crystal chandelier up there. And I bet she could. She is like an exuberant child.

"I'm glad the women here think she looks smart and well groomed," he added later. "It wouldn't be surprising if a girl who came up from poverty to tremendous wealth as she has went in for things that were too garish. Her friends wouldn't care if she did, but we'd like to have her make a good impression over here. This is all new to her, you know. She's been to Paris and Berlin, but

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The Things You Want to Know

Continued from page 46

of a sculptor. Gloria herself is haunting rather than beautiful; her features are irregular; her eyes are always wistful, often tragic. Her mouth is petulant, haughty, and inscrutable. On the screen or off Gloria is not easily forgotten.

Three girls wanted to know if Mary Pickford bleached her hair. I don't know. It doesn't look like it, that much is sure. It is very lovely hair and it seems natural in color. As for questions about Mary and Douglas I could write a whole article entitled:

Are Mary and Douglas really? I'll be brief.

Are they—Mary and Douglas really in love with each other? Yes. Unless all signs fail they are very much in love, and very happy in their marriage.

Are they intelligent? Very.

Are they spoiled? Mary, no. Douglas, some, but not enough to hurt.

Is Mary the flower of her family? She is. Mary is as unusual in her family as she is in the world at large.

What does Mary do with her clothes? I asked her. She gives them to girls of her height and weight who are in the profession, just beginning.

Are they gifted? They are. I think that either Mary or Douglas, with a little training could become popular writers. Both are very keen in their perceptions as to what people want and are interested in. Both are fluent and express themselves adequately. And both have a certain shrewdness as to market values of their wares which would serve in any enterprise. Douglas has many unique and unusual ideas if he ever can be induced to sit still long enough to deliver them.

I haven't begun to answer all the questions. But I have replied to the most popular ones. I'll admit I am a bit prejudiced in favor of the people of the movies. Why not? They make me laugh and weep and live harder and deeper. I owe them something.

Now We Know About Pola

Continued from page 21

that's all the world she's ever seen. Would you wonder if this dazzled her?"

"When she first became rich," I asked him, "did she ignore the people she had known before?"

"That's queer you're asking that," he told me. "Some of them thought she did, but it was really that she was just busy. She accepted an invitation one time to a party given by an organization of performers—sort of like the National Vaudeville Artists over here—and before she arrived they all stood around wondering if she would be awfully upstage. But when she came in, instead of just greeting the people she knew, she waved to them all, jumped up on a table, and did the old song and dance that she had done in her poorer days. That's the real Pola."

From the time of that luncheon her days were crowded with entertainments in her honor. One of the most interesting of these was a luncheon at the exclusive coffee-house club given by a group of prominent artists and attended by about twenty of America's most popular actresses. Pola hated to leave it all and go to Hollywood to start work. In my earlier article I repeated a catty little rumor that Pola Negri never stayed at a party where there was a younger or a prettier woman. I would like to revise that now to read—you couldn't find a more fascinating and striking-looking woman than Pola Negri at any party.

The News Reel

Continued from page 67

trousers. The trousers are high in the waist line and fit so tightly about the hips that belts and suspenders are unnecessary. Below the knee they are wide and bell-shaped. Some of the bolder of the younger set sport trousers that are slit and laced at the ankles. And it is considered very swanky to smoke black Mexican cigarettes.

The worst of it is the girls like 'em. The older men in the movies who cling to the puttees and the cowboy style of dressing have been cut out by the cake eaters. C. B. De Mille, who is credited with setting the fashion for puttees and the sport shirt, finds that he is no longer the Beau Nash of Hollywood. Unless he can devise something more catchy than the toreador pants, his standing as a director may be considerably undermined.

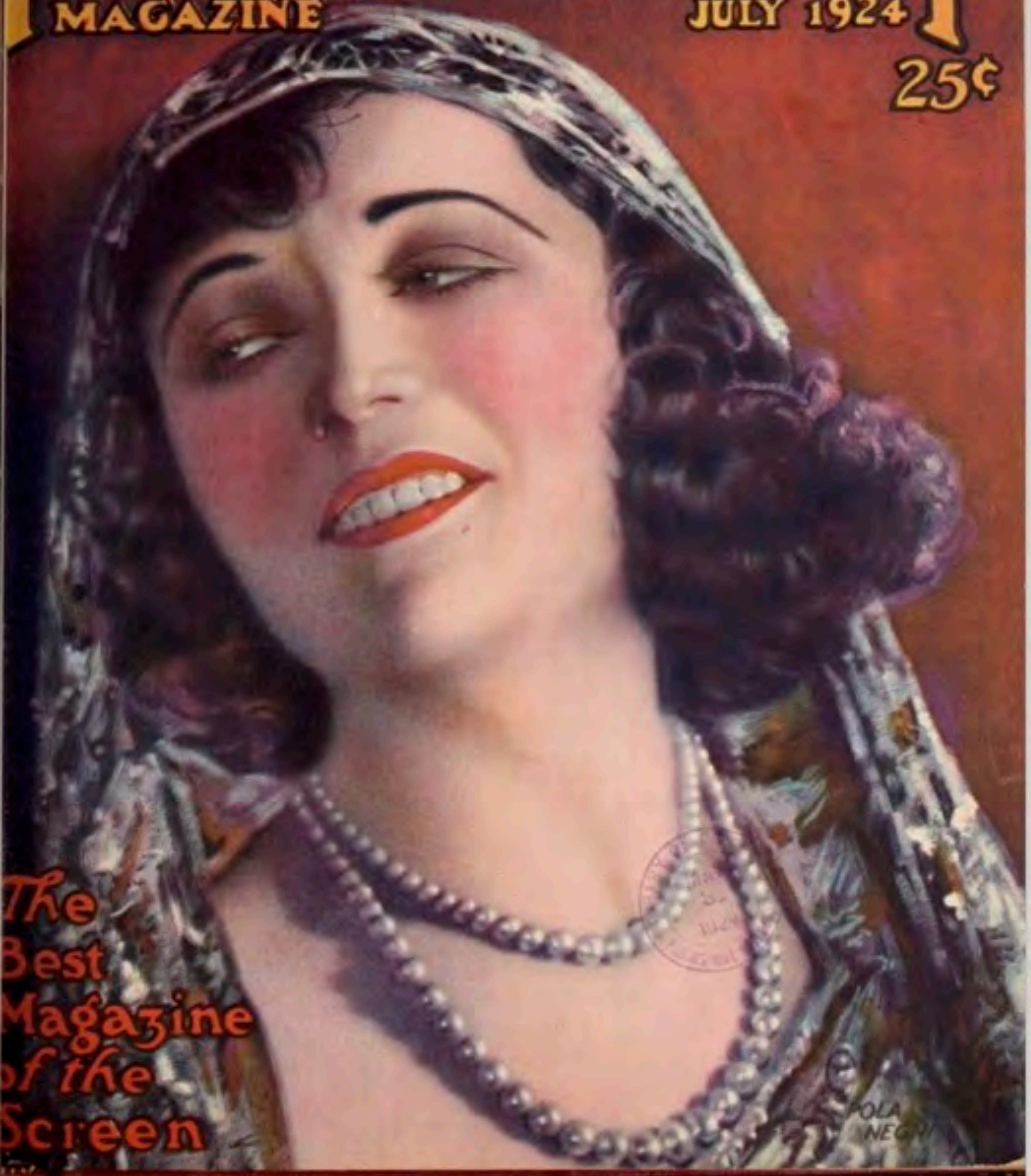
BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

JULY 1924

25¢



The
Best
Magazine
of the
Screen

A Turn in Pola's

With imported directors, and a differ an attempt is being made to bring out acting which first brought her into world-

By Myrtle

Photo by Richee

Despite her stormy career, Pola has her placid moments.

WITH the peace that has followed Pola Negri's fight for emancipation from petty box-office tyrannies, a more hopeful to-morrow is dawning, which promises us again her vivid art as it first flashed to us in "Passion."

A strange, stormy career, hers, unparalleled in our own stars' chronicles, for hers is a strong individuality that colors her every act. She loves and she hates—with equal fervor. There is something ruthless, driving, in this capacity for feeling that pales the loves and jealousies of most of our girls.

"When I am feeling," she said one day when commenting upon the vagaries of her life, "my brain seems deadened. But afterward I realize how necessary those hours of bitterness and suffering are to one who would interpret life."

Sophisticated, with eyes that reflect many experiences, there is still about Pola at times a naïve childishness.

Her twenty-seven years have been full ones. She is of a race moved by primitive feeling, who give small quarter and expect none. Strife and restless passion were born in her veins in the gypsy blood of her father and probably will never permit her content. We have plenty of little pop-guns in the movies. Pola is our bombshell. What she does seems startling; yet to her it is a natural, groping expression of that inbred turbulent spirit.

Her father was exiled because of his revolutionary sympathies; her mother for a time was insane. As a child, in the Imperial Ballet School, she was beaten unmercifully, to curb the violent temper of her. At sixteen, she made her début and the following year was acclaimed a success in "Sumurun." After the war her screen work began and under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch she achieved cinema notice.

"What comrades we were!" Her eyes sparkle when she speaks of those days. "Our art was not commercialized; we did a thing because we believed in it. Our company was like a big orchestra, each actor contributing his melody to the symphony. Such inspiration you lack here, where you make movies for money, because there is not such close thought and feeling. Your stories are superficial. Art is mirroring life genuinely in any creative form. *Carmen* I think my greatest rôle. An unlovely character, coarse, crude, but sincere, true to herself—therefore, art."

"And then you came to Hollywood," I mused, in a new train of thought. Her lips tightened to a line of defiant red, then drooped at the corners.

"Yes, and then I came to Hollywood. I was ill, and the climate depressed me. All this golden peace—this beauty of nature, and over it all that still quality that you see first on the surface and wonder that beneath it can be so much smoldering fire, such ambition. I had suffered much, from my childhood on. We of Europe, with generations of strife back of us, are that way—raw, crude feelings. I had worked hard. I had felt to the core of me

As she appears in "Men."

Career

ent type of stories, the qualities in her wide prominence.

Gebhart

every emotion. I wanted, for a while, to stop feeling, to relax and think only of my work.

"I thought I had been engaged as an actress. But no, I found that I had been bought as a personality for exploitation, to be remade by the American pattern. I wondered that your public could be so stupid as to expect always the same old hokum, actresses who say and do the regulation things.

"Speaking but little English, I could not phrase that bewilderment. When I realized that my reserve was construed as snobbishness, I retired within a shell until I could get a better perspective on it all. I expected jealousy, yes, for there is professional envy everywhere. But not such personal, catty jealousy. Me—the queen of the cinema abroad—they called me 'competition.'" Her lips curled over the word.

"I stormed—and I cried—hours, alone. Misunderstood always, whatever I said or did. You and I—we were speaking a different language. Not only our words, but our impulses and characters were on divergent paths.

"This past year has been a bitter one. Why did they bring me here? They had actresses who better expressed their idea of the sweet, young heroine. But I had qualities that they lacked—the training, the experience. I wished to interpret women not afraid of life. Stories to express those attributes distinctly mine I must have. 'Bella Donna' was such a story—but no, she must be good, she must have *sympathy*."

Photo by Richee

Pola's extreme inward restlessness and turbulence of feeling sets her apart from most of our American stars.

Pola's eyes spat fire, the whole of her vibrated with contempt.

"Why are the producers afraid to attempt progress, innovation? Only when you portray true impulses, what comes from the heart, can you impart realism to any work. Every public is the same. European, American, they feel alike. So when I saw that they were crushing out my only assets and that I was blamed for the artificiality of my pictures, I gave myself one year more in which to fight. If I cannot win, I will go back to Europe, where they love me, where I can make the films in which I belong."

Pola's quarrel with Lasky officialdom was in six languages, slang, and pantomime. Pola talked and Pola sulked, and refused to act any more soda-water, "all-white" heroines. But Pola only chuckles now, for her tongue has learned discretion.

"I fight. And I win. I get all that I want—Bucho and Lubitsch to direct, three great stories—Sudermann's 'The Song of Songs,' Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina,' and 'Manon Lescaut.' I get *carte blanche* to play those characters as I feel them, with no distortion of stories.

Continued on page 96

A Turn in Pola's Career

Continued from page 33

A bad woman is a bad woman," the deep, throaty voice rose in cadence, "and I will not play her 'good.'

"In 'Men,' the girl is disillusioned, bitter, and makes men suffer for what one has done to her. She is mercilessly frank, will not lie to herself, until love brings her understanding, readjustment. No, she is not a pretty character; she is hard. But she is drama.

"So now I feel new life born into me." Standing in the doorway of her dressing room, she flung wide her arms. "With these concessions, if I fail, Pola alone will be to blame. And Pola will take the blame, head high."

She has started by changing her attitude. Abroad, they say she was Pola the magnetic, the "full of fun." Everybody was Pola's friend—unless he angered her. Her American début bewildered her—heralded by publicity, fêted — then criticized. Too, one little minx, as a prank, gave her the bunch of high-toning everybody. To an extent, that epithet of "snob" was deserved. I shall never forget the righteous anger that welled up in me when, despite our previous meetings, she would look by, over, through me, without recognition.

Abruptly, she changed—due, I think, to the tactful influence of Kathlyn Williams, her only intimate friend. Now she uses those little graces known so well to a woman of her experience, to make friends, to win back those whom her arrogance alienated. No small thing, this turning in the face of ridicule to the deliberate opposite. Knowing that bristling Hollywood had its tongue in its cheek, questioning her sincerity.

Pola's realization that she could dominate her directors was almost fatal. With Buchowetzki it is very different. He directed her in "Mad Love" abroad and she recognizes his experienced control. One day she talked for twenty minutes, demanding a certain retake. Patiently, as one humors a child, he listened. Finally, with one volcanic "*Nein!*" he ended the discussion. Then, aside—"Now, how I get dat retake? I too vant it. But vunce I gif in to Pola, again I got to gif in, und dat iss not goot for actress."

Later he got around the difficulty by telling her, "Pola goot girl. You do dis scene fine. Now I reward you—I gif you dat retake you want."

And Pola beamed like a schoolgirl commended by teacher.

"Pola is much greater artiste today dan ever in Europe," Buchowetzki expressed his enthusiasm. "Dere, she was all emotion, all impulse. Crude talent, it flamed, it went out, not always sure. Now she has had heartache. She t'ink herself treated not so kind here. Goot. Her feeling is more real."

It is difficult to associate stability with Pola Negri. Cometlike, she flashed first to us—and dropped from favor here. I cannot think of her as occupying a fixed position where other less refulgent but more dependable stars shine steadily. She believes that in answering her own impulses lies her surest destiny—but haven't women, since Eve first discovered the bitter truth, found their instincts not always reliable?

Her reaction to amatory influences at times colors her work but in the ultimate consideration adds to that feeling of impermanency. She does not personify some mass-need or unrest—as Valentino makes animate visioned romance, as Meighan stands for the solid rock of American respectability, as Gloria is glamour and sartorial splendor. The incoherent desires that are in all of us find public idols to sum up their measure, and about them we drape in our imagination the garments of our dreams' expression.

Pola, though, because of her volatile character and the versatility of her art, cannot be thus easily rubber stamped to answer some fancied need. Her heroines are rather primitive, all physical lure and strong feeling, unreceptive to the American woman cramped by inhibitions. To men, she no doubt has great but transient appeal and that very quality in her acting, as it is in men's hearts, is not dependable.

Pola's emotions and her art are inseparable. The technique of pantomime she has mastered leagues ahead of our own girls who may boast a love affair or two but never so colored with dominant passions as have been Pola's heart conflicts. That technique, though, always is subservient to her feeling of the moment. Once, because an artist who loved her was dying, she flung aside her career and went and nursed him until he died in her arms. Her romance with Count Dombska flamed, went out, left no ashes to mourn over.

Such, too, was the Chaplin affair. For a time she loved him intensely. During that brief romance, she was heart and soul in her work; when it ended, for days she could do nothing but cry and sulk. Too much, one feels, will she always be reactive to any influences which tend to create within herself strong feelings. They give, briefly, an added flame; but with their passing comes lethargy.

When she is interested, she is fused to restless, whole-souled activity. I have seen her work like mad, impatiently pacing the set, eager to plunge the dramatic fire of her into a scene that, with her deep, harsh voice exclaiming, her eyes flashing, pulsed with something far more real and brutal than I ever felt before on a movie set. And I have seen her, when her wishes had been crossed or when she wasn't in the mood, sit hunched in a chair, smoking furiously, sulking.

Perhaps that is art, I don't know. Certainly those flashes when she is in the proper key do add something momentarily vitalizing to our screen. I would pass up six dramas of our home-town heroines going through the daily dozen of their technique for one glimpse of Pola with the muffler off.

In a way, though, perhaps the jog-trot of the middle path is preferable to the undependability of these occasional flares. The desire of Mary Pickford and of our other stars is to keep up an even balance, to retain public interest by uniformly good, conscientious work. Unless something should happen to settle that inward restlessness, I don't look for Pola to give anything of lasting value to the screen. But moments of rare fire—of a vivid beauty—of brittle realism—these the spell of her genius, when inspired, will weave for us, to stud the monotony of little girls' little plays.

Can Pola come back? A while ago I would have given a negative answer. Just now I am theoretically on the fence. Certainly she is, at the moment, *en rapport* with her work. She revels in having won her fight, in her plans. She is heart free. But confronting Pola always there is that question mark of how to-morrow will strike the flint of her emotion and thus influence her acting. When the fire of interest goes, there goes also Pola's flame.

The present, though, is promissory. If she can make good her battle cry: "There shall be no concessions to that drivel called box-office appeal!" she will unquestionably recapture, if but for a moment, the glory and fire that first won our attention. But she, and those who control the making of her pictures, are confronted by the limitations laid down by censorship and those elements of popular taste which protest against some of the qualities which should go into her best work.

The Crown Jewels

Not so gorgeous, perhaps, as the stars' own jewels are at least more

By Mona

Photo by Eugene Richee

Gloria Swanson wears only diamonds and pearls.

MAYBE it is the reaction from being loaded down with glittering diamond tiaras and necklaces in pictures which prompts them to forsake all jewelry, with the exception of one or two simple pieces, in private life. And maybe it is just a case of good taste. At any rate, Hollywood's parties may flash with wit, and dazzle with beauty, but for the most part, gems are a minus quantity.

Nevertheless, little quirks of fancy and temperament come to light in the choice of precious stones and the manner of wearing them, when one lifts the lid of the jewel coffers of some of the well-known screen favorites.

There is no sparkling coronet worn by "Queen Mary." In fact, even on the most elaborate occasions, Miss Pickford never ornaments herself with any jewels, other than a wedding ring and a lustrous pink pearl set in platinum. Jewels she has galore, brooches and pendants in profusion, but she prefers not to wear them. A curious thing about this wedding ring of hers—a platinum band set in tiny diamonds—it never leaves her hand. Not even during her pictures, for she covers it up with a wider band ring in character with her part, or applies a little grease paint to camouflage it. It's just a bit of sentiment on her part.

A long time ago her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, gave her a delicate little bracelet of sapphires, and now and then if it matches her dress she wears it.

And who hasn't heard of the famous Schenck jewels? There are cases and cases of them, most of them presented to the lovely Norma by her husband and adoring friends. Even Cleopatra would squint her eyes in jealousy could she peep into the chests of exquisite ornaments. But not more than two or three times during the year does she have them brought from the safe deposit vaults. During the rest of the time she contents herself with a brooch and ring in which are set black opals.

"I never tire of looking into the depths of these smoky, gray stones shot with fire," says Miss Talmadge. "There is a fascination about them which I cannot put into words."

Nita Naldi, of the sirenic dark eyes and hair, lives up to her personality in her taste for jade and jet. These two she has had fashioned into innumerable sets of different patterns, consisting of earrings, necklaces, bracelets, rings and brooches. And all her gowns are of shades which harmonize with the jade or the jet.

As for Pola Negri—why the name conjures up flashing diamonds, emeralds, rubies, oh! an infinite variety of sparkling vivid gems which would seem to take their glow from her many-colored personality. Still, those in Hollywood who know her cannot remember having seen her wear anything but pearls. And according to the Polish star their lustrous beauty satisfies her more than any

Aileen Pringle has such a great variety of jewels that the particular ones she wears are dictated by the mood of the moment.

Nita Naldi lives up to her personality in her taste for jade and jet.

# of the Film Royalty

ones they wear on the screen, the indicative of their individual tastes.

Gardner

other stone. She has several sets, with one of which she has set a new style of hair-dressing in Hollywood. Several other fair damsels tried it, but lacking Pola's verve and originality, they seemed theatrical. For she took one long rope of pearls and wound it around among the curls in her black hair. The very simplicity of it on her lent it charm.

Another devotee of pearls is Mae Busch. Here again is a startling, vital personality which delights in no other ornament than the quiet, meek unassuming pearl. A long rope she wears about her neck at times and then again she wraps it about her wrist many times and it becomes a bracelet.

Eleanor Boardman, whose very newness to stardom has not distorted her perspective, wears no jewels at all. Not because she doesn't like them, says the young lady, but because her favorite is the black pearl, and they are so very rare and so very expensive that she will not allow herself the luxury of owning any yet. The fascination for this stone dates back to her childhood when she saw one of these peculiar-tinted pearls and since that time she has never wavered from her desire to possess one.

Patsy Ruth Miller—the epitome of ingenuous girlhood—call it flapperism if you wish—likes—now this is a jolt—heavy, bizarre, Oriental jewelry. None of the simple maidenly pearls for Patsy. She will have nothing if she may not possess pendants of jade and massive linked chains of wrought gold and colored stones.

"Mother dubs this streak in me as vulgar, and while I don't doubt it, I haven't the desire to curb the instinct for this barbarous jewelry. The more it clanks, the better I like it. I have drawers and drawers of it and if I sold it to a junk man he probably wouldn't give me over $4.95 for the gross weight of it. I seldom wear it except around the house or at the studio but it gives me intense pleasure and I'm always buying it."

So says the bubblingly youthful Patsy, and with another sly wink she tells how the other day she went downtown to get a pair of shoes and came home with three pairs of earrings. Freud would probably make an interesting analysis over this newly found outlet for suppressed desires—through which the colorful, bizarre personalities deck themselves in meek, mild gems, and the sweet young things seek heavy Oriental ornaments.

Photo by Eugene Richee

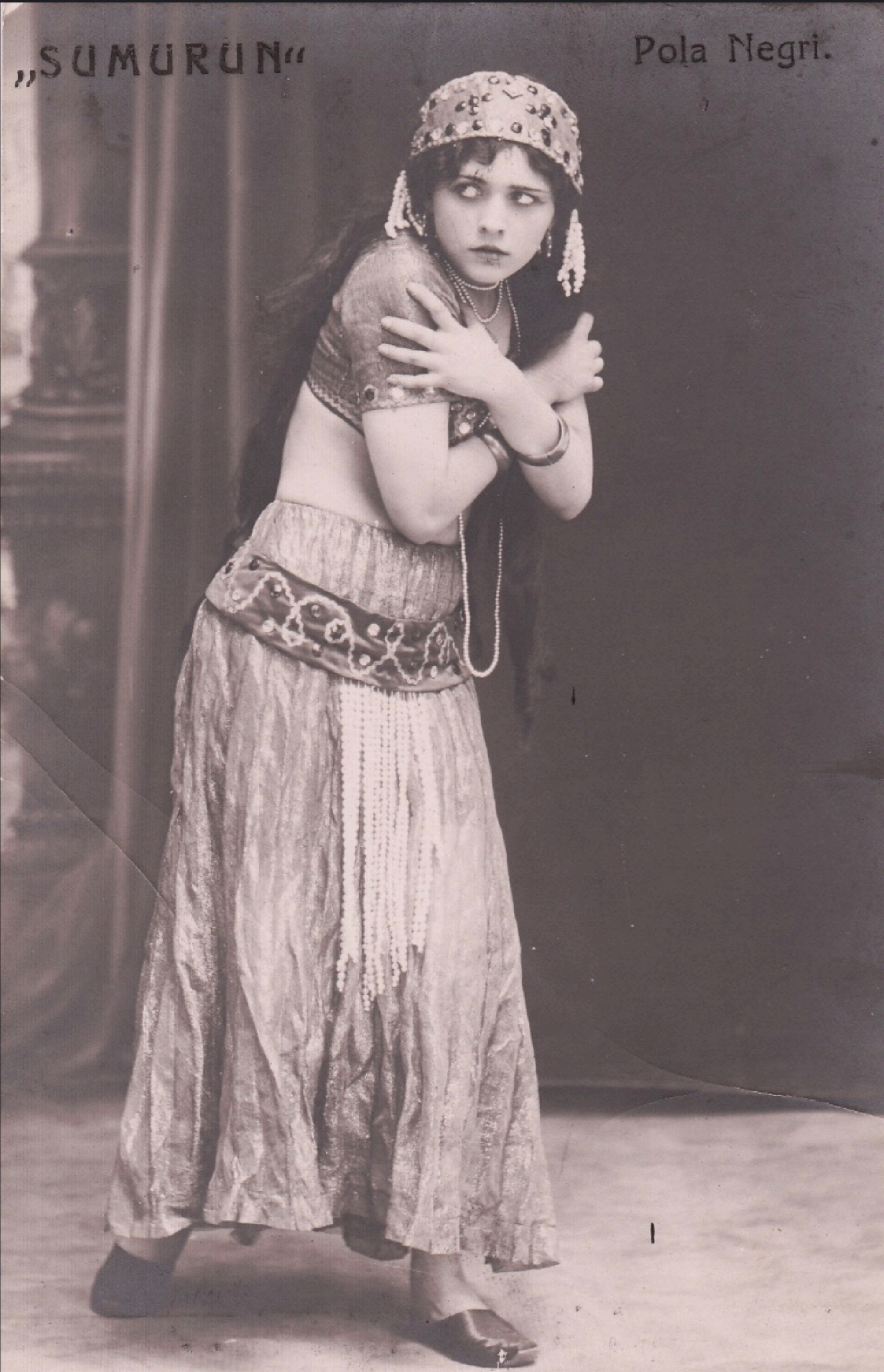
Both Pola Negri and Mae Busch favor long strands of pearls as ornaments.

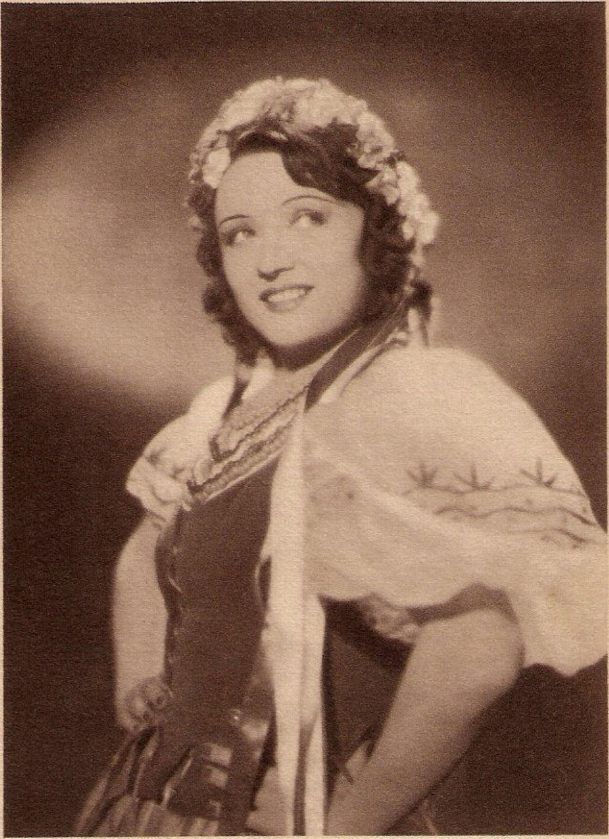
Photo by Clarence S. Bull

In the eyes of many, Gloria Swanson is the best jeweled woman on the screen as well as being perfection sartorially. And she wears diamonds and pearls only. She

Continued on page 103

„SUMURUN" Pola Negri.





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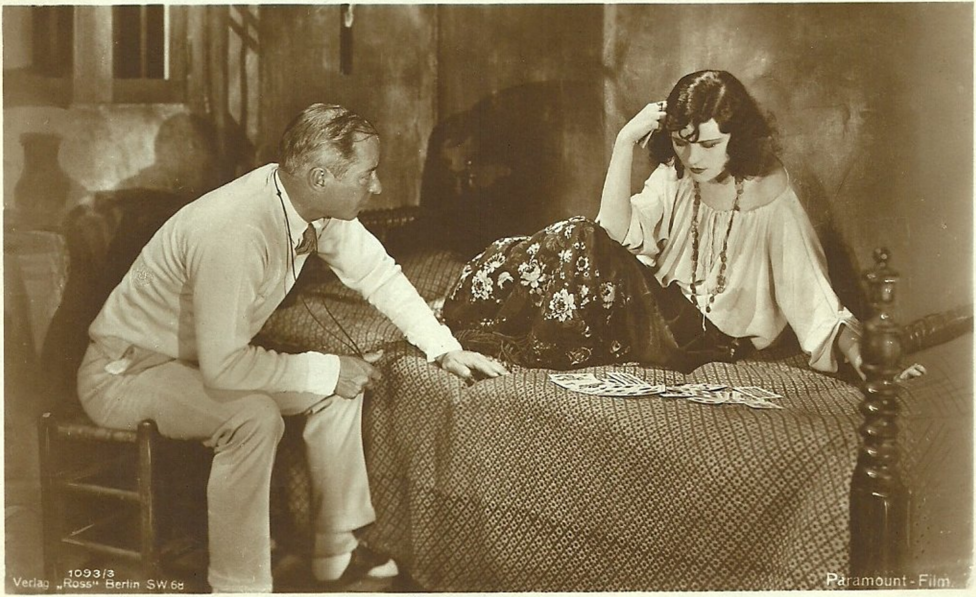
Pola Negri



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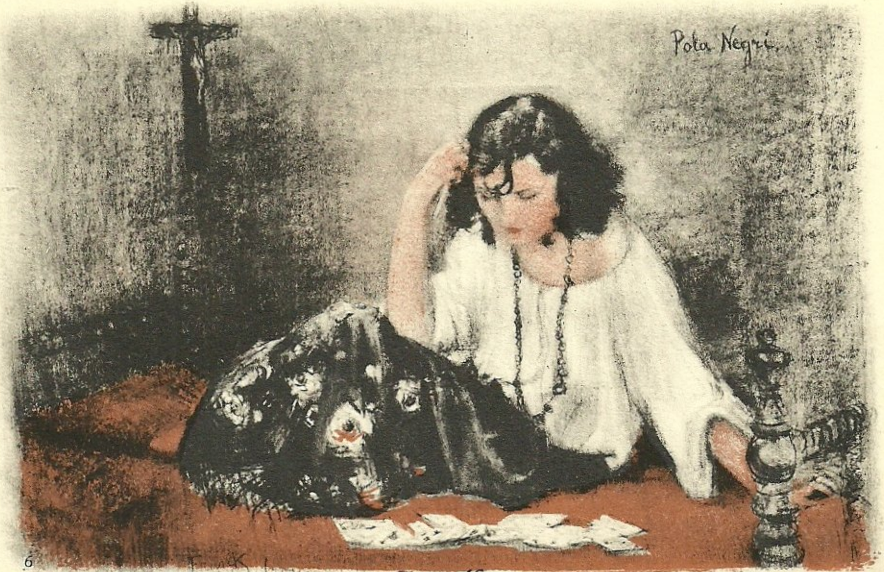

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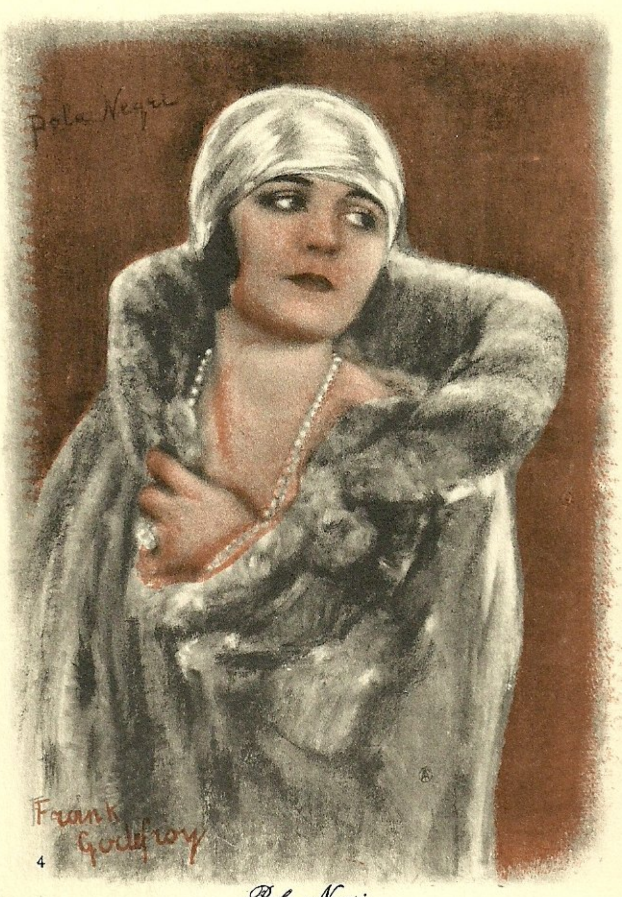
Original of Frank Godefroy *Pola Negri* *Star of Paramount*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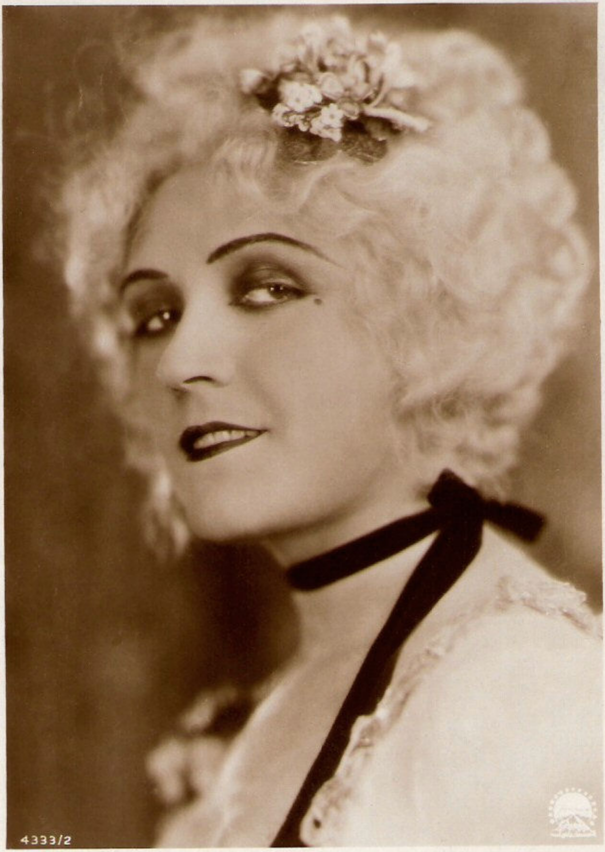
Pola Negri

Original of Frank Godefroy Star of Paramount



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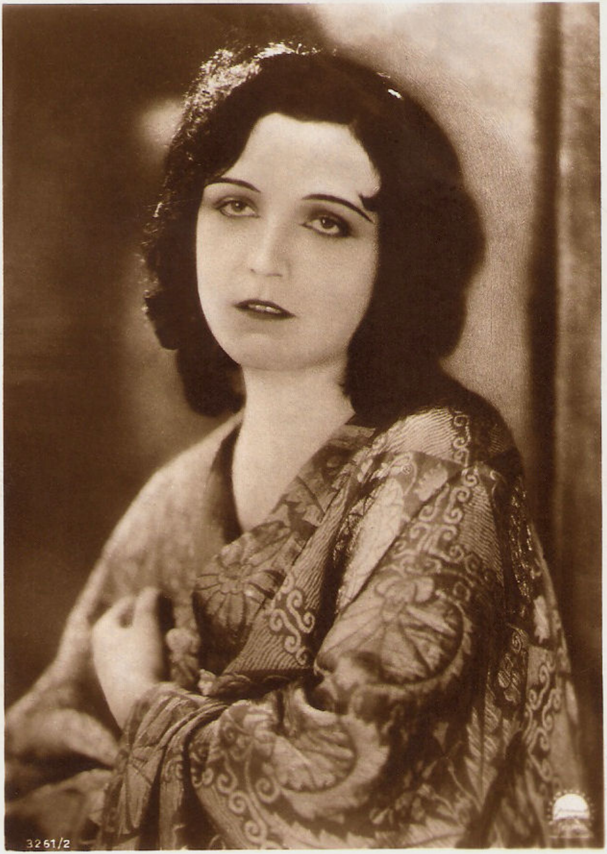

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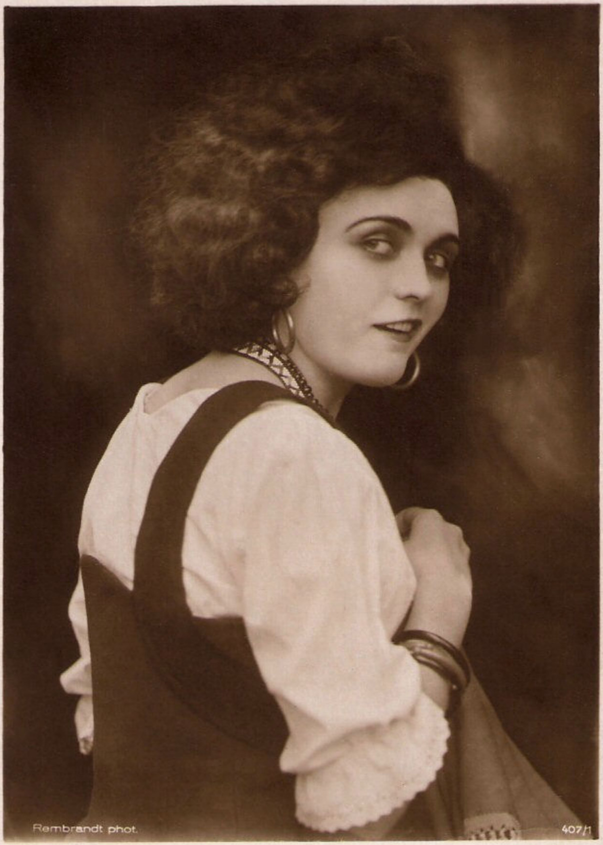
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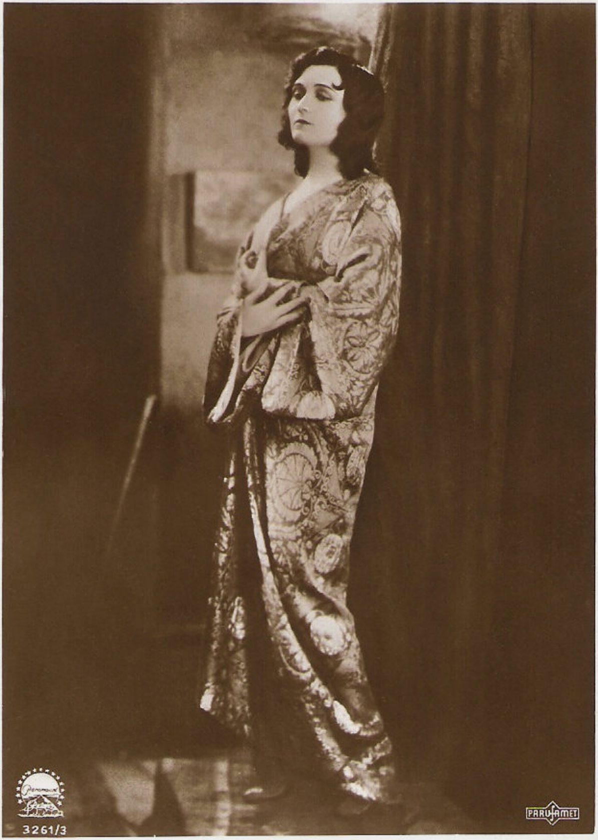
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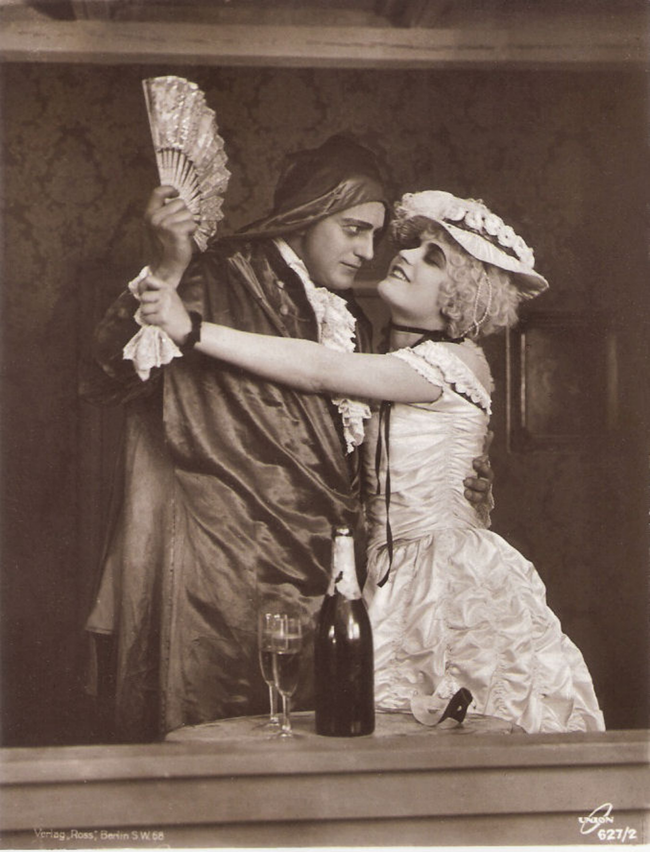
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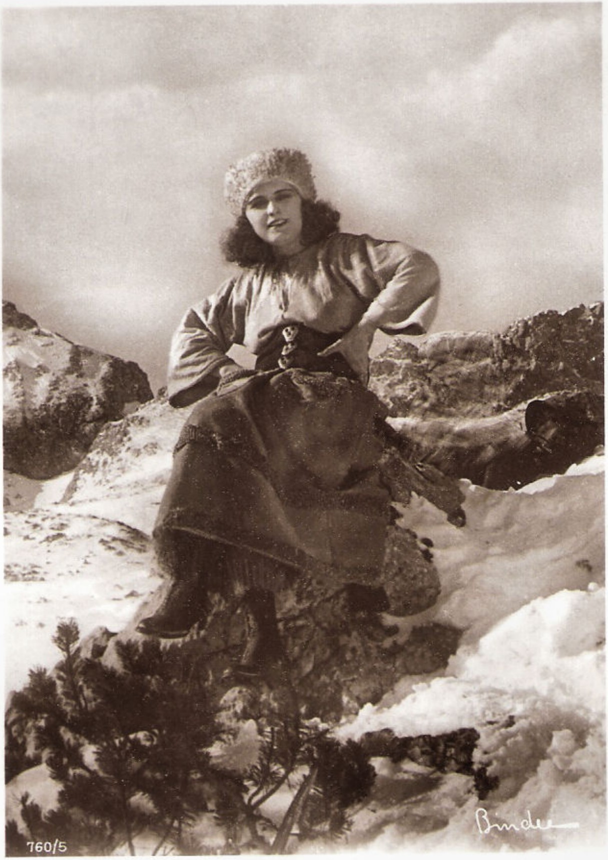
Pola Negri und Harry Liedtke
in „Madame Dubarry"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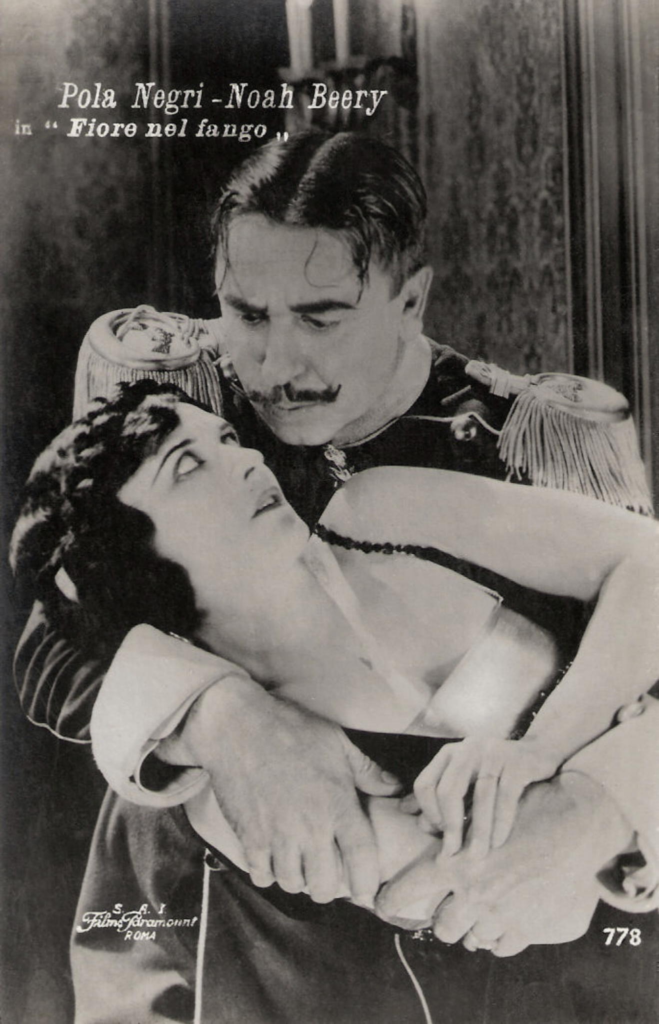

Pola Negri - Noah Beery
in “ *Fiore nel fango* ”

S. A. I.
Films Paramount
ROMA

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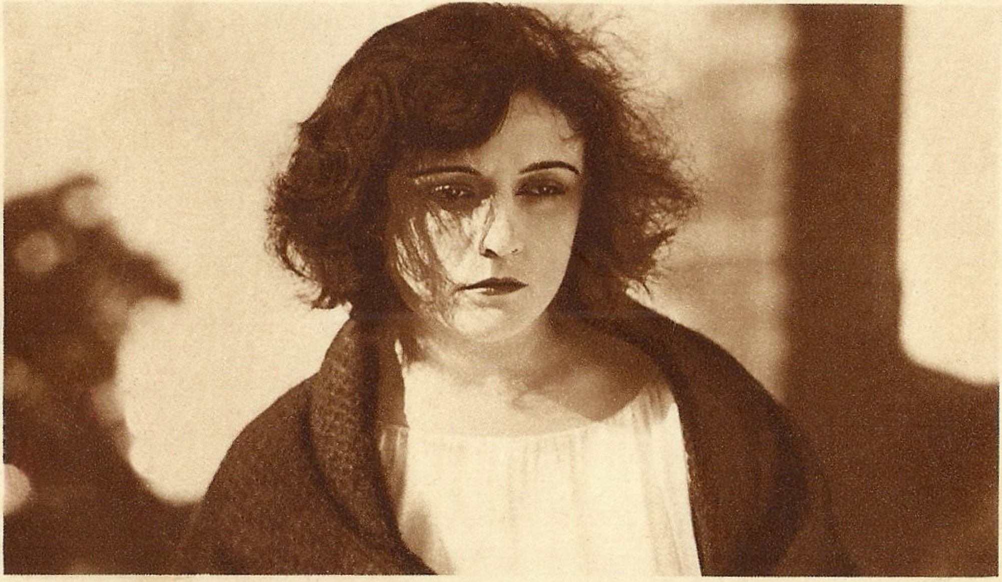
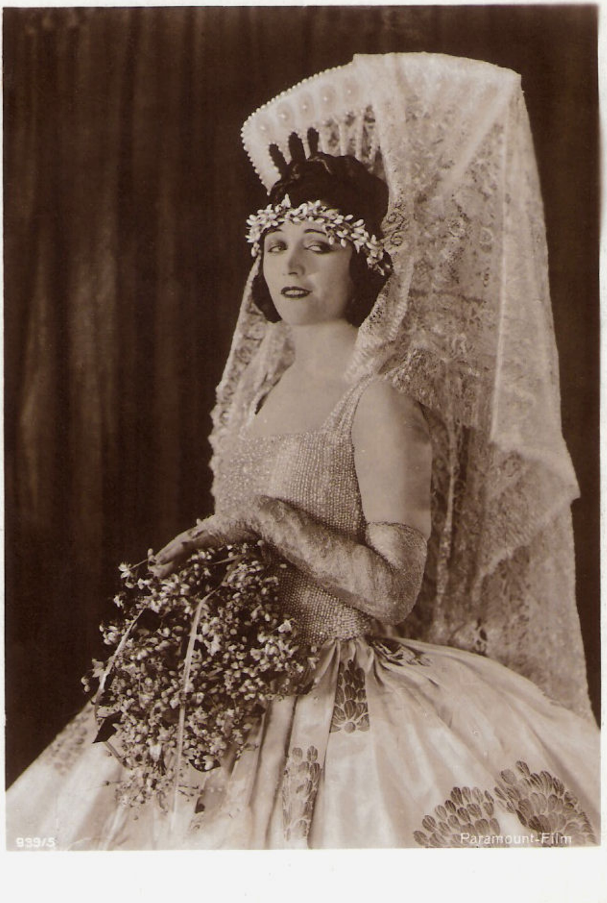


Une expression de POLA NEGRI dans « Son Dernier Tango ». Film sonore et chantant.

Splendid-Cinéma, Bruxelles.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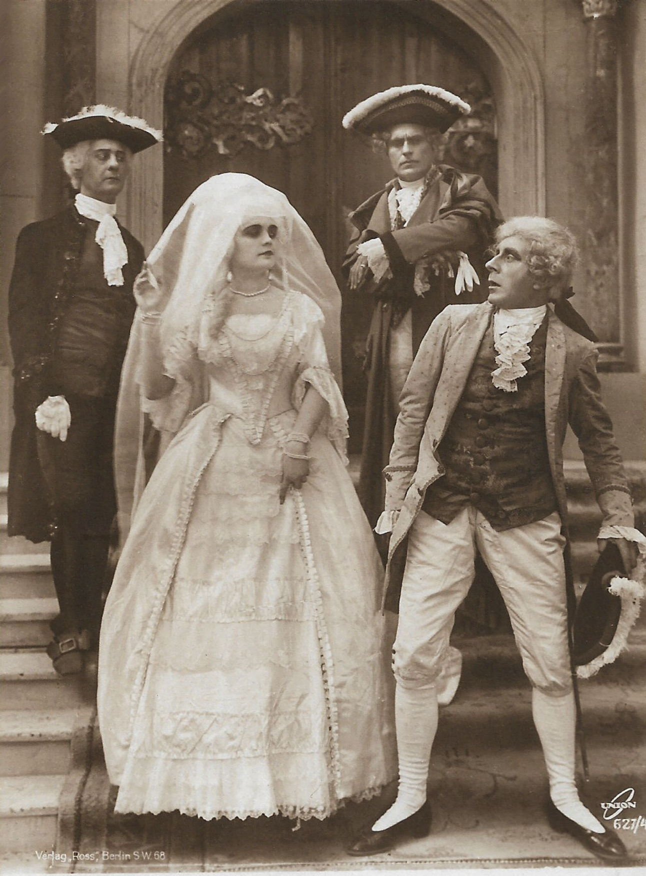

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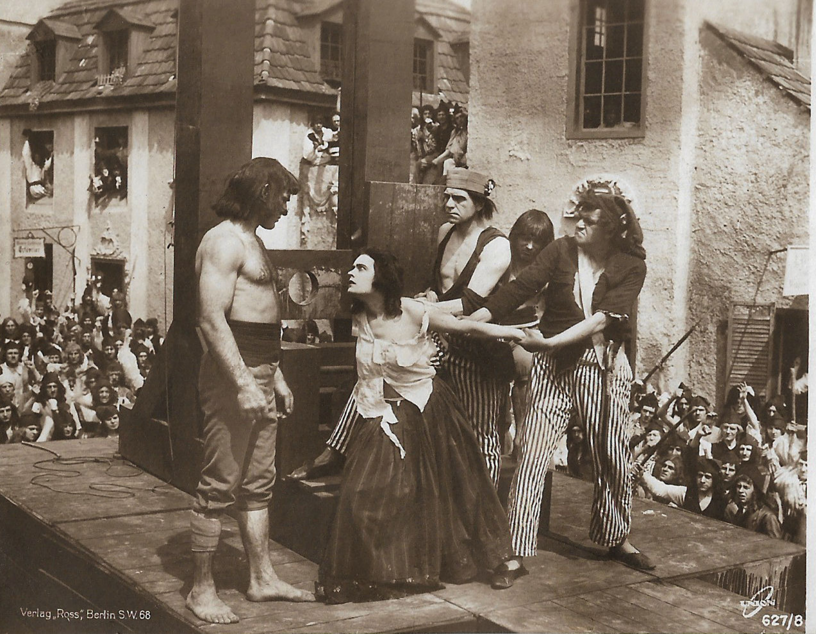
Pola Negri
in ihrer Rolle „Madame Dubarry"



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Pola Negri

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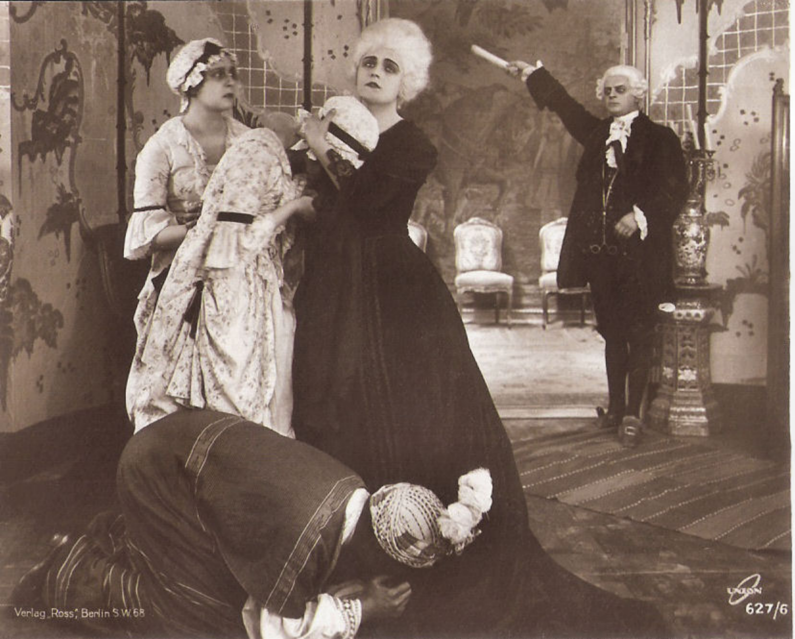
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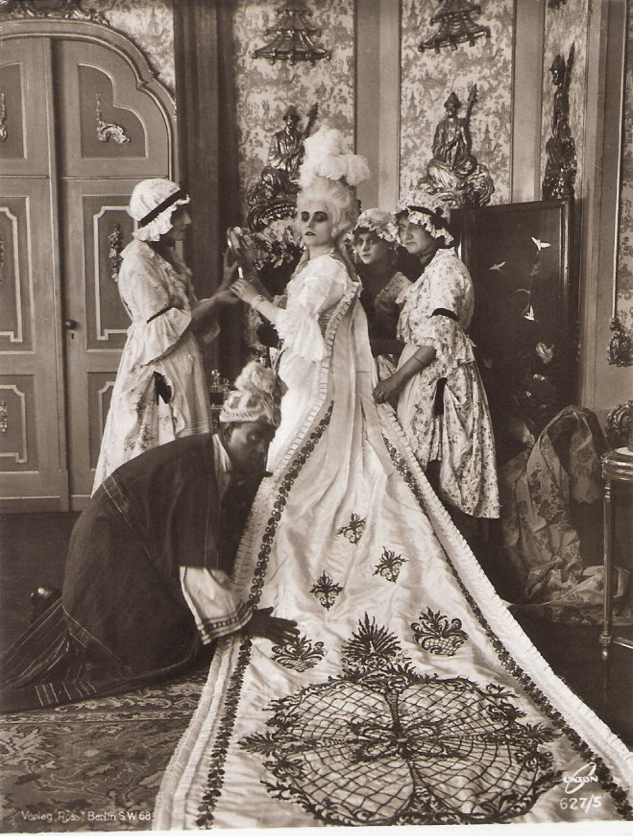
Pola Negri
und
Reinhold Schünzel
in
„Madame
Dubarry"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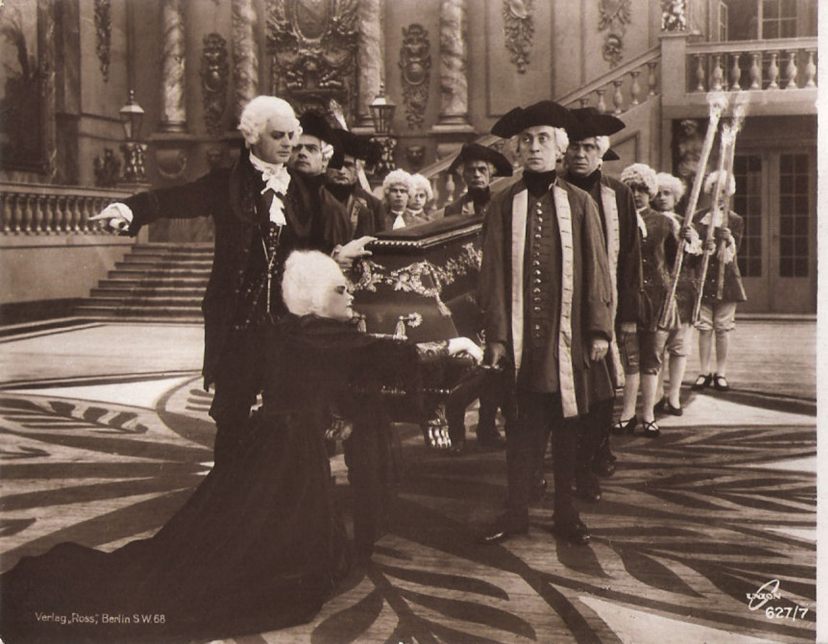
Pola Negri
in ihrer Rolle „Madame Dubarry"



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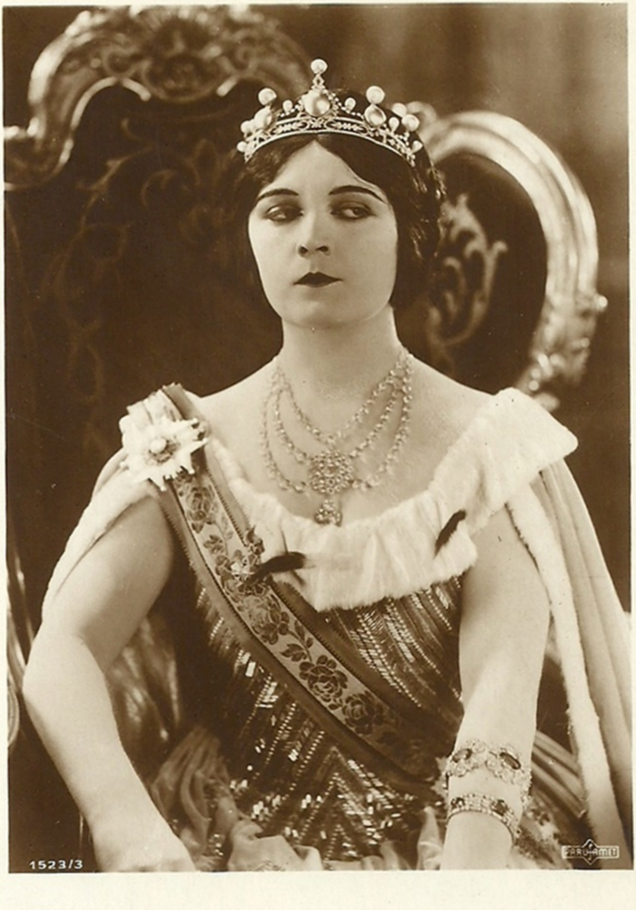
Pola Negri
und
Reinhold Schünzel
in
„Madame Dubarry"



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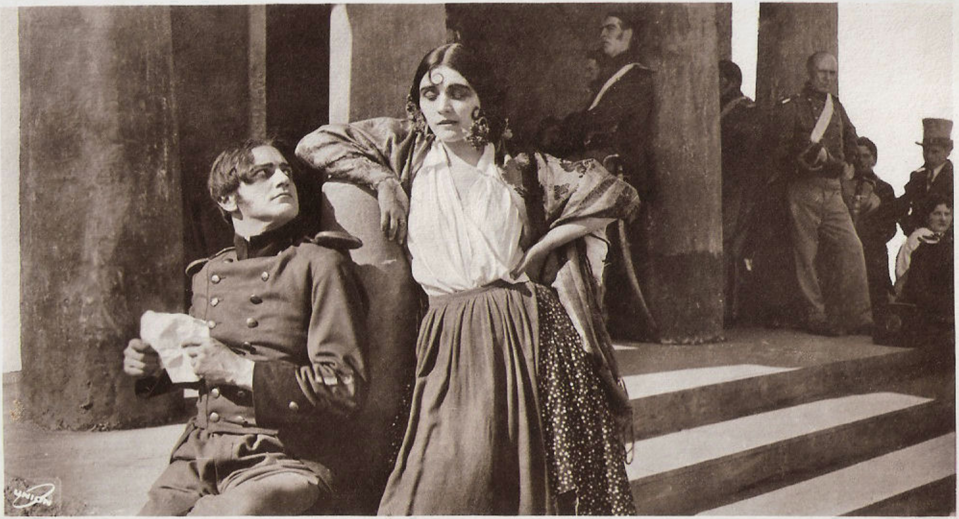

HARRY LIEDTKE u. POLA NEGRI
in „Carmen.“

K.2850.

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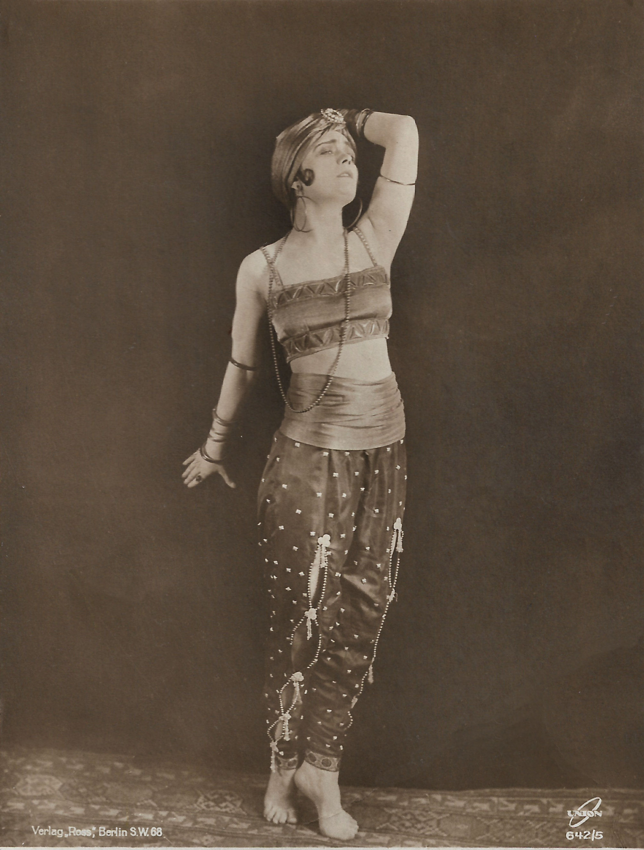

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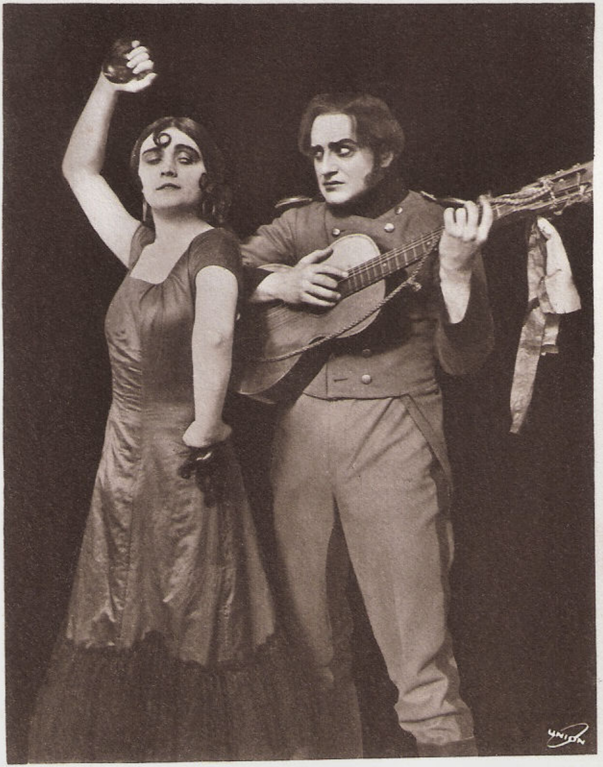
Pola Negri
in „Sumurun"



POLA NEGRI u. HARRY LIEDTKE
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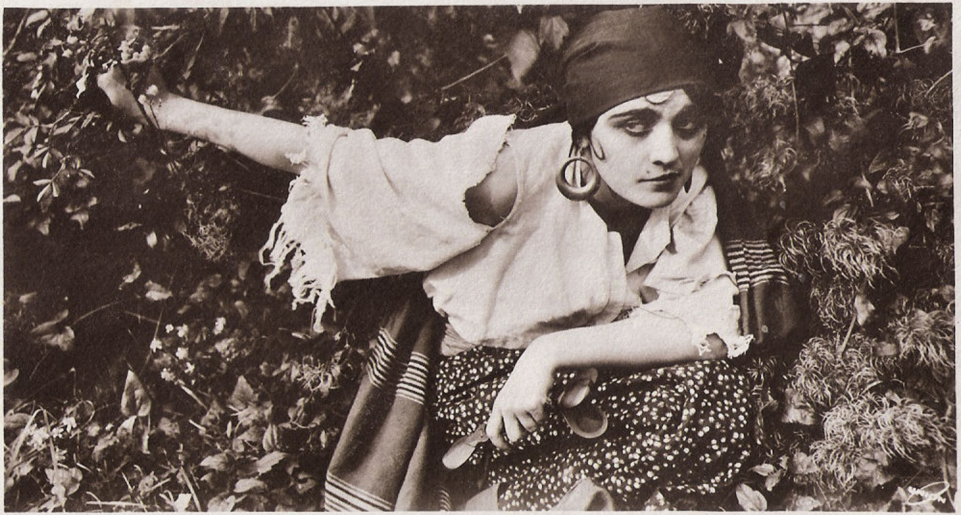

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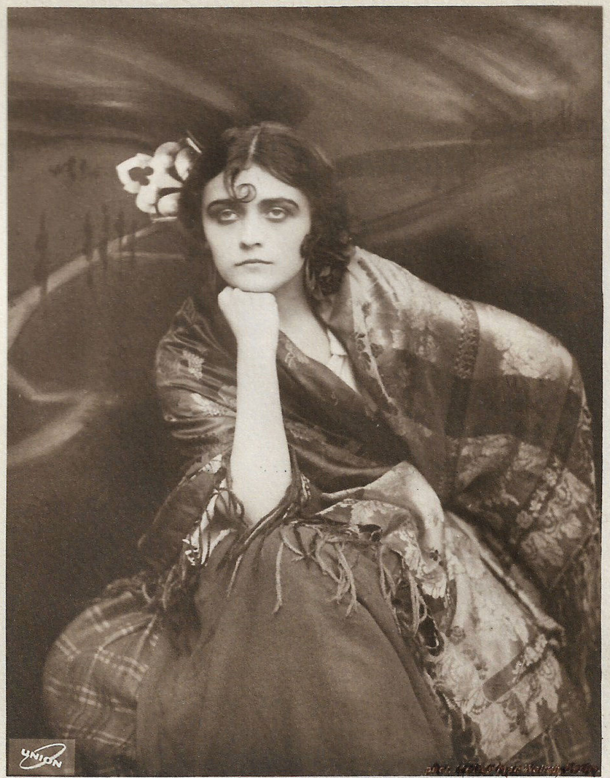

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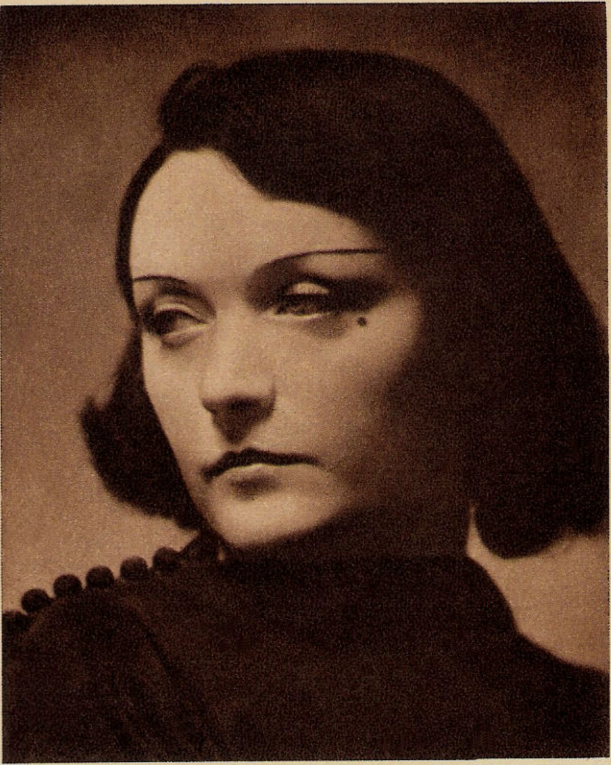
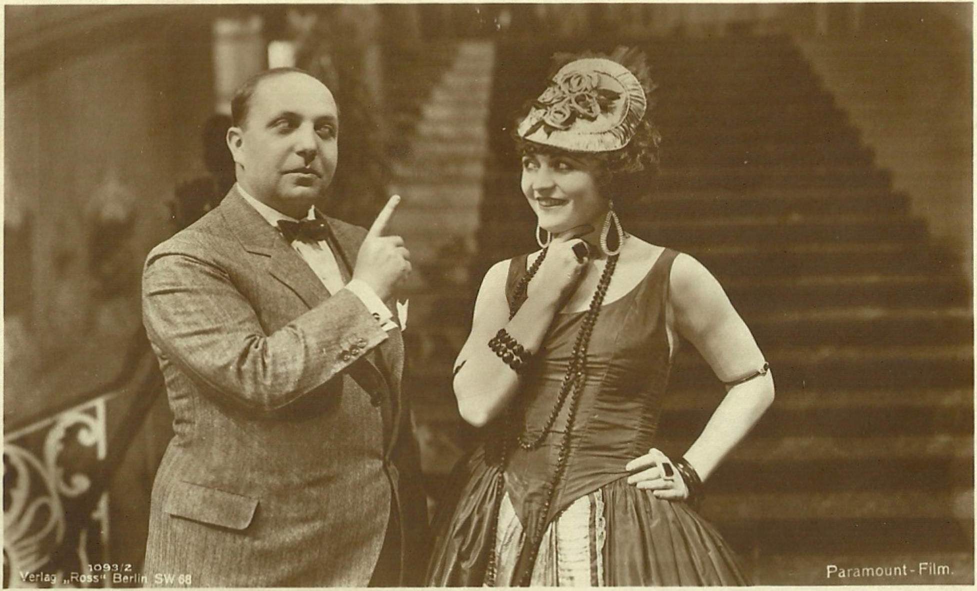


Foto: Badal-Terra

Pola Negri



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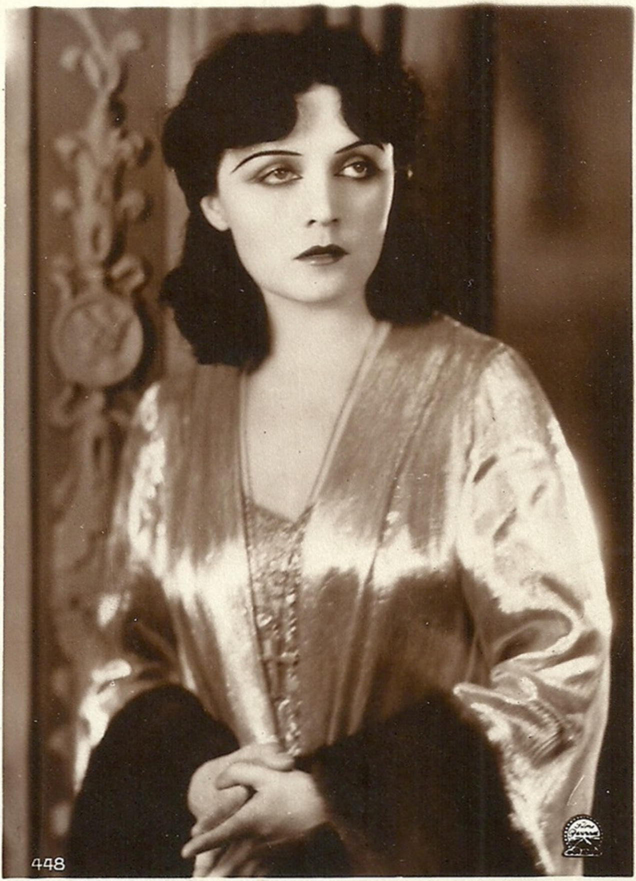

Pola Negri

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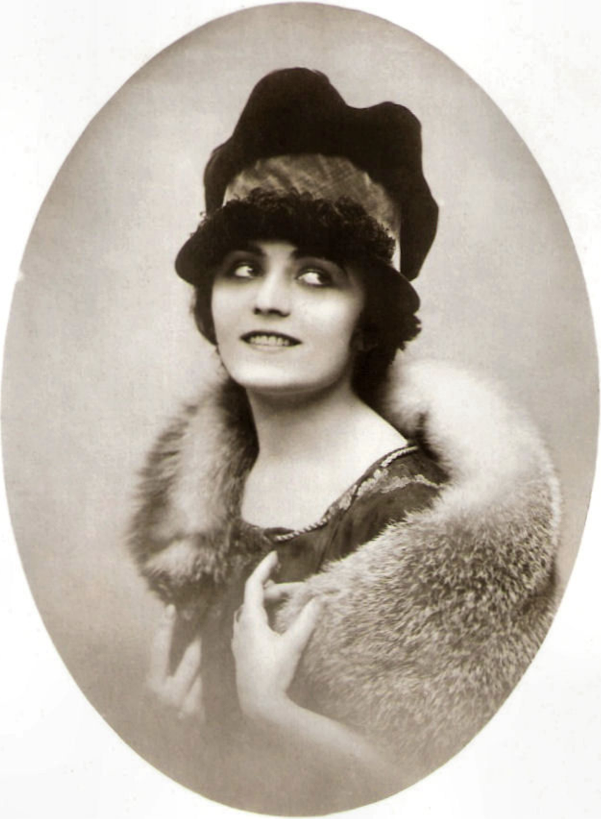

POLA NEGRI

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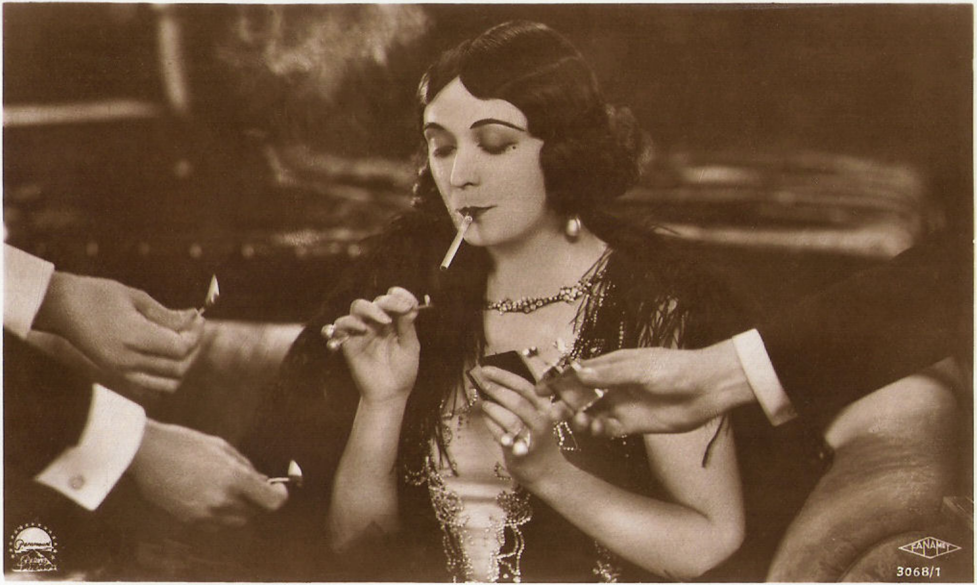
Atelier Eberth, Berlin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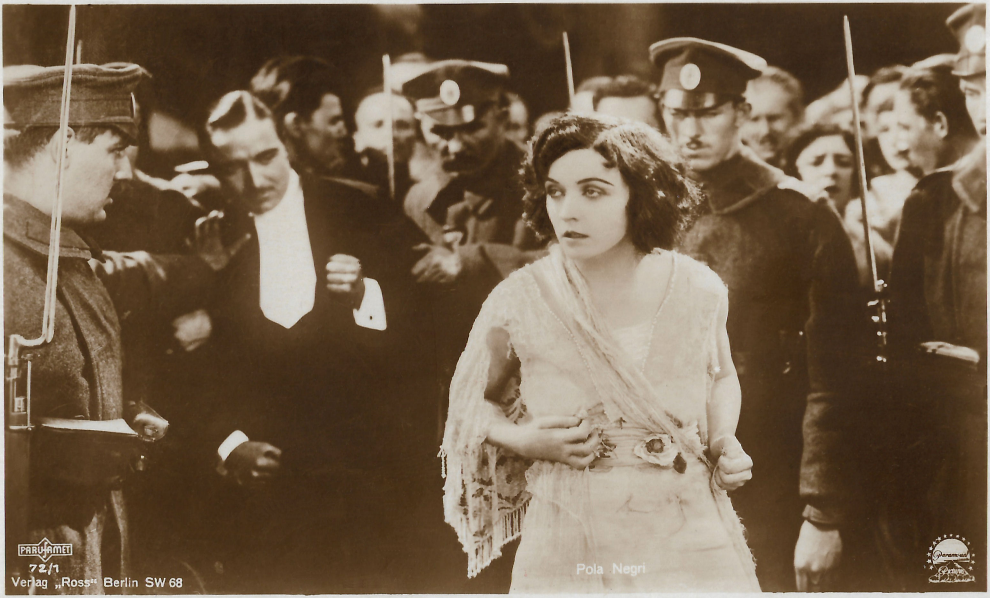
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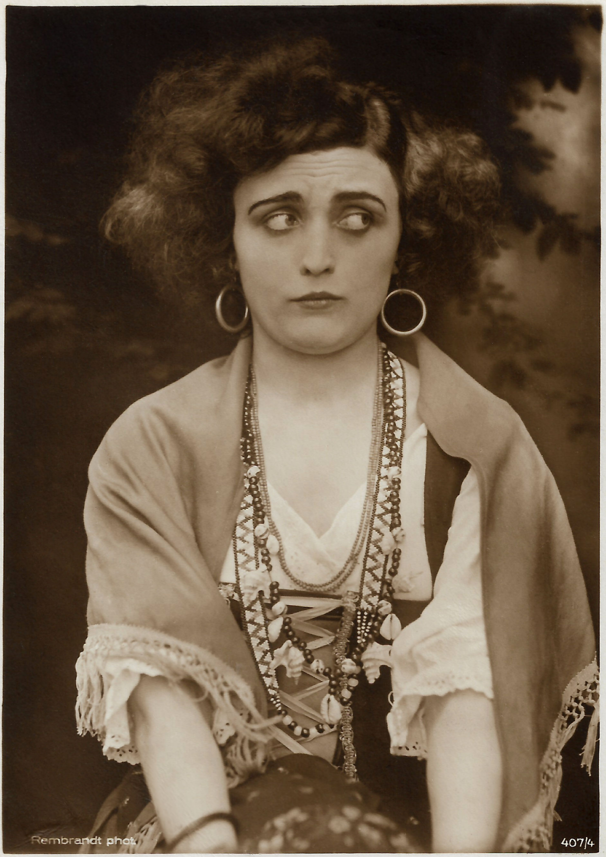
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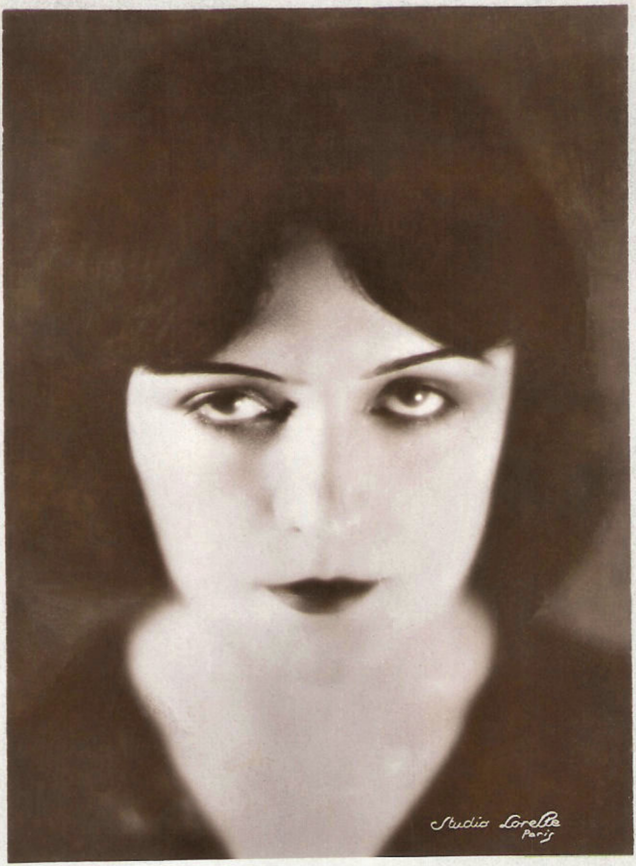
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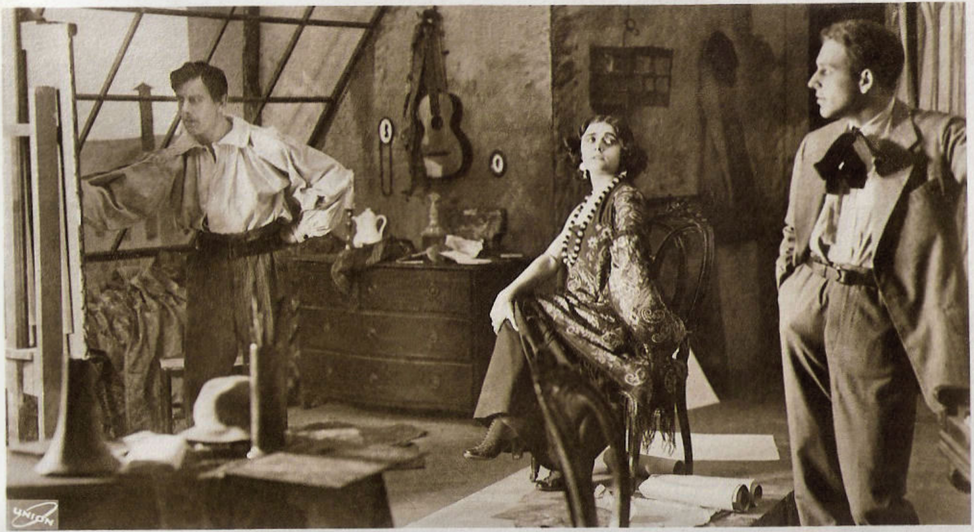

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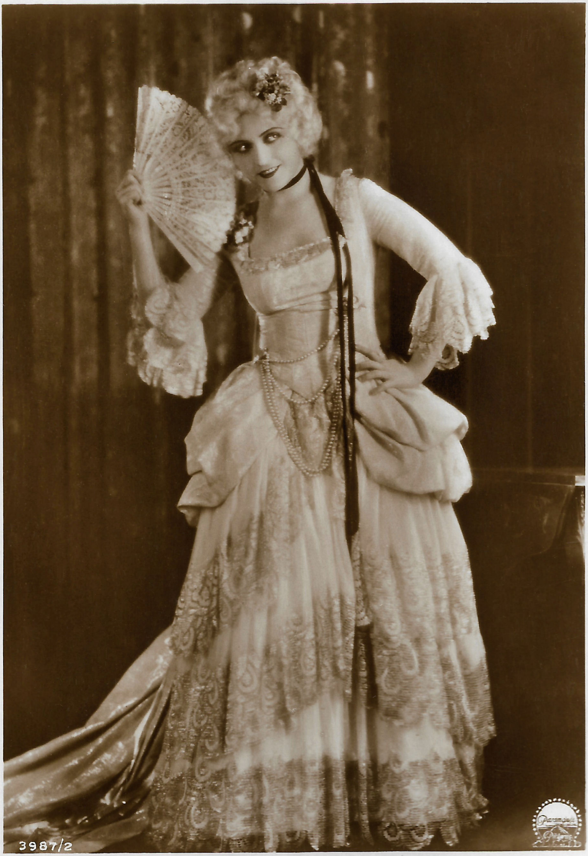

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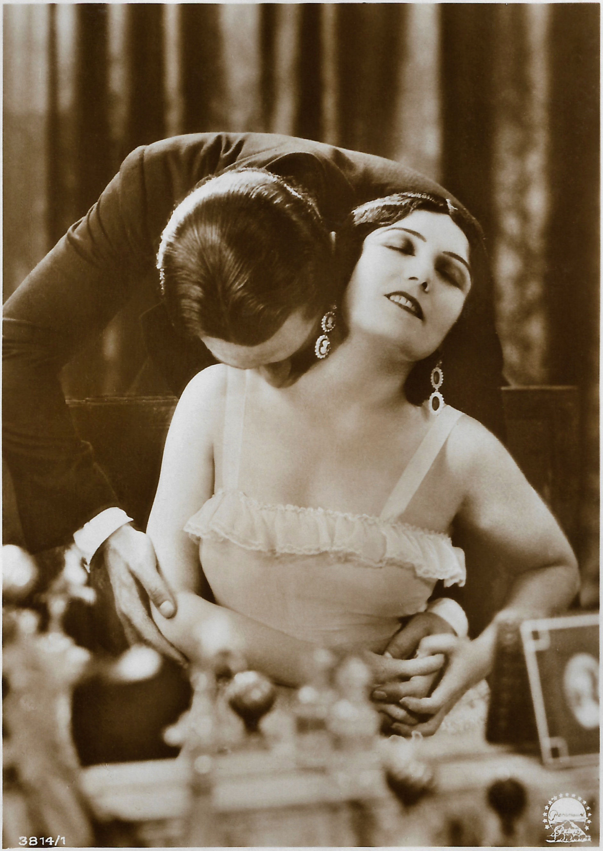

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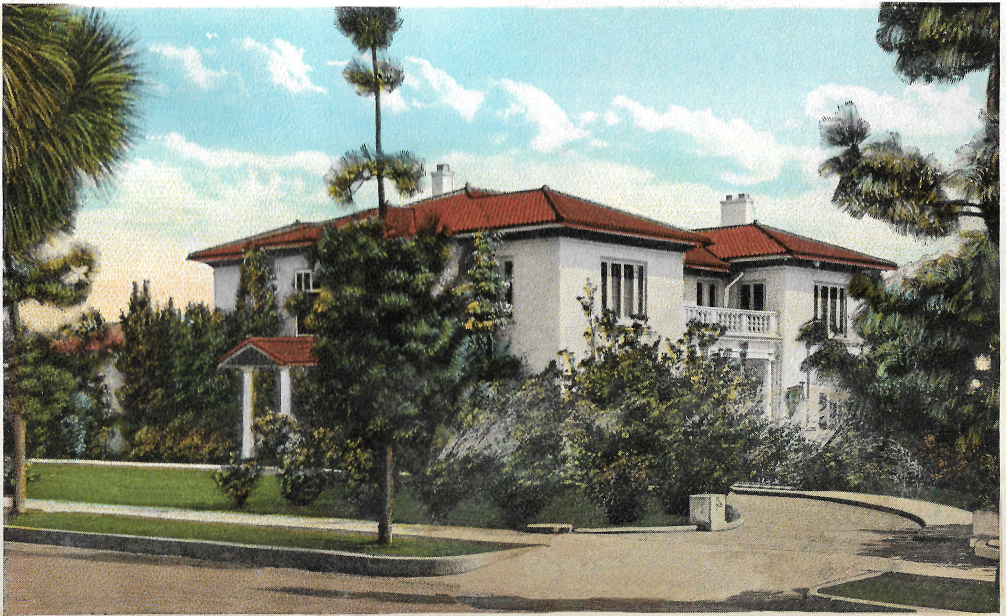
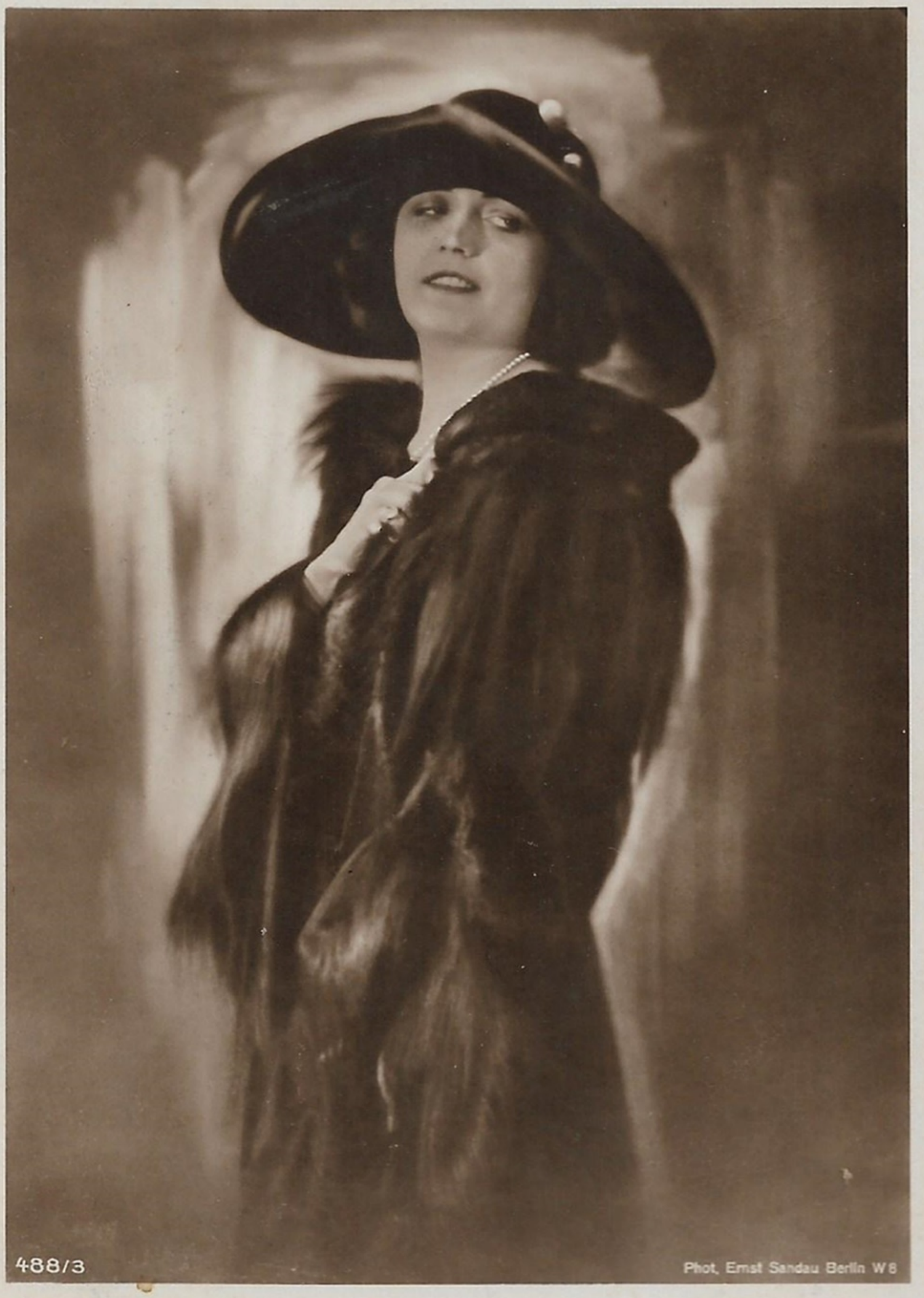


955



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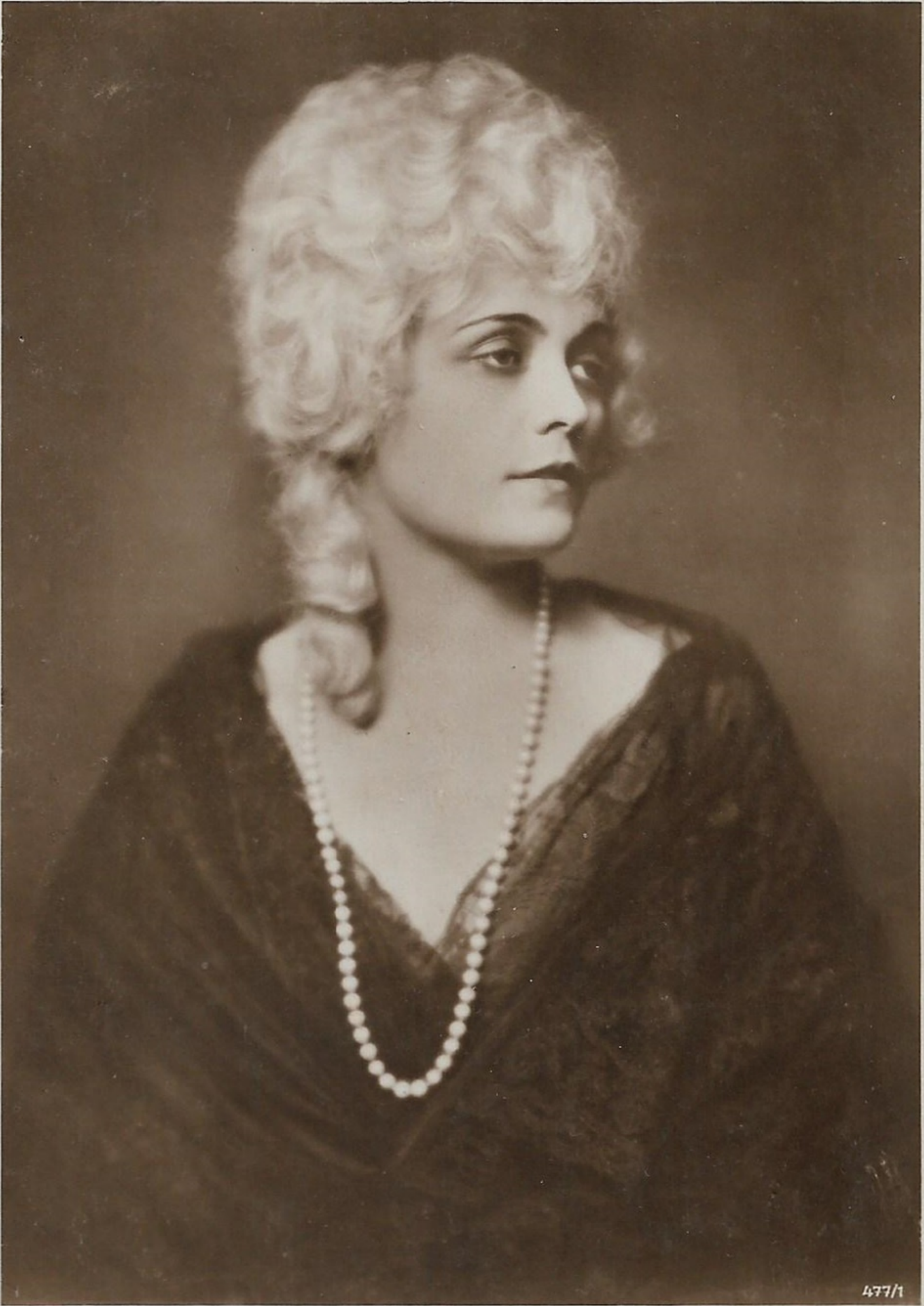

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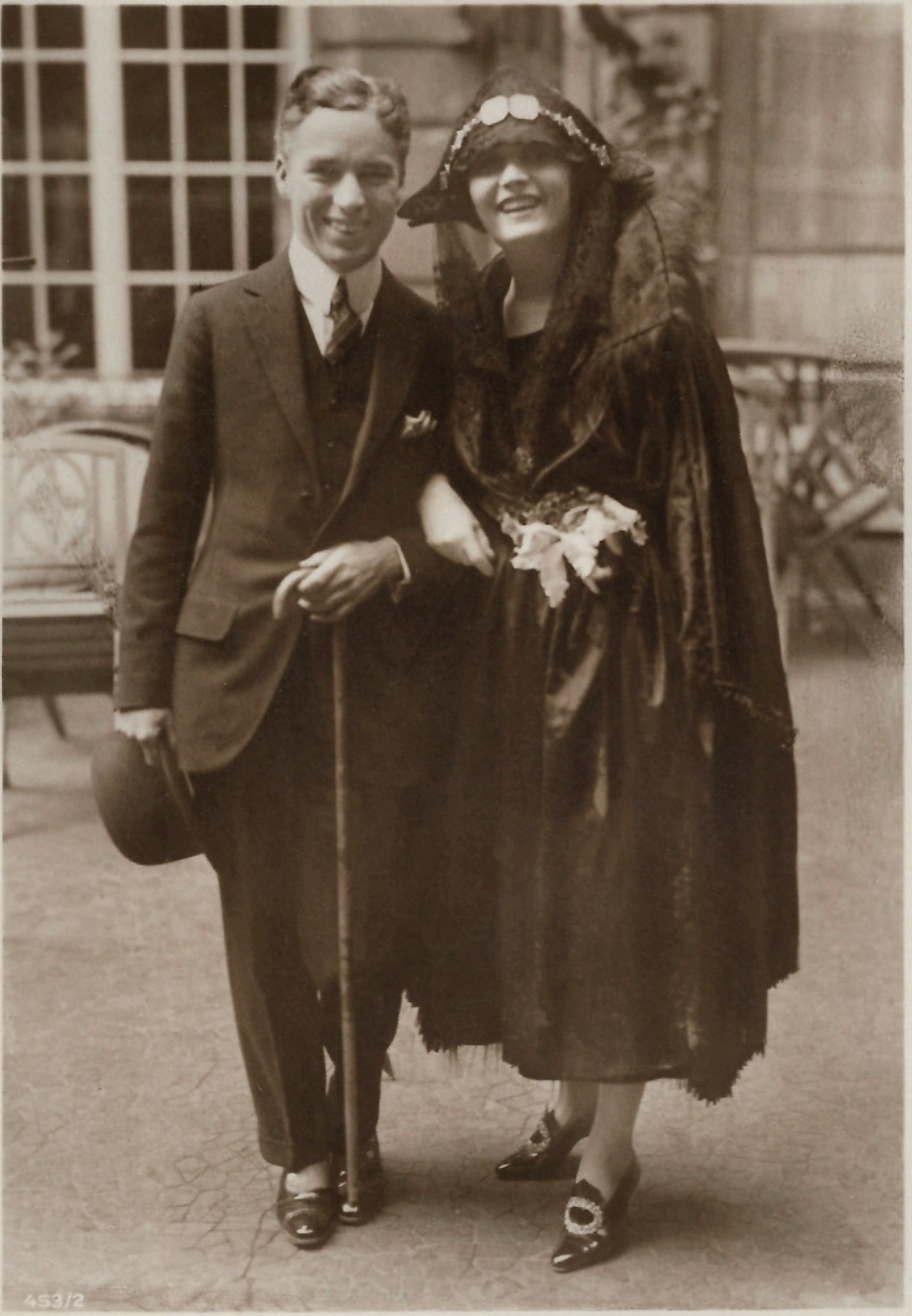

Charlie Chaplin - Pola Negri

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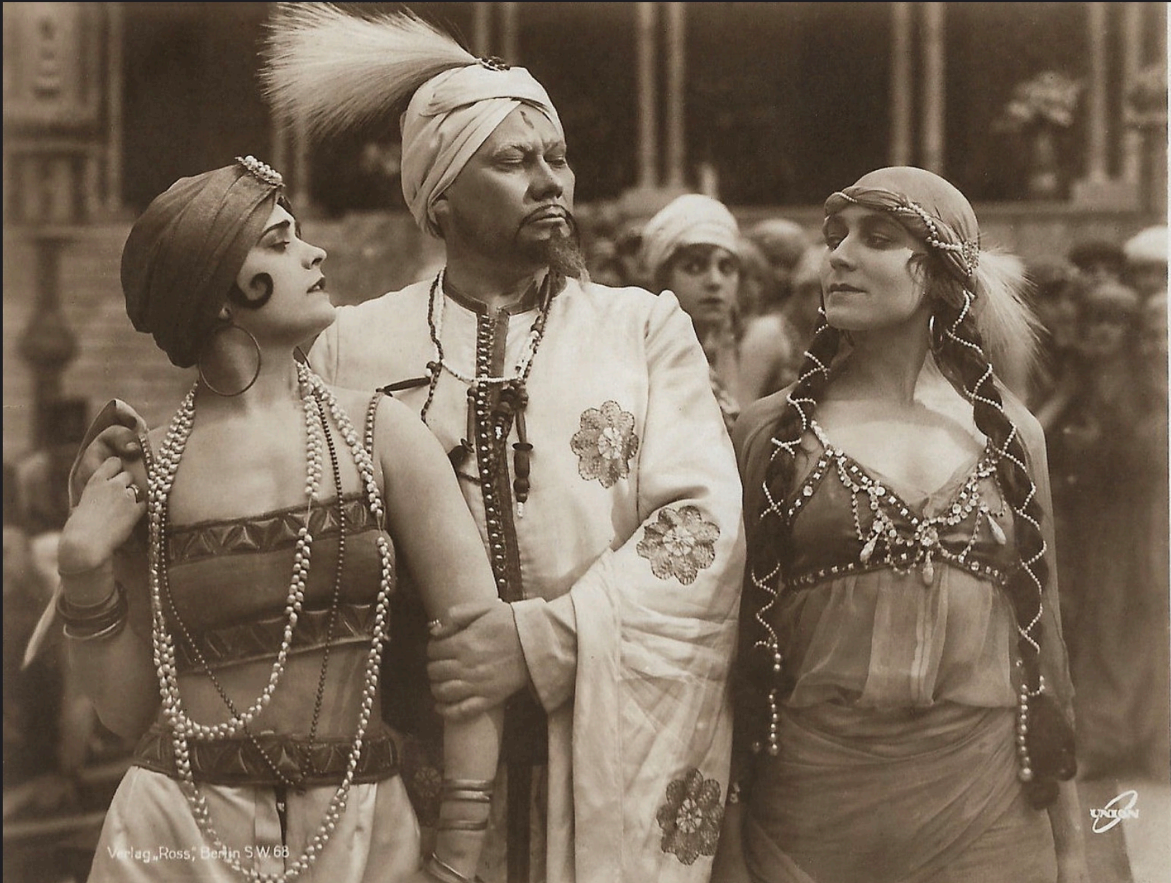

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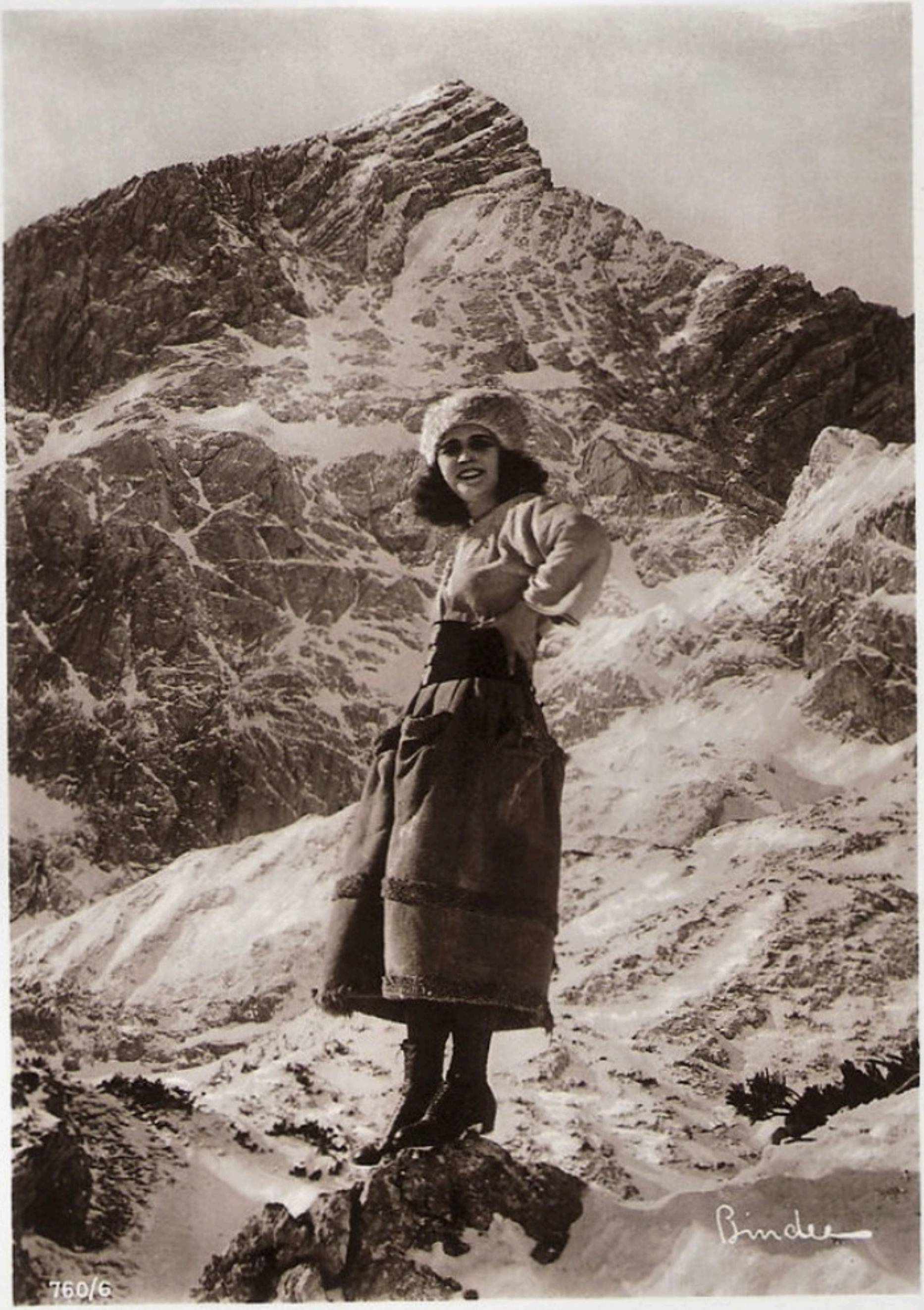
Pola Negri
Paul
Wegener
Jenny
Hasselquist
in
„Sumurun"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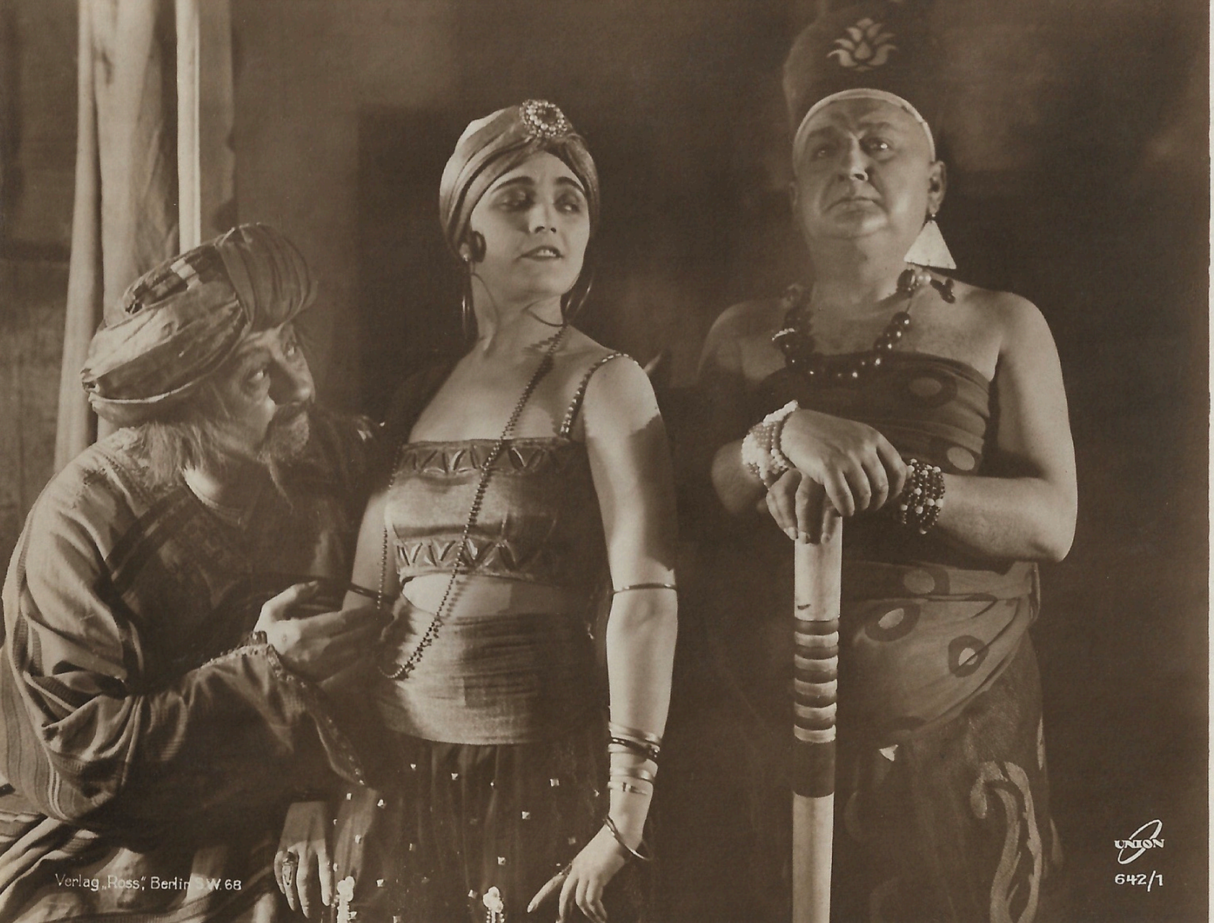
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in
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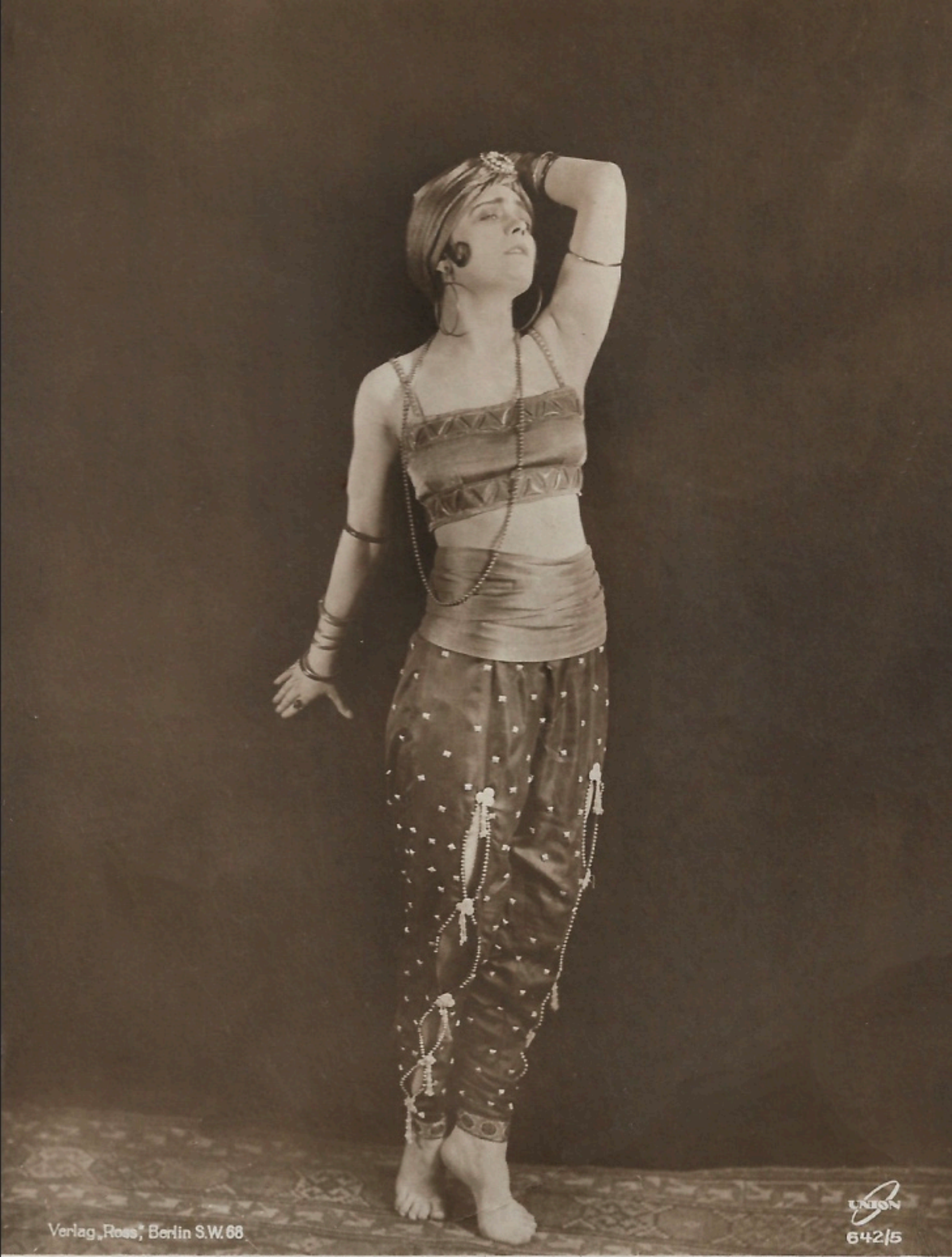
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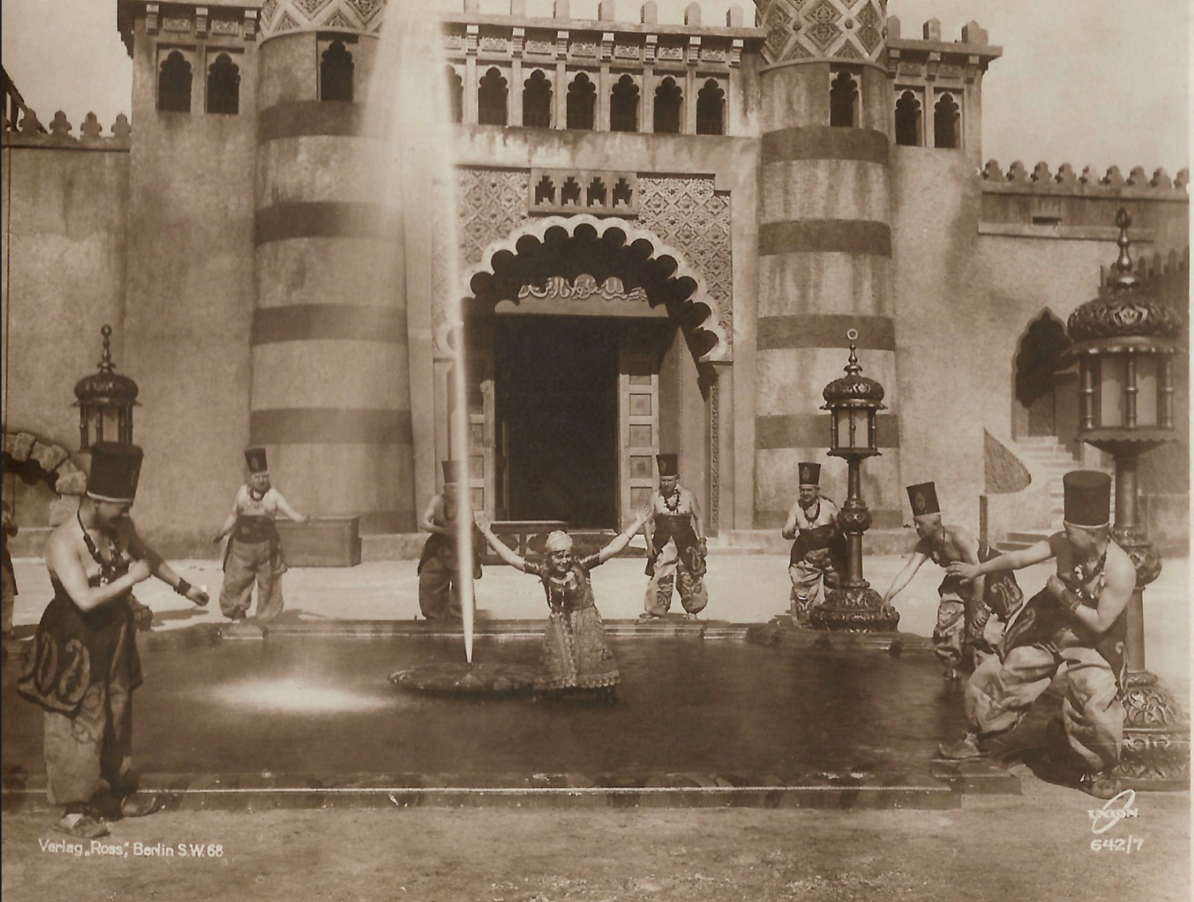

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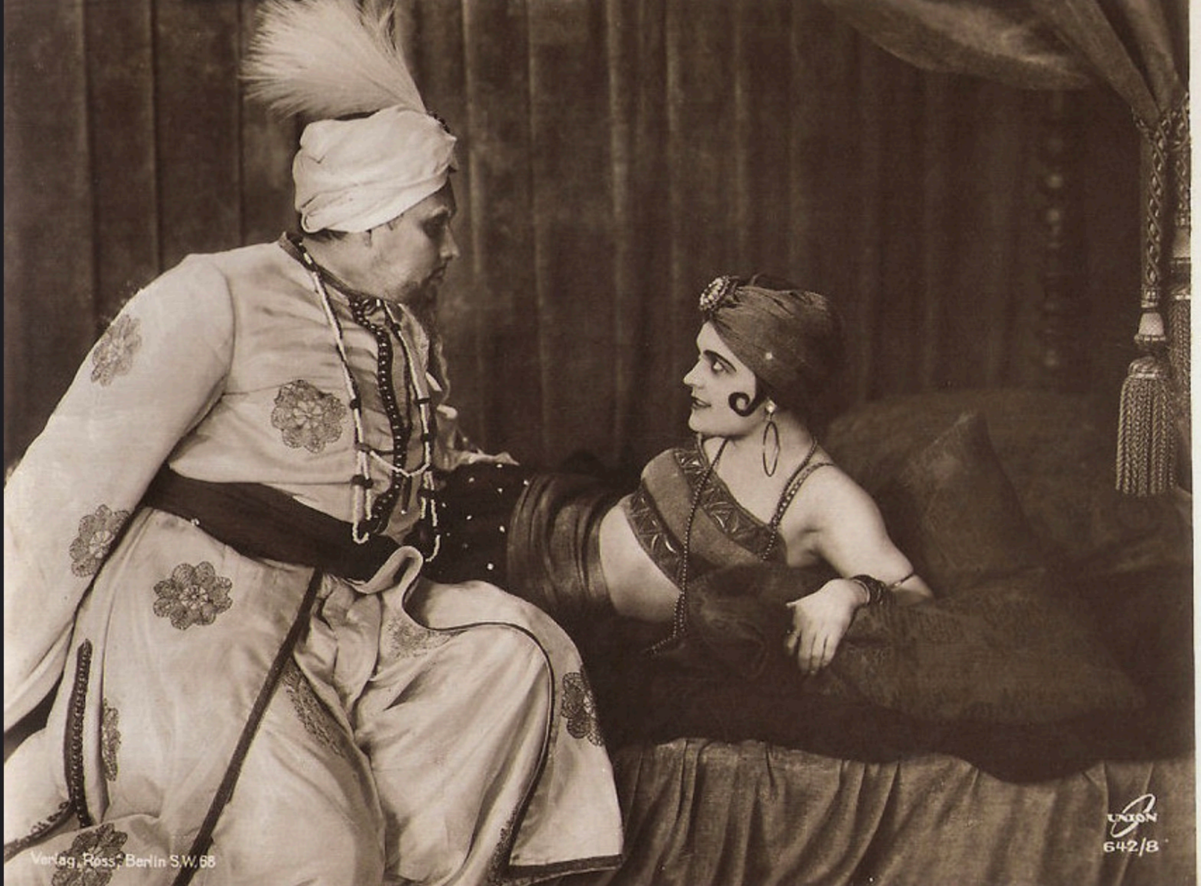
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Pola Negri
Paul
Wegener
in
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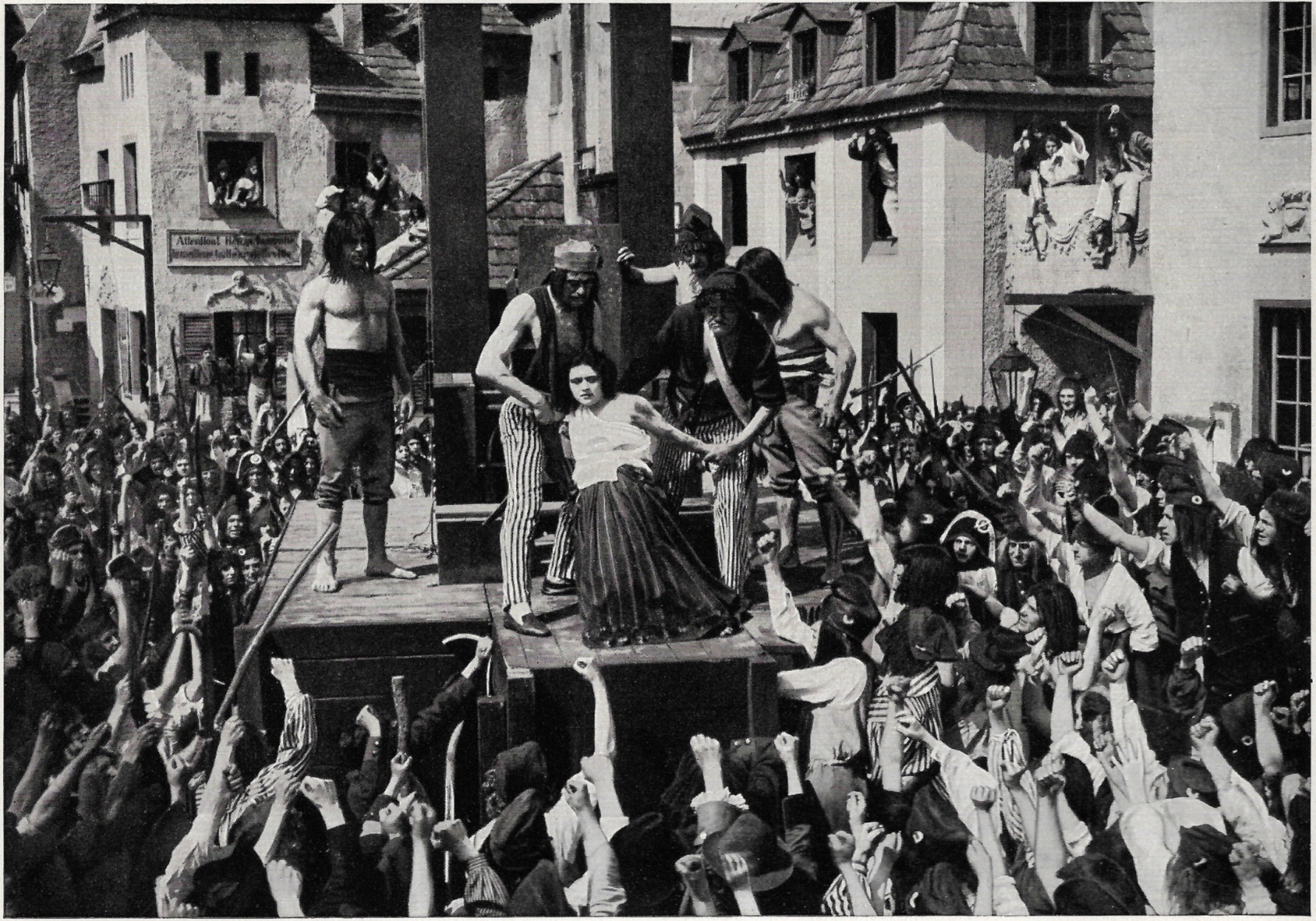
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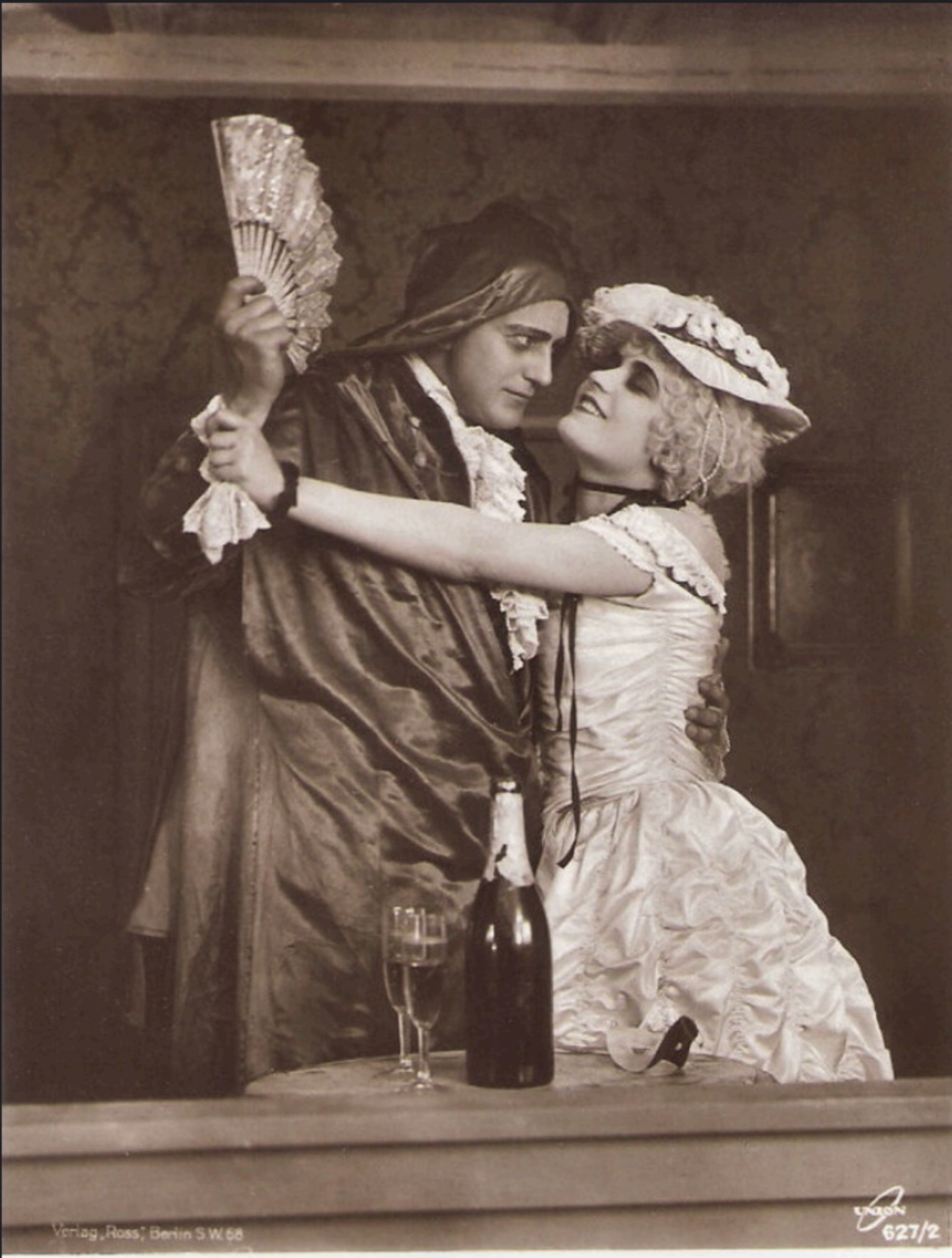
Pola Negri

in

ihrer Rolle

„Madame
Dubarry"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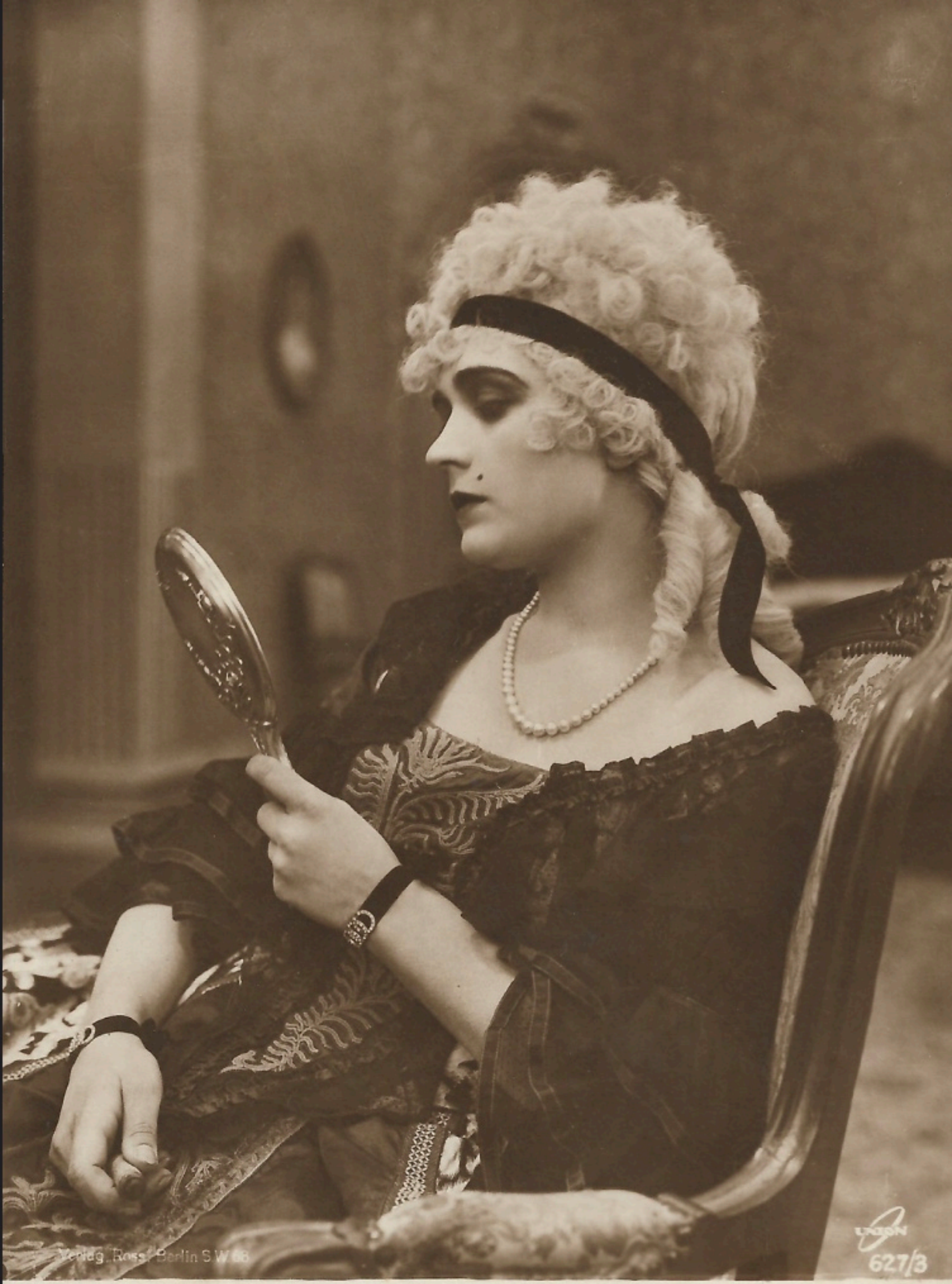
Pola Negri und Harry Liedtke
in „Madame Dubarry"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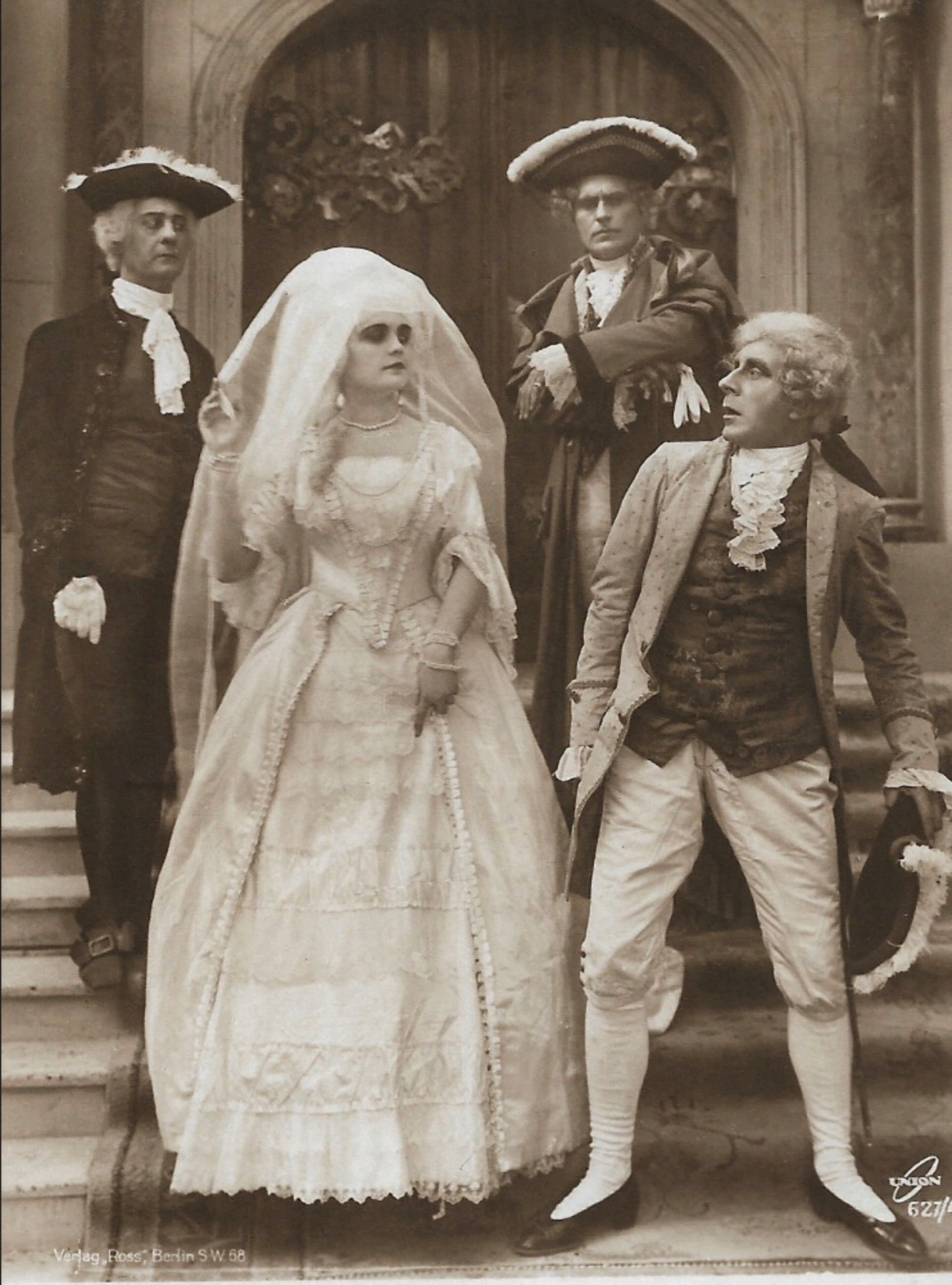
Pola Negri

in ihrer Rolle „Madame Dubarry"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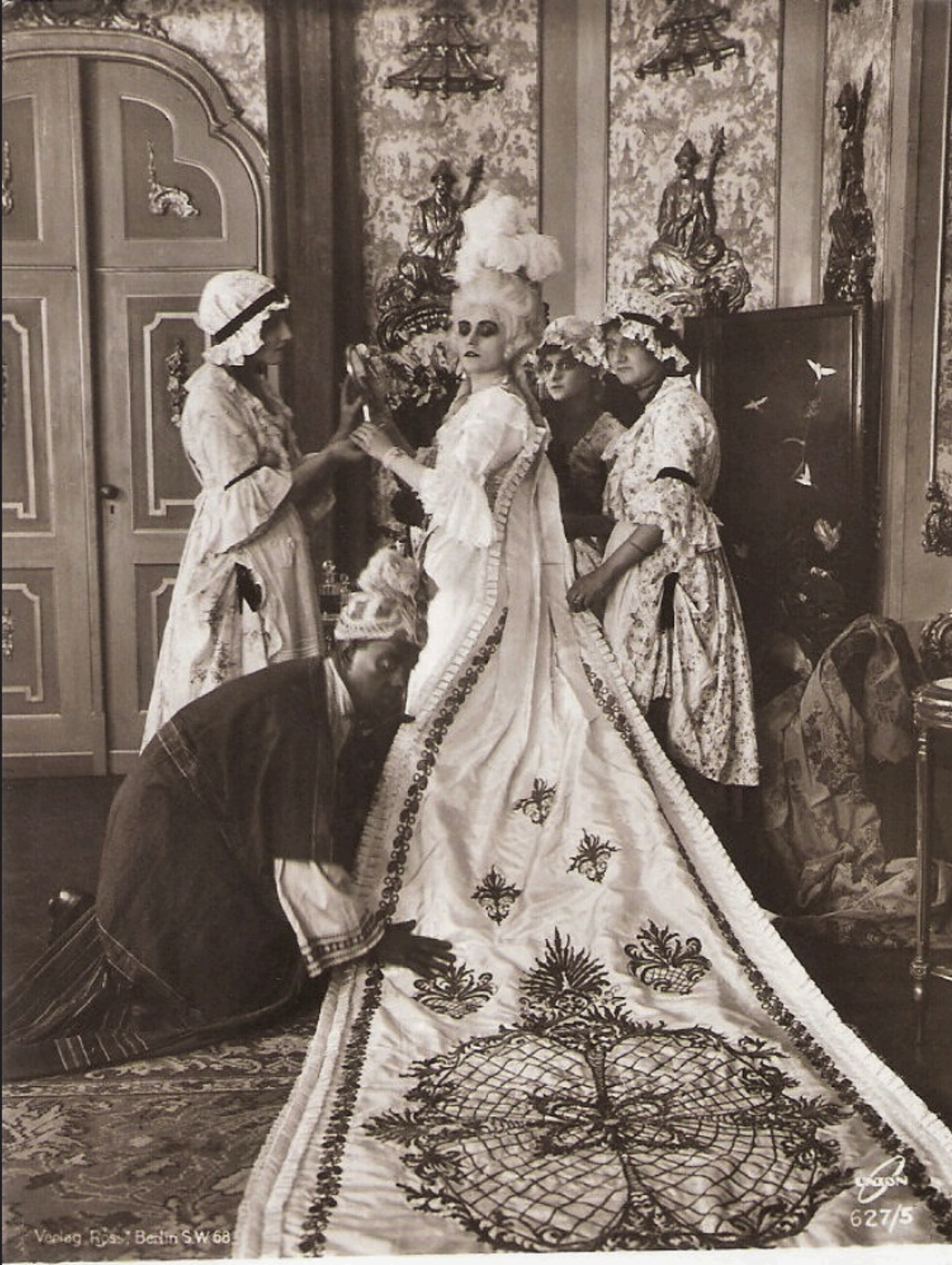
Pola Negri

in ihrer Rolle „Madame Dubarry"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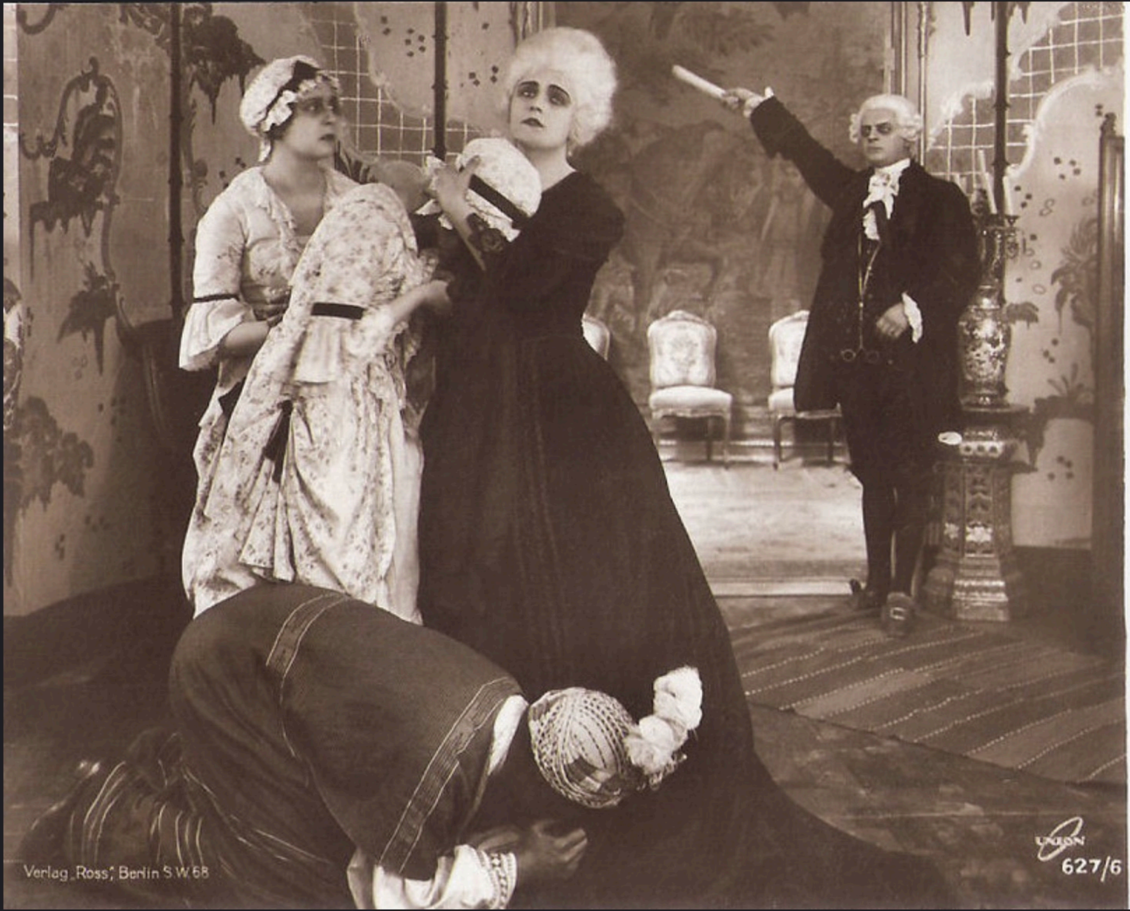
Pola Negri
in ihrer Rolle „Madame Dubarry"



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Pola Negri
und
Reinhold Schünzel
in
„Madame
Dubarry"